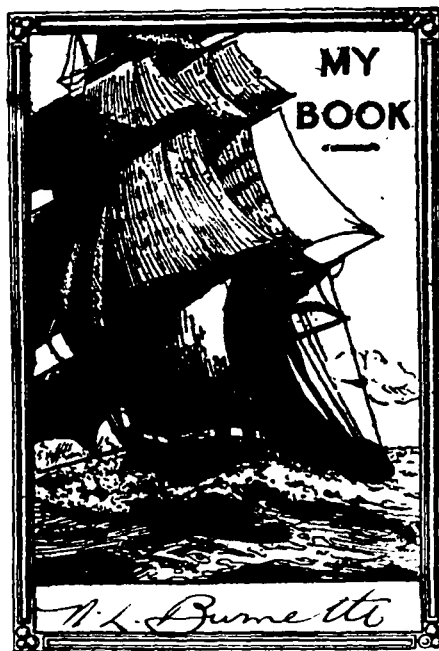


*The*  
**OVERLANDERS** *of '62*

*By*  
**M. S. WADE**

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MEMOIR NO. IX.

THE  
/OVERLANDERS OF '62 /

BY THE LATE MARK SWEETEN WADE, M.D.

*Fellow of the Royal Historical Society.*

*Member, Canadian Historical Association.*

*Member, British Columbia Historical Association.*

*Member, Washington State University Historical Society.*

*Member, Oregon Historical Society.*

Edited by  
JOHN HOSIE,  
Provincial Librarian and Archivist.

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VICTORIA, B.C.:  
Printed by CHARLES F. BANFIELD, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty.  
1931.



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PROVINCIAL LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES,  
VICTORIA, B.C., September 19th, 1931.

*To the Hon. S. L. Howe,  
Provincial Secretary,  
Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.*

SIR,—I have the honour to transmit herewith Memoir No. IX. of the Provincial Archives publications, entitled "The Overlanders of '62," by the late Dr. Mark S. Wade, Kamloops. Dr. Wade was commissioned to prepare this work several years ago and laboured diligently to produce an exhaustive narrative of one of the most outstanding historical incidents in the history of Canada. Dr. Wade was spared to fulfil his commission, but passed away before the manuscript could be printed. The Department was fortunate in securing the services of so eminent an historian to do full justice to the epic story of the brave and adventurous overlanders of eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HOSIE,  
*Provincial Librarian and Archivist.*



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## EDITOR'S NOTE.

THIS MEMOIR was prepared by the late Dr. Mark S. Wade for publication by the Provincial Archives Department. The commission to write a properly documented history of the Overlanders of '62 was entrusted to him in the belief that he would discharge the duty in a meticulously careful manner. Dr. Wade was so familiar with the facts and lore surrounding the exploits and achievements of the adventurers that it was certain he would produce an outstanding work. This we think he has done. Only the sketchiest accounts of the epic undertaking had previously been attempted.

Unfortunately, Dr. Wade did not live to see the work produced. Almost his last act was to put the finishing touches to the manuscript, upon which he had laboured tirelessly for several years.

In the spheres of historian and biographer Dr. Wade was always painstaking and exact. He had a vast love for Canada, and perhaps no one in British Columbia had a clearer perspective of Canadian history. He was a tireless research-worker, and never put pen to paper without being completely sure of the facts. His passing is deplored.

It is hoped that this memoir will meet the need that has long been felt for a definitive and reliable narrative of one of the epochal and most colourful events in Canadian history.

I am much indebted to Miss Alma Russell and Miss Inez Mitchell for expert assistance in reading the proofs.

JOHN HOSIE,  
*Provincial Librarian and Archivist.*



## FOREWORD.

**I**N THE spring of 1862 a numerous party of men journeyed from Ontario and Quebec to British Columbia, overland via Fort Garry and Fort Edmonton. There was no road from those colonies to Fort Garry through British territory by which they could travel. There was the old canoe route used by the fur-traders for a hundred years or so, but that was scarcely practicable for this party. Instead, they made use of the railway and steamboat facilities afforded south of the International Boundary-line to St. Paul, Minnesota, and from there to the Red River Settlement. From Fort Garry to their destination beyond the Rocky Mountains they accomplished the journey on foot. They roughed it in a manner and to a degree not known in the experience of Mark Twain. Some of them perished en route. A few made fortunes, others achieved success in various ways; the greater number failed to do either.

The story of that great trek in its entirety has hitherto remained untold. Fragmentary chapters, more or less incomplete, have been told and written at various times, in diverse places, by several people. Many of the travellers kept daily records of their experiences. Some of the journals so painstakingly recorded have been destroyed by fire or other agencies, some have been lost through carelessness, a few still remain. Several of these diaries (notably those in the Archives at Victoria), together with manuscript narratives, letters, and newspaper news items, have come under my notice, and it has been my good fortune to have known a number of the Overlanders, some intimately for many years, and by word of mouth as well as from the written page I have been enabled to piece together a fairly complete narrative of the adventures of this body of Argonauts, the largest party of men that travelled across the Canadian plains and pierced the Rocky Mountains almost a quarter of a century before the advent of modern transportation facilities. There was nothing heroic about these men or what they did, but there was an abundance of pluck, dogged determination, and, for the most part, uncomplaining endurance; qualities that were as the acid test of their worthiness. Their spirits were aflame with the fire of adventure in the same measure as that with which the Elizabethan mariners set out to sail the seven seas in search of honour, glory, and wealth; and theirs, too, was a quest in which the lure of gold beckoned them ever onward.

Large bodies of emigrants journeyed overland from the Mississippi or Missouri to California and Oregon long before the Canadians made the trek to Cariboo, but they left a trail of disaster and blood behind them;

few parties of Americans crossed the plains without being attacked by Indians. None of the Canadian parties were molested in any way by Sioux, Crees, Blackfeet, or other tribe. They had no other protection save that achieved through decades of fair dealing with the natives by the fur-traders. This narrative, therefore, contains no harrowing record of Indian warfare. It is a simple account of a long, weary journey, undertaken by men for the most part unaccustomed to endure hardship; of their worries and anxieties, of difficulties overcome, of abundance and starvation, of human frailty and spiritual awakening; of adventure, of gallant deeds and a goal won.

Of the five diaries that, with the other documentary testimony form the basis of the story, those of R. H. Alexander,<sup>(1)</sup> Stephen Redgrave,<sup>(2)</sup> and John M. Sellar<sup>(3)</sup> afford the most detail; they are more imbued with human interest. Alexander's, however, begins only at St. Paul, while Redgrave's ends abruptly shortly after the party crossed the Pembina River. The journals of John M. Sellar, R. B. McMicking,<sup>(4)</sup> and John Hunniford<sup>(5)</sup> are complete records from the beginning to the end of the journey, although many of the entries of the two latter are merely references to the state of the weather or trail.

An illuminating account of the journey was written by Thomas McMicking, leader by election of the largest section of the expedition, and published in the *British Columbian* (New Westminster) of 29th November, 1862. Another account, unpublished, prepared by A. L. Fortune<sup>(6)</sup> many years after the events recorded, tells the tale from still another angle and supplies many details omitted by the other narrators. Less useful, briefer, and more sketchy stories of the undertaking were given by William Fortune,<sup>(7)</sup> James and William Wattie,<sup>(8)</sup> W. Turner, G. B. Wonnacott, J. Carpenter, and Mr. DeWitt in various publications. News items in the press of the day, *Toronto Globe*, *St. Catherines Star Journal*, *Hastings Chronicle*, *St. Thomas Despatch*, *Victoria Colonist*, etc., have also been drawn upon in preparing this work. Many interesting items are contained in a collection of letters written by A. Thompson to his brother in 1862 and 1863, and in letters written by R. H. Alexander to members of his family. From relatives and descendants of many of the Overlanders with whom I have had much correspondence in this connection, I have gathered other information which has been utilized for the most part in the form of explanatory and biographical notes.

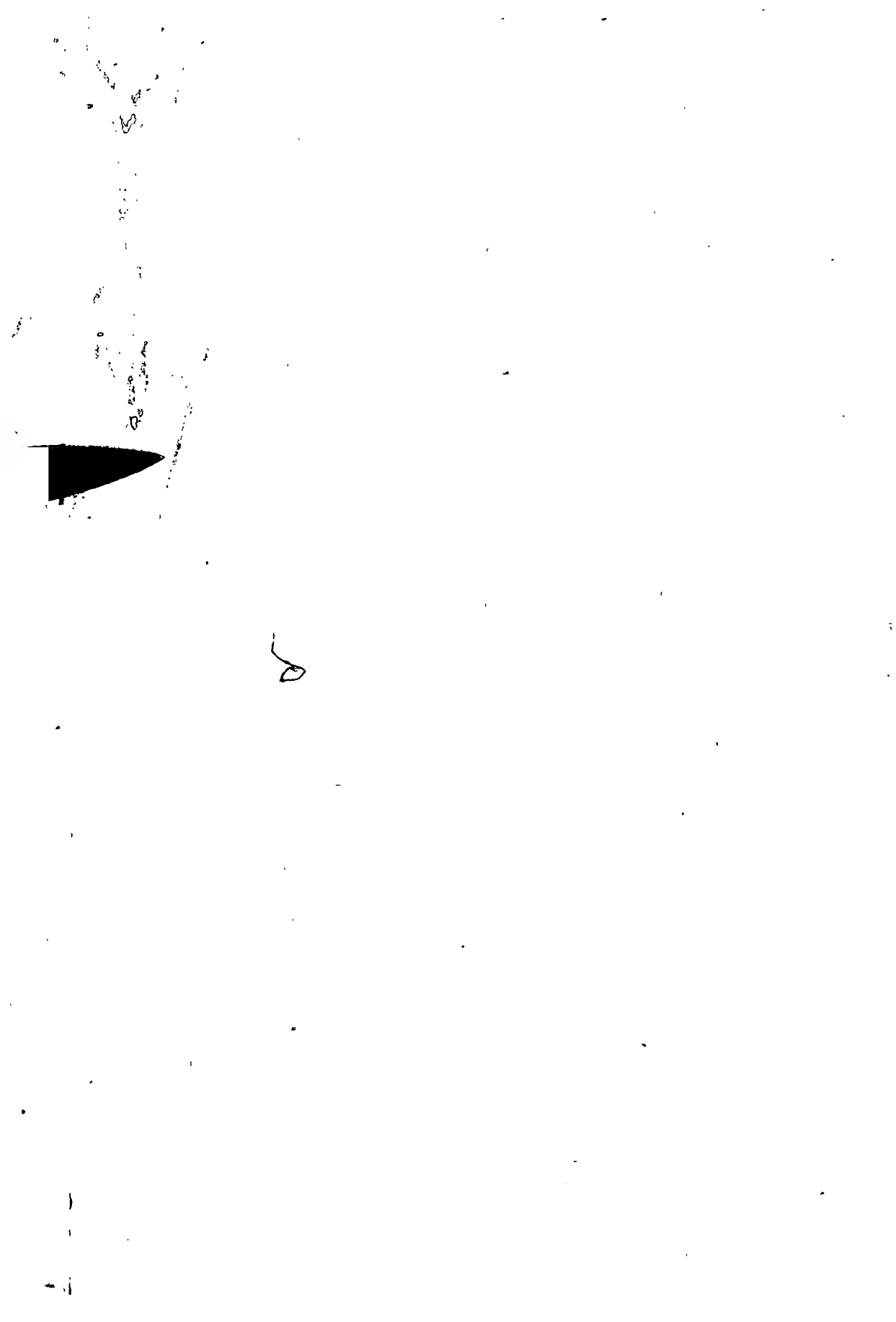
The labour of compiling the data so essential to a work of this nature has been lightened and made pleasant by many willing volunteers,

NOTE.—For (1) and other numerals see Appendix.

most of whom were absolute strangers to me, but all eager to contribute what they could towards the fulfilment of the work in hand, and to them all I tender my sincere and appreciative thanks. To the Archivist at Victoria and his courteous staff I am also deeply grateful.

M. S. WADE.

*Kamloops, B.C., March, 1929.*



# THE OVERLANDERS OF '62.

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## CHAPTER ONE.

---

### INTRODUCTORY.

That the precious metal, gold, existed within the boundaries of the far-western fur-preserve of the Hudson's Bay Company was known to several of its officers long before the news leaked out and spread abroad, is undoubted. For a time the secret was sedulously guarded, but never yet in the history of man has it been found possible to preserve such a secret for long. Sooner or later disclosure comes. So it was with respect to the gold discoveries in the then practically unknown and uninhabited territory that is now known as the Province of British Columbia.

Crowding every mining camp and town in California many hundreds of men eagerly awaited the news of some new "strike," ready to take part in a stampede without regard to whither it might conduct them. To their ears came the news, borne how, or precisely when, none may now say, and they began to find their way in large and small companies to the new land of promise. Many places have been cited as the scene of the original discovery, but which should bear the palm matters not, whether it be Colville, Tranquille, Nicomen, or elsewhere; what does matter is the outstanding fact that the news spread over the land as a rising tide covers the shelving beach. In 1857 the stream of incoming gold-hunters trickled over the International Boundary-line from the south and spread, wherever pack-horses or their own stout legs would take them, prospecting for the alluring metal.

Not until 1858, however, did the influx of miners assume proportions of any magnitude, and that influx, continuing for several years, followed the deliberate action of James Douglas, occupying at that time the dual position of supreme head of the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific Coast and in New Caledonia, and Governor of the then Crown Colony of Vancouver Island, in sending to the mint at San Francisco 800 oz. of gold-dust and nuggets. That consignment lighted the beacon that drew to the far-western outpost of British influence and territory eager adventurers from every nook and corner of the earth. So brightly did the beacon burn that its light reached the eastern states, and the eastern colonies of British North America, and attracted

by the glare, as moths are lured by the candle-flame, men packed up a handful of necessities and started for the goldfields, ignorant of the country to which they were going, knowing nothing of the conditions there prevailing, and caring less. Some journeyed from the east by way of Panama to San Francisco, and from there to Victoria, the seat of government on Vancouver Island, thence to New Caledonia (as the fur-traders designated it); others trekked over the prairies, through the passes of the Rocky Mountains to El Dorado. And while the stirring news was still fresh, came intelligence of the discoveries in Cariboo, whose streams ran over gravels rich in nuggets and coarse dust. The excitement everywhere rose to fever height and thousands flocked westward to participate in the flood of wealth.

From much earlier times The West had been a lodestone, drawing to it men of ambition and imagination, men of energy and perseverance, fearless men and intrepid. Navigators sailed their ships to plough the Pacific Ocean. Explorers sought to find a North-west Passage from Europe to Far Cathay, and fur-traders, with dreamy eyes, gazed longingly towards the barrier of the Rockies, eager to penetrate their forbidding fastnesses and solve the mysteries that lay beyond.

First of all men to journey from Atlantic to Pacific in North America was Alexander Mackenzie, one of the Nor'Westers, the formidable opponents of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, in 1793, crossed the Rockies, overcoming obstacles that would have deterred many a less courageous and determined man, enduring hardships that might well have appalled the stoutest heart, refusing to accept defeat when it seemed inevitable, and never resting until he rode in a canoe upon the waters of the Pacific.

After him followed in the first decade of the nineteenth century several other Nor'Westers, hardy and intrepid as Mackenzie, chief among them being Simon Fraser, who reached the Pacific in 1808, and David Thompson, the first white man to traverse the Columbia River from source to mouth. A glorious trio, whose achievements are writ in the annals of Canada, whose names and memories every Canadian, every Britisher, every man, should revere. Each with a few companions, most, or, in some instances, all of them Indians or half-breeds, to paddle the canoes and portage the provisions and other necessities when carrying-places were reached, time and again faced death unflinchingly, trusting entirely to their own resourcefulness to extricate them from dangers and difficulties. No elaborately staged expeditions these; a trader or two, with his crew; no more. And in their wake followed their fellows of the North West Company and, after the amalgamation of the two companies in 1821, the traders in the service of



the Hudson's Bay Company. More than once Governor Simpson made the grand trek in all the glory and panoply of chieftainship. After the fur-trader came the missionary.

In 1841 a company consisting of twenty-three families, chiefly persons born in the Red River Settlement, and numbering 130 men, women, and children, migrated from Red River in charge of James Sinclair to form a settlement in the Oregon country. Each family had two or three carts in which were loaded their effects and provisions; the men, mounted on horseback, drove along with them bands of horses and herds of cattle. Sir George Simpson overtook them on his journey across the continent in the same year, shortly before reaching Edmonton. He went through Devil's Gap, passed the site of Banff, crossed the Rocky Mountains by the pass bearing his name, followed the Vermilion and Kootenay Rivers, crossed the Sinclair Pass to Windermere, and thence proceeded to Fort Colville on the Columbia. The Sinclair party crossed the mountains by either the Whiteman or Kananaskis Pass, and reached Colville one month later than Simpson.

In 1854 Sinclair\* took another party, number sixty-five men, women, and children, to Fort Colville, taking the Kananaskis Pass through the Rockies. Some of their discarded carts were found near the mouth of Kananaskis River by the Palliser expedition in 1858.

Although these two parties crossed the Canadian plains, they had as their objective the country south of the 49th parallel. The chief reason for referring to them in this place is to show that the route was not an unknown one, and, as far west as Edmonton, that which was taken by every expedition that set out from Fort Garry to cross the Rocky Mountains. From Fort Edmonton diverse trails led into the mountains toward the several passes through which the great barrier could be pierced.

In the same year that the discovery of gold in British Columbia leaked out—to wit, 1857—the British Government appointed an Imperial Commission to inquire into the suitability of Canada for settlement and the advisability of building a line of railway through British territory from Atlantic to Pacific. The Commission consisted of Captain Palliser, leader of the expedition, Dr. Hector as geologist, and John Sullivan and Lieutenant Blakiston as geographers. The explorations lasted from 1857 to 1860. The Kicking Horse, Vermilion, Kananaskis, and North Kootenay Passes were explored. Palliser followed the Kananaskis Pass to the Kootenay\* River and reached Fort Colville on the Columbia. Dr. Hector traversed the Howse Pass, first used by

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\* James Sinclair was killed by Indians at Walla Walla in 1856. His daughter, Mrs. Cowan, died in 1926 at Winnipeg. ("Passes of the Rocky Mountains," by J. N. Wallace.)

David Thompson in 1807, and also reached Fort Colville. From there they proceeded to Fort Vancouver, thence to Victoria, and returned to England via Panama and New York, thus bringing to a close the best organized expedition that ever crossed the continent.

Those adventurers, therefore, who essayed to cross the great interior plains of British North America to reach the goldfields of British Columbia had the successful example of several precursors to encourage them. True, they had no actual knowledge of the country through which they were to pass, nor had they the advantage, enjoyed by the fur-traders, of knowing that a chain of provisioned posts and a host of friendly colleagues afforded them assurance of food, shelter, rest, and welcome. On the other hand, they knew that the emigrants who had journeyed west over the Oregon Trail had been exposed to and had suffered from the attacks of hostile natives whom the soldiery of the United States failed to intimidate. There were no soldiers on the Canadian plains to give protection; no military posts in which to take refuge from Indians should they show hostility; nothing but the protection that came from the fair dealing the Indians had received at the hands of the fur-traders for a hundred years.

In the years 1859 and 1862 several separate parties made the long overland journey. In 1862 also, Dr. Cheadle and Viscount Milton began the same long trek, wintered at La Belle Prairie, north of Fort Carlton, and completed their journey to the Pacific in 1863. Ten years later Captain W. F. Butler, an officer of the Imperial Army, made a similar pilgrimage, leaving Fort Garry in the autumn of 1872, wintering at the Forks of the Saskatchewan, and continuing the excursion across the mountains into British Columbia in 1873. And in the course of another decade, in 1882 to be precise, the writer covered a great deal of the same ground on foot, while the glorious western plains were yet innocent of railways, towns, and barbed-wire fences!

The parties of 1859 crossed the Rocky Mountains by the more southern Canadian passes. The Overlanders of '62 adopted the Tête Jaune Pass, some descending the Fraser River, while a smaller number followed the North Thompson. Milton and Cheadle also took the Tête Jaune Pass and descended the North Thompson. All these parties did the whole of their actual travelling between early spring and late autumn. Captain Butler took the Peace River Pass, farther to the north. Leaving his quarters at the Forks of the Saskatchewan while the country was yet in the iron grip of winter, he journeyed to Fort St. John on the Peace over the snow by dog-train.

Milton and Cheadle have left an enduring record of their experiences, modestly and delightfully told, in "The North West Passage by

Land," and Captain Butler has left an equally modest and delightful account of his adventures in "The Wild North Land." Of the Overlanders of '59 and '62 little has been recorded in print. Their tales are now to be set forth in the following chapters.

To the man in the street the vast domain that separated Eastern Canada from the Pacific Coast Colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia was a *terra incognita*. He had a hazy notion of it as a territory in which Indians, fur-traders, buffalo, rolling prairies, and sky-piercing mountains were mixed in a happy confusion. To this state of mental chaos relief came from several quarters. Henry Youll Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S., of Toronto, for example, threw light upon the subject in a handbook entitled "The Overland Route to British Columbia." 1862.

In 1862 there appeared in Great Britain the following advertisement:—

"BRITISH COLUMBIA OVERLAND TRANSIT, VIA CANADA.

"The British Columbia Overland Transit Company will punctually despatch on the 21st of May, at 12 noon from Glasgow, in the first class and powerful screw steamship United Kingdom, 1,200 tons burden, 300 horse power, James Clarke commander, a party of first and second class passengers for Quebec, Canada, and over the Grand Trunk Railway and continuous lines of railway to Chicago and St. Paul and via the Red River Settlements, in covered wagons; to British Columbia.

"This is the speediest, safest and most economical route to the gold diggings. The land transit is through a lovely country unequalled for its beauty and salubrity of climate. More than one half the distance from Quebec is by railway.

"Through fares, £42 from England to British Columbia; saloon berths £5 extra.

"Letters received from the agents in Canada announce that a first spring party of 52 in number have left for British Columbia by this route. About 1,000 carts annually trade along this line. There are numerous posts, missions and trading stations from the Red River Settlements along the Saskatchewan, now discovered to abound in vast gold deposits, to the Rocky Mountains. The route is constantly travelled with perfect safety. Full particulars can be had at the offices, 6 Copthall Court, Throgmorton street, E.C.; of the Messrs. Bennet and Wake, 17 Cornhill; of Angus D. Macdonald, Esq., secretary North West Transit Company, Ontario Hall, Toronto, and D. Hime, Esq., agent, Toronto. Canada West."

A further announcement stated that the time necessary for the journey from England to British Columbia was "five weeks."

The London *Times*, Edinburgh *Scotsman*, Toronto *Globe*, quickly found the weak places in this flowery advertisement and criticized the scheme severely, and the matter was brought up in the House of Commons by a Mr. Malcolm. When the first party sent out by the B.C. Overland Transit arrived at Toronto they found no advance arrangements had been made to convey them farther on the journey. The only provision made for its continuance was the sending out with the party an agent of the company. Commenting on the situation, the Toronto *Globe* of June 24th, 1862, says: "The emigrants were promised that they would be sent through to British Columbia in five weeks; if they make the journey in thrice that time they may consider themselves fortunate. Though not pleased with the conduct of the company, the party now in Toronto are resolved to push on like brave men, and we cannot help thinking they are in the right. If for £42 sterling they are started from Fort Garry with horses, oxen, carts and provisions sufficient to carry them across the plains the bargain is not a bad one of their part, though not as good as the company's advertisements promised.

"As to the company they have doubtless shown duplicity, but those who have been the first sufferers, the party now in Toronto, appear to think that they sincerely intend to carry out their arrangements, and may float their scheme on the immense capital now flowing to London."

Not content with their programme as set forth in the advertisement quoted above, the Overland Transit Company promoted a subsidiary concern whose advertisement, published in the London *Times*, sufficiently tells its own tale:—

"British Columbia Postal and Steam Navigation Service via Canada. Wanted, two Chief Superintendents and eight Inspectors (preference in selection to be given retired cavalry officers) to take charge of the different postal stations being established from Fort Garry, Red River Settlements, to Fort Hope, British Columbia. The express service will consist of about 300 horses and a staff of express riders. Suitable quarters will be provided and liberal salaries granted. Thoroughly qualified parties are also required to superintend the construction in British North America and to command, a line of river and lake steamers intended to be built this year for running next season upon the Red River, Lake Winnipeg, and the Saskatchewan River, the north branch of which is navigable for steamboats to the base of the Rocky Mountains, within 200 miles of the Fraser River, or centre of British Columbia. This line will complete the great overland pas-

senger, emigrant and traffic route to British Columbia now organizing. No applications will be entertained except from parties furnishing in the first instance first class testimonials and references, and who are enabled to qualify by becoming shareholders in the undertaking, which is estimated to realize 30% per annum. Applications are to be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary of the British Columbia Overland Transit Company, 6 Copthall Court, Throgmorton street, E.C."

Needless to say, the "British Columbia Postal and Steam Navigation Service via Canada" never advanced farther than the paper stage, nor did the Overland Transit Company fulfil their promises.

## CHAPTER TWO.

## THE OVERLANDERS OF 1859.

Railway-construction west of Chicago was not in a very advanced state in the year 1857. Railway communication with the west ended at LaCrosse. Steamboats on the Mississippi provided another link in the transportation chain as far as St. Paul; beyond that the way was open for the traveller to travel as it pleased him best. In that year a project to run a short line out of St. Paul began to assume some semblance of fact. Employed on one of the surveys was one Charles T. Cooney,<sup>(9)</sup> a young Irishman who had left the Emerald Isle but four years before. After following this occupation for a time, Cooney went north to Fort Garry in 1858, and there joined a party of adventurers preparing to cross the prairies to the Fraser River in New Caledonia. In that period of grace no transcontinental lines of railway rushed travellers from Atlantic to Pacific in a few days. The traveller bound for the Pacific Coast must either go to Aspinwall by sea, cross the Isthmus of Panama, and proceed by sea to San Francisco, and, if he wished to extend his journey to the Fraser River, take another steamer to Victoria on Vancouver Island, headquarters of the colony and headquarters also of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Far West. From Victoria he could reach Yale by steamboat, and beyond that point he might proceed as best he could over such trails as then existed. Or, in lieu of that route, which was more or less costly, the traveller could trek over the prairies, cross the Rocky Mountains, and accomplish the journey at a lesser cost in money but a greater expenditure of time and energy. The company Cooney joined at Fort Garry was going west by the overland route. It numbered forty-two persons, and out of that tally only four names have been preserved; Charles Cooney, Charles Montgomery, and two brothers, Samuel and John Moore.<sup>(10)</sup>

The two Moores left the old homestead in Grey County, Ontario, in May, 1858, bound for the Red River country. They possessed hearts filled with hope, bodies radiating energy, and pockets as empty as a collapsed balloon. Working their way from place to place, they reached St. Paul, Minn., which had risen from a mere trading village to a town of considerable and ever-increasing importance. After a brief sojourn there, they again shouldered their rifles and, pack on back, set out on the long tramp to the northern settlements.

Just as they left St. Paul they fell in with a party of fourteen novitiates from Montreal in charge of a Sister from the convent at St. Boniface to take up mission-work among the Indians. The Moores

attached themselves to the male escort of the party, which they accompanied to Fort Garry. Arriving there in the autumn of the same year, the young men immediately succeeded in obtaining employment for the winter. In the spring of 1859, when the party bound for British Columbia, to which Cooney had attached himself, began to prepare for the journey across the prairies, the Moores decided to go along with them.

The route taken by this party was the old trail that many others had trod before them and many more have beaten since, that via Touchwood Hills, Fort Carlton to Fort Edmonton. So far as is known, none of these men kept a written record, nor did any of them leave a written narrative of their experiences, but the Moores and Cooney, who all settled in the Kamloops District, were not averse to gossiping over those former days. From Edmonton the party headed southward to Bow River, crossed the Rockies by Vermilion Pass, descended the valley of the Kootenay River to Tobacco Plains, and eventually came to a halt at Fort Colville on the Columbia River in United States territory.

Cooney and the Moores did not sojourn long at Fort Colville, but again crossed into British Columbia and mined on the Fraser River and in Cariboo. Montgomery remained at Colville. Of the other members of the party there is no record.

A second party crossed the plains by the same route a few months later. It included two young men—Elijah Duff, of Belleville, Ontario, and John Jessop<sup>(11)</sup>—who made their way to Fort William and from there by canoe, following the old fur-traders' water route, to Fort Garry. When 8 miles below the fort, on June 16th, 1859, they met the steamer "Anson Northrup"<sup>(12)</sup> on its way down to Lower Fort Garry. The settlers were massed on the river-bank watching the steamer pass. Not until the beginning of August did these two travellers leave Fort Garry, equipped with one horse and a Red River cart, to resume the journey to British Columbia. At Fort Ellice they were joined by half a dozen Americans with the same destination in view. It was October when this small company reached the Rocky Mountains, which they crossed by the Boundary Pass to Tobacco Plains and thence to Fort Colville, where four of them arrived on November 5th. Jessop and Duff reached Victoria January 1st, 1860.

Also in the same year of 1859 a third party, few in number, is said to have crossed the plains, and, following the Tête Jaune Pass, descended the Fraser River. They left Fort Garry about the end of May with a guide. Only one of the party, a man named Linton, reached Victoria. He was employed at his trade in a tailor-shop kept by A. Gilmore in the early sixties. Linton was drowned in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, near Race Rocks, on Christmas morning a few years later.

## CHAPTER THREE.

## ORGANIZING FOR THE GRAND TREK OF '62—THE SEVERAL PARTIES AND THEIR MEMBERS—THE FIRST STAGE—ARRIVAL AT ST. PAUL—ROUGHING IT.

Early in the spring of 1862 a recrudescence of the gold-fever in Ontario and Quebec took place. The rich strikes made on the creeks in the Cariboo goldfields caused a renewed interest to be taken in British Columbia, and many longing eyes were turned towards the golden west. Groups of men eagerly discussed the latest reports from the mines; some of them announced their intention of trying their luck. Meetings of those so disposed were held at several centres, and plans were laid for making up parties to join together for mutual protection and convenience in journeying overland by way of Fort Garry.

Access to Fort Garry was still as difficult as when the parties of '59 made the trek; to reach it meant following a route that gave promise of little comfort and entailed frequent changes from railway to steamboat, to stage-coach, and the winding trail, but what mattered a few inconveniences and discomforts when they dreamed of the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow! There was something alluring in the thought of crossing the great grassy plains, the haunt during untold centuries of the buffalo and the red man.

In the *Toronto Globe* of March 24th, 1862, appeared the following letter addressed to the editor of that journal:—

"SIR,—About two months ago, the accounts from British Columbia being so good (and still continue so) as to the richness of the Gold Fields, a meeting was resolved upon and took place in Toronto for the purpose of overcoming any difficulties existing in a contemplated overland route across the Rocky Mountains; and if at all practicable, to proceed that way. It is now known that a party can go either by the South pass, or by the Red River, which was first contemplated and I believe now to be the best. Mr. Redgrave,\* of Toronto, was the first to agitate this route as easily to be overcome, and having knowledge of Gold Fields was unanimously appointed Secretary to the Committee, since which time he has been indefatigable in his exertions in obtaining and giving information, and also answering nearly all communications addressed to him by persons wishing to go by the 'Land Route.'

"He has not only performed this duty, but it will be borne in mind that he has been at a considerable outlay in receiving and answering

\* Redgrave was Sergeant in the Toronto Police. (See Note (2).)



such communications, an amount which he cannot, nor is it expected, he ought to afford. Many of the party have therefore resolved that Mr. Redgrave of Toronto receive (by letter) from those determined to go by the overland route, the sum of fifty cents from each person, to reimburse him for his outlay; and also a five cent stamp, that each individual (when required) may be corresponded with and that he also send his name and address, that the same may be registered. It will then be known how many are likely to go. The Secretary has good authority for saying that all expenses can be defrayed for \$100 to \$120 each person. A fortnight ago one of the Committee proceeded to St. Paul's, for the purpose of forwarding to the Secretary any information that may be of benefit. Information will also be received from persons who are now at the Rocky Mountains; after the receipt of which a meeting will take place and every preliminary arrangement made as to the time of starting (which will not be later than 20th of April), the expenses, and outfit required, etc.

"The Secretary also having had many years of experience on Gold Fields, will be able to prospect for the party along the Saskatchewan (without any delay), as it is well known that there exists plenty of gold there in paying quantities.

"By inserting the above in your valuable paper you will greatly oblige,

"Your obedient servant

"J. F. G.

"Toronto, 17th March, 1862."

The leaven of unrest was working ~~swiftly~~. Already many young men had gone and others were ready to go. On March 27th of that year of '62 a number of people assembled at the Union Station, Toronto, to bid good-bye to a party of men leaving for New York en route to British Columbia via San Francisco. On April 4th a farewell supper was tendered to James Smith, of the *Globe* staff, at the Terrapin Restaurant by about forty of his friends, he being about to journey to British Columbia, and three days later the guests of honour, in company with half a score others, also proceeded to New York bound for British Columbia by the same route. On the same day two men left Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway en route to St. Joseph, Missouri, where a party would be organized to proceed overland to Cariboo, and on the 10th of the same month another party of Torontonians left for Council Bluffs, Iowa, bound for the "South Pass" of the Rocky Mountains and thence across Washington Territory into British Columbia.

But, despite the mad haste of these fortune-hunters to reach the golden sands of Cariboo, by the Panama route or wholly through United

States territory, the preparations of those who had decided to go overland by way of Fort Garry and Fort Edmonton went quietly forward, not only in Toronto, but in many other places in Ontario and Quebec. Men of various callings threw in their lot together, farmers and merchants, doctors and engineers, artisans and labourers, educated and illiterate, even-tempered and irascible, young—many of them were beardless lads of 18 to 20—and older; in brief, all sorts and conditions of men—but no women. It was not deemed an excursion in which the fair and gentle sex might, could, would, or should participate, and men only were enrolled.

The Toronto party, forty-five in number, organized by the Committee (spelled with a capital C) of which Redgrave was the indefatigable secretary, left Toronto on April 23rd for St. Paul and Fort Garry. Unfortunately it has not been possible to glean the names of all of them from the scanty sources of information available. The known members were Redgrave, Alfred and Harry Handcock,<sup>(13)</sup> Burgess, R. H. Alexander, Jocelyn, Hind, Ellis, Wallace (a correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*), J. Carpenter, Dave Jones, Matheson Gunn, J. A. Mara,<sup>(14)</sup> Carrol, Eustace Pattison,<sup>(15)</sup> William McKenzie, W. Frederick, Sutherland, Myers, Tom Jones, Wessels, Caydon, Beatty, W. Turner, Hollo-way, Flett, "Big Smith of Toronto," Brown, Fallon, McRae, McRonnock, and G. B. Wonnacott and Dr. Stevenson (of Belleville). Travelling by the Great Western Railway to Windsor, they crossed over to Detroit and went from there to Chicago and LaCrosse by train, thence by steamboat up the Mississippi to St. Paul, and thence to Fort Garry.

\* A party left St. Thomas, Ontario, on April 17th, for the same destination under the leadership of John Dodd, of St. Thomas. Included in this company were Albert Nichol, of St. Thomas; Jacob Fowler, Brock Mains, Andrew Weldon, and Brock McQueen,<sup>(16)</sup> of Fingal; Stoughton Prior, Mark Crandall, Frank Penwarden, Hamm, Burdon, Mark Wallis,<sup>(17)</sup> and McCallum, of Southwold; B. Hutchison and John English, of Bayham. The Fingal men drove to St. Thomas in a large wagon, and a great deal of interest was taken in the departure of the combined party, which was quite a large one, but unfortunately only the above names are recorded. The general outfit taken by each man, in addition to wearing-apparel, consisted of rifle and revolver, 4 lb. of powder, 25 lb. of shot, 8 lb. of lead, 400 gun-caps, and a good pair of mining-boots. Each man was expected to purchase at Red River Settlement two horses or mules. The St. Thomas *Despatch* of April 17th, 1862, announcing the departure of the company, says: "The estimated time for the journey (to Cariboo) is set down by Mr.

Dodd as sixty days. The young men composing the party are highly respectable and belong to some of the best families in town."

A large party was organized at Queenston, where weekly meetings were held for the enrolment of members and the discussion of plans and ways and means. A set of rules and regulations to govern the party was adopted, and Thomas McMicking, the prime mover in the affair, was appointed leader or captain. Each man enrolled was required to subscribe to the disciplinary rules and to pay a fee of \$5. This company, sometimes spoken of as the St. Catharines party, but more generally as the Queenston, consisted of twenty-four members and included Archibald Thompson, Thomas Murphy, and Robert B. McMicking, of Stamford; F. C. Fitzgerald, Robert Brownlee, and John Hunniford, of St. Catharines; James Willcox, James Rose,<sup>(18)</sup> Simeon E. Cumner,<sup>(19)</sup> and William Fortune, of St. Davids; Leonard Crysler,<sup>(20)</sup> R. H. Wood, and W. H. G. Thompson, of Niagara; Robert Harkness, of Iroquois;<sup>(21)</sup> I. D. Putnam, of Ingersoll; John Fannin,<sup>(22)</sup> of Kemptville; and John Boland,<sup>(23)</sup> Joseph Robinson,<sup>(23)</sup> William Gilbert,<sup>(23)</sup> Dobson D. Prest,<sup>(23a)</sup> A. McConnell, Samuel W. Chubbock,<sup>(24)</sup> Peter Marlow,<sup>(25)</sup> and Thomas McMicking, of Queenston. The personal outfit of each member of this group consisted of one good strong suit, from three to six changes of underwear, a pair of knee-boots and a pair of shoes, rubber coat, a pair of blankets, rifle or shotgun, revolver and bowie knife, together with soap and other toilet accessories as fancy dictated and a few simple drugs or patent medicines as each considered desirable. Thus equipped, and in excellent health and spirits, full of bright hope for the future, they began the memorable journey on April 23rd, their route to Fort Garry being via Detroit, Grand Haven, Milwaukee, LaCrosse, and St. Paul.

A fourth party of twenty-five men was organized in the County of Huntingdon, Quebec. The members were James Wattie, William Wattie, William Sellar, John M. Sellar, George Reid,<sup>(26)</sup> H. Blanchford or Blachford, D. Olney,<sup>(27)</sup> J. C. Hall, M. Clark, Arthur Anderson,<sup>(28)</sup> John Nicholls, James McIntosh, Hugh Watson, John Watson,<sup>(29)</sup> William Gage, William Cameron,<sup>(30)</sup> William B. Schuyler,<sup>(31)</sup> Joseph White, John Bowron,<sup>(32)</sup> J. Stevenson,<sup>(33)</sup> A. McFie, W. Irwin, Peter McIntyre,<sup>(34)</sup> James Anderson, and Robert Cunningham.<sup>(35)</sup> Thomas and William Phillip,<sup>(36)</sup> from Durham, also joined this group. This company set out on April 22nd, taking the all-rail route to LaCrosse via Chicago.

A small party of six, known as the Acton party, whose members were A. L. Fortune, John Malcolm, James Kelso (of Oxton, Ont.), Erastus Hall, Thomas Dunn, and John B. Burns,<sup>(37)</sup> started by the

same route on May 2nd. Three days later, May 5th, a party of seven—W. W. Morrow, Andrew Fletcher, Archibald McNaughton,<sup>(39)</sup> and G. C. Tunstall<sup>(39)</sup> being four of them—left Montreal for the same destination. A party of eight went from Ottawa about the same time, but the personnel of this group is only partially recorded. The known members were John, William, and Joseph Halpenny and two brothers named Glassford. The town of London, in Western Ontario, contributed five men, the only names identified with this small company being A. D. Urlin,<sup>(39)</sup> his son, A. J. Urlin,<sup>(40)</sup> and a Mr. Strachan. Among those who went from Whitby were—Simpson, —McPherson, Joseph Torrance, and William McKenzie. In addition to these groups there was another, of unstated numerical strength, from Goderich and other points in the vicinity. A Mr. Douglas, P. Leader, A. C. Robertson,<sup>(41)</sup> and Robert Warren<sup>(42)</sup> are the few names positively identified with that party.

Scattered throughout the several records which constitute the foundation of this record are a number of names not specifically associated with any of the several groups named, although, of necessity, they must have been members of some of them. In this list are J. W. G. Nella, J. J. Leet, John Glen (Sr.), John Glen (Jr.), Euphrain Harper, Anson, Thomas Bowes, Justin Engington, James Earl, George Baillie,<sup>(43)</sup> A. Borthwick, R. S. Barnes, W. J. Polley, W. Marshall,\* Daniel McAlpine, John Cormick, and Wm. Hugill.† A Mr. Cogswell of Detroit is another of the unattached.

These several companies, actuated by a common motive to proceed overland to Cariboo via Fort Garry, yet acting independently, began the forward movement within a few days of each other. The Queenston party, under the leadership of Thomas McMicking, began their journey, as has been stated, on April 23rd.

On that day, Wednesday, twenty of the company left St. Catharines for Detroit by the Great Western Railway at 11.40 in the morning, under the command of Captain Thomas McMicking and Lieutenant W. H. G. Thompson. John Hunniford had already taken his departure, his diary recording, under date of Monday, April 21st: "Left St. Catharines with P. Duffin for Buffalo. Stopped 5 hours at Niagara Falls.

"April 22nd, Tuesday. Got a telegraph from F. I. Hardy 2 stop at Buffalo to he comes over. In Buffalo all day with P. Duffin.

\* Probably from Acton (Thompson's letters).

† William Hugill came from Fullerton, Ontario. He died at Barkerville, B.C., August 31st, 1863, aged 25 years, and was buried there by his overland companions.

"April 23, Wednesday. Left Buffalo arrived in Detroit all wright with the exception that I lost my Ticket and had to Buy another."

The McMicking party reached Detroit at 9.30 p.m. Thomas McMicking states that they "had taken the precaution to provide ourselves with a certificate from the Custom House at Queenston, and armed with this we had no difficulty in transporting ourselves and our goods into Uncle Sam's dominions. We crossed over immediately to Detroit where we remained until the next morning, the 24th." Robert B. McMicking adds the information, "stopped at the Franklin House, corner Bates and Larned St."

At 10.15 in the morning of the 24th, "joined by three others making in all 23," they left Detroit by the Detroit & Milwaukee Railway, arriving at Grand Haven, on Lake Michigan, 186 miles from Detroit, at 8 o'clock in the evening. Embarking immediately on the steamer "Detroit," they arrived at Milwaukee, 86 miles from Grand Haven, at 2 o'clock in the morning. They remained on the vessel until daylight and spent the day in the city. At 5 in the afternoon of the 25th they again took train on the Milwaukee & LaCrosse Railway and reached LaCrosse on the Mississippi River, 201 miles from Milwaukee, at 10 p.m. on the 26th, having been delayed by a "washout" near Portage City.

On Saturday, April 26th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, they left LaCrosse on the steamboat "Frank Steele," and began the ascent of the "Father of Waters," the Mississippi, then in full flood and inundating much of the surrounding country on both sides. After proceeding about 10 miles they overtook the steamboat "Northern Belle," tied up at the river-bank to repair injuries received since leaving LaCrosse. On board the "Northern Belle" was a large party from Toronto of forty or fifty men, who on the approach of the Queenston party gave three hearty cheers for Cariboo. The Toronto men declined an invitation to continue the journey on the "Frank Steele," having arranged to be picked up by the "Keokuk" on its way up-stream for that purpose, and which later in the day sailed triumphantly past the "Frank Steele."

John Hunniford says in his diary, under date April 26th: "Passed the night on Deck very uncomfortable, had nothing to eat." And again, "Sunday April 27 On the Mississippi all day, had nothing to eat." On this point Thomas McMicking is more enlightening. He observes: "We ought to have reached St. Paul on the night of the 26th, but owing to sundry delays, whether accidental or intentional, we did not arrive until 10 o'clock on the evening of the 27th. Although at so great a distance from them that it is only just possible that it will reach them

or the public who travel by that way, yet I must be allowed, on behalf of our party, to enter my protest against the treatment we received from the officers of the 'Frank Steele.' By arrangement with the railway managers, in consideration of the number of our party, we were furnished with through tickets to St. Paul, securing to us first class accommodation, at second class rates. We had been treated with uniform courtesy by all parties until we went aboard the boat; but here we were crowded together between the decks, where we had no room to lie down, and refused provisions, although we offered to pay for them whatever they might ask."

"When we left home," writes Thomas McMicking, "we did not know that we should have the company of any others besides our own party; but upon arriving at St. Paul we found a great many from different parts of Canada already there, and others continually coming, upon a common errand with ourselves. We found St. Paul a thriving city. Here we purchased our groceries, mining tools, tents, dishes, &c." Some made their own tents; others filled in their time duck-shooting.

Among those the Queenston party found at St. Paul was the large company under the leadership of Redgrave, and one of them, R. H. Alexanader, known to his intimates as "Dick" Alexander, in his diary and letters begins his account of the expedition at that town, which then had a population of about 10,000 souls. He refers to it as "a town on the confines of Minnesota Territory where rapid travelling and many appliances of civilization may be said alike to end. On the 28th April we held a meeting of the party to arrange further proceedings, and as we would have to depend for our support in great measure on the produce of our guns, the Brigade, numbering over 120 men, was divided into companies of ten persons in each and a Captain appointed over each company." When he states that the strength of the brigade was over 120, he refers to all the Overlanders then in the town and not merely to the Redgrave group.

The experiences of the Huntingdon party are detailed at length by John M. Sellar, who kept a voluminous diary of the journey from start to finish. His account of the journey from Huntingdon to St. Paul is of especial interest, inasmuch as this party joined the Redgrave party at Toronto, whence the remainder of the way to St. Paul was travelled together, thus supplying the connecting-link to complete Alexander's narrative which that diarist only begins at St. Paul, as will appear in due course. Sellar's journal says:—

"Huntingdon April 22nd 1862

"As there had been considerable difficulty in coming to an understanding as to when we should start, from the fact that we had made different appointments and set different days, and had always to postpone them on account of the Spring freshets, we finally determined & assembled at Mr. Millens Inn at four O'Clock, where they were met by upwards of some two hundred of their City friends who were assembled for the purpose of wishing us prosperity in our enterprise. 5 A.M. we performed the last becoming duties to our fair City and Citizens, by taking an affectionate farewell of Home & all that was dear, as well as those who had assembled to wish us God speed. this was rather a trying task for many of us, especially those who had Wives and families to leave behind. At 5<sup>30</sup>/<sub>60</sub> got all on board of some vehicles provided by some friends & started for the Rail Road at Chateaguay, the road being almost impassible on account of mud & water, it took us till 9<sup>30</sup>/<sub>60</sub> to get to the R.R. Station. where we had to wait for 30 minutes till the train came in from the East, when we got on board, accompanied by some 8 or 10 friends who came as far as Malone & took dinner with us, & then bid adieu to all with whom we were acquainted, & started for Ogdensburgh. We had scarcely left the station when I observed that I had left My Plaid, which confused me considerable, but after an hour's time or so I remembered of leaving it at Chateaguay, so I concluded to write a note back to Mr. S. H. Schuyler whom we left at Malone, & have him make inquiries about it & take it home if he found it. the ride was a very pleasant one, to Ogdensburgh, where we arrived at 3 P.M. we spent an hour through the town & then crossed to the old town of Prescott. Here we had to wait till 11 O'Clock for the train coming West, So we strolled about town till all was tired & some went & got Photographs to send home & some went to play Billiards & some one thing & some another. While H. Blackford & Myself wrote letters back to our better-halves at Huntingdon. At 11 P.M. got all aboard of the Grand Trunk Cars & started for Toronto where we arrived at 1 P.M. on the 23rd & joined Red Graves & company Bound for British Columbia also & making in all some 48\* persons. We spent an hour in Town & set off again to Port Sarnia. At 4 arrived at Stratford where we were met by Alex Clyde, Robt Edgar, David Dunsmour of Huntingdon. As the Cars remained for an hour, we got supper altogether & then made tracks as fast as we could for our destination. Where we arrived at 7 P.M. When all those who partake of the Elements of Padies eye-water, joined in a rabbling

\* This must have reference to the Toronto party, which numbered forty-five. As the Huntingdon party numbered twenty-five, the combined total must have been seventy persons.

Toast to Brittan & British subjects, And then all joined in singing God Save the Queen & three Brave & hearty Cheers for our homes & for Canada's Son's, and then embarked on the Steamer for to cross the St. Clair River to Port Huron & from whence we took cars for detroit where we arrived at Midnight There we exchanged our Grand Haven Tickets for others by way of the central Michigan to Chicago, our Tickets all being second class, as a matter of course we got second class in exchange. But notwithstanding we had rode all in the way in first class cars, & consequently we had a very pleasant ride & time through the Western Province. & as there was not enough of room in the second class Car for the whole company, we were furnished with a first Class Car to Chicago But as we travelled all night, the journey was rather Tedious as we had no accomodations for sleeping on account of the crowded state of the cars. At 9<sup>30</sup>/<sub>60</sub> A.M. we arrive at Sandbank City where remained some 50 minutes & got brackfast. & at 10<sup>20</sup> set off again & at 10<sup>50</sup> past 8 tier of Corn Cribs one Mile & a half long each crib being 12 feet wide & 12 feet high & filled to the top with corn on the cob. At 11<sup>30</sup> arrived at the City of Chicago where we had dinner & a general spree for two hours, when we succeeded in getting another first Class car & started for Milwaukee, as the afternoon was fine & pleasant, the trip was very pleasant over the praries, so beautifully spotted with country towns, the buildings are generally of a Gothic style & chiefly painted white, so that a small town at a distance has a beautiful appearance across the Praries we arrived at Milwaukee at 4 P.M. There we had a general encounter with the conductor who wanted to put all into about half of a second-class car, But after we had detained the cars for better than an hour we were furnished with a first class again and proceeded on to Portage City where we were oblidged to lay over for the night & sleep in the cars. The cause of this detention being a brakige in the Rail Track by freshets, As the brake was over two miles long, we were oblidged to carry our-baggage & walk over the flood on trussell work, about 10 feet high. The country for miles & miles around us was submerged from 2 to 6 feet deep in the water. But as the Train was in waiting, as soon as we got across the brak, we got aboard the cars & started for La Cross. We arrived at Lacross at 12<sup>30</sup> when we got our baggage on board the Steamer for St. Pauls, but had to wait till her boiler was Made & fit & refitt it over & over again some 6 or 8 times. Finally on Saturday the 26 she put out off Harbour just at daybreak. We passed up the Mississippi for about two hours all right when without the least possible cerimony we were landed on the left bank of the river amongst Barron Mountains (or Bluff's as they called in this country). Entirely cut off from all civilization withot



any provision & our Boat Broken down. There we spent some 9 hours prowling about, till the boads (boat) was pronounced fit for sea again, & the Bell was rung for the passengers to get on board, & started, But only run one mile when she gave out again, & had to put into shore not bettering our position anythin(g), As all was tired being on the boat most all took a trip up some of the more gentle hills accompanied by a number of the fair sex, After which some 12 or 14 of us assended the highest bluff on the Mississippi, it being some 650 feet high, & one side of which is perpendicular & the remainder very steep, with a very smothe gravel surface. When decending Red Grave missed his foot & fell some 40 feet in a slanting direction & sprained his ancle very bad, & crushed whole side so much that he was unable to help himself back to the Boat. At 7 P.M. the Steamer Keokuk came up from Lacross & took us on board releaving us from our critical position. But in consequence of laying by all day, we had to sail all night & so we saw but little of the scanery up the Mississippi. We landed at the Mouth of the Wisconsin River at 8 A.M. on Sunday Morning the little Town was very much recked by the recent spring freshets. as we passed along, the river appeared to be very high, As the Valley to our left was submerged in a sea of water for some miles back from the river appearently from 10 to 20 feet deep & not a few of the Villages near the river, were entirely aflote on a sea of water. We arived at St. Pauls at 1 P.M. the Western town was flooded some 6 or 8 feet deep with water & every person had deserted the place. The East town is upon a bank some 80 or 90 feet above the level of the river. As there was so many in our company the American House propriators made a very liberal reduction in their usual Bill affair, so the whole company patronized the American House. At 7 P.M. all hands turned out to Church for the last time before they expected to get to British Columbia, some went to one Church & some to another, as for myself & a few of my friends we went to the Episcopas Methodist where we heard a very good discourse taken from the Gospell of St. Mark & St. Matthew, & which was a great contrast compared to the forenoon on the boat coming up the Mississippi. For I can assure you that there is but little respect shown for the Sabath on the Mississippi for all kinds of business is attended too with as much precission, & energy, as though it was lawful & right. while the few who do abstain from busness only do so in order to get a days recreation and sport at Billiards amongst the Saloons, or loafing amongst the grogeries."

Sellar states that they spent the 28th "calling meetings to come to some means of getting to Georgetown from whence we could go to Fort Garry by steamer. But as Burbank & co would not make any

reduction off 32 Dollars for fair. & 5 Dol per hundred for freight. Our Huntingdon Company concluded that they would engage private conveyance, & accordingly at 4 P.M. we came to an arrangement with Mr. Webb of St. Paul who is a forwarder to take 16 of us through to Red River a distance of 329 miles for the sum of 150 Dollars & take 3500 lb of freight through free."

This party purchased a goodly part of their supplies and equipment from Bell & Brothers, St. Paul, and of Chapman & Miller, at St. Cloud. From the former, they bought picks and shovels, canvas for tents, powder and shot, matches, rope, twine and needles for tent-making, cooking-utensils, scythe, provisions; and from the latter, flour and salt, eight oxen for \$249.50, one double wagon for \$75, three carts for \$40.50, hides for harness, more canvas for tents, oats, barley, salt pork, etc. Later, at Fort Garry, they purchased seven carts at a cost of \$70 —\$10 each as against \$19.50 each paid for those purchased at St. Cloud.

Sellar gives the cost of the journey from Huntingdon, for the party, to St. Paul\* as \$352.

\* The population of St. Paul was 10,701 in 1860.

CHAPTER FOUR.

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THE JOURNEY FROM ST. PAUL TO GEORGETOWN—INCIDENTS BY THE  
WAY—GEORGETOWN—THE SIOUX.

The continuation of the journey from St. Paul had as its first main objective the town of Georgetown, on the Red River of the North, whence the remainder of the way to Fort Garry would be made by river on the steamboat "International," then under construction at Georgetown. The distance from St. Paul to Georgetown is variously given by the diarists as 320 and 329 miles. With the exception of the Huntingdon group of sixteen, who made independent arrangements with the forwarding agent (Webb) to convey them over the first stage of the journey to Georgetown, it would appear that all the other Overlanders made use of the customary means of transportation, the stage line operated by the J. C. and H. C. Burbank Company, of St. Paul. Some of them had to remain at St. Paul for over a week before they could obtain passage, so many were the passengers awaiting transportation and the capacity of the stage-coaches being limited to nine or ten persons on each trip, the stages running daily.

The first of the Overlanders to get away from St. Paul were members of the Redgrave or Toronto party. Under date of Tuesday, April 29th, Alexander notes in his diary:—

"Was out early this morning making purchases for our Mess which consists of Carpenter, Hind, two Hancocks and myself. We and Redgrave's Mess, consisting of himself, Burgess, Ellis and Jocelyn, at last started for Georgetown, where we are to meet the steamer, at 2.45 p.m."

They passed the Falls of St. Anthony (famed by Longfellow in "Hiawatha"), and, after travelling all night, reached St. Cloud at 5.30 a.m., 77 miles from St. Paul. At that time St. Cloud was a busy growing town on the Upper Mississippi. Alexander calls it "the jumping-off place of civilization." After a rest of two hours and a half the journey was resumed to Sauk Centre, where the second night was spent. The members of the Huntingdon party, who had made their arrangements with Webb, left St. Paul shortly after the Redgrave party.

The Queenston party began to leave St. Paul on April 30th, nine men leaving that day, ten on May 1st, and the remaining five, with five of the Redgrave party, on May 2nd. At St. Cloud they stayed for the night at Stearn's Hotel, a stopping-place well known to travellers to and from the north in those days. The country from St. Paul to Sauk

Centre is described as being "a beautiful rolling prairie with occasional strips of woodland, apparently a good farming country and tolerably well settled." The farmers were just sowing their spring crops as the travellers passed through. Little did the prospective gold-miners dream that within a few weeks of the time on which they passed those busy husbandmen and their tilled fields, the farm-houses would be so many heaps of smouldering ashes, their occupants relentlessly massacred and scalped by exultant Sioux drunken with the lust of blood; one of the stages—perhaps one in which some of the Overlanders had themselves been passengers—attacked, the driver and passengers slaughtered and scalped, and the wagon itself thrown bodily into the river; all the fruit of the mistaken treatment of the warlike Sioux by the United States officials charged with the administration of Indian affairs.

"Sauk Centre consists of one house and is situated on a prairie which seems to have no end," says Alexander. Readers of "The North West Passage by Land" will remember that it was there that Milton and Cheadle saw, coveted, and purchased the dog Rover, the faithful companion of their travels and hardships. When they offered \$25 for the dog, the man hesitated and said that his wife and sister would not hear of it. "He went out to sound the two women on the subject, and they presently rushed into the room: one of them caught Rover in her arms, and, both bursting into floods of tears, vehemently declared nothing would induce them to part with their favorite. We were fairly vanquished by such a scene, and slunk away. . . . As we were on the point of starting, however, the man came along, leading poor Rover by a string, and begged us to take him, as he had at last persuaded the women to let him go." . . . A fortnight afterwards these kindly people—in common with nearly all the whites in that part of Minnesota—suffered a horrible death at the hands of the invading Sioux."\*

The third day of travel took the travellers another stage of 63 miles to Pomme-de-terre. Alexander observes that in the forenoon they came to Alexander Woods and "as the road was very bad all except Redgrave, whose foot is still bad, walked through the woods to a station on the Agnes Lake. The person that lives here was once a wealthy merchant in London in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company, but was ruined by some unfortunate speculations of the Exhibition Year 1851 and is now farming in the wilds of Minnesota where he may be said to be 'Monarch of all he surveys.' It is the most beautiful spot for a farm I ever saw. . . . He is quite a gentleman

\* "North West Passage by Land." Milton & Cheadle. 3rd Ed., p. 15. (See also Appendix, Note (44).)

and it looks hard to see him and his daughters in such a position. Had dinner there."

The fourth day took them 50 miles to Graham's Point on the Red River. En route they dined at midday at Dam Crossing on Ottertail River, for which they paid 40 cents, "and of course nothing but salt pork." At Graham's Point they were obliged to lay over for a day for lack of adequate transportation facilities.

The next day of travel took the Queenston party to Lewiston, but the Redgrave men did not fare so well and only proceeded 22 miles, when they had to stop and camp for the night. Alexander tells in his diary that they "Pitched our tent and got a lot of Prairie Hay, then lit our fire and I kneaded the flour, made some bread, boiled our tea and then had supper. Prairie Fowl formed a part of it and it is not at all bad to eat. Had prayers and then turned in."

Redgrave and his eight companions arrived at Georgetown on May 5th, and the McMicking group of the Queenston company on the 8th. The van of Huntingdon company did not reach that town until the 11th, the others not arriving until several days later.

Travelling independently of the regular stages, the experiences of the Huntingdon company were somewhat different from those of the majority of the Overlanders. As has already been stated, they made their first move to St. Anthony. Leaving there on the morning of April 30th, Sellars states that "We arrived at Anoka at 1 P.M. when we lay by for dinner. This was rather a smart little Town of about 500 or 600 Inhabitants at 3 P.M. hitched on again & started." Crossing Rum River and "Elk River which runs through Mills Village, we travelled on to Baillies stage station where we arrived at 8 P.M. after travelling 35 (miles). By this time all were very tired, & some two or three sick from fatigue but were better in the morning after they had got a good sleep. After we got supper, we arranged for to pass the night as best we could on the soft side of a plank, this was our first plank bed, but I cannot say that it was our last."

Breakfasting at an early hour on May 1st, they were upon the road again at 6.45 a.m., and at 4 in the afternoon arrived at Clearwater, where they crossed the Mississippi to the west side, which they followed to St. Cloud, where they arrived "at 8 P.M. after traveling 38 miles. we put up at the central House where we got first class board, but other accommodations were entirely overlooked. The inhabitants are chiefly Germans who number about one thousand. It is destined to be a flourishing town at no very remote day, As it is only 5 years since the first Inhabitants moved in. And there is a Rail Road graded most of the way from St. Pauls through."

Sellar was at times unconsciously humorous, although he appears to have been of a cynical turn of mind in the main. There is an instance of his humour in the entry of May 2nd, when he relates how they dined at St. Joe. The entry reads as follows:—

"(May) 2. All hands were up at an early hour & got Braekfast over at 6 A.M. after Braekfast we appointed James Wattie to be Captain & then appointed James Wattie, H. Blanchford, Joseph Whyte, & William Cameron, to remain at St Cloud & buy our Cattle & other things necessary for our journey, & follow through to Georgetown as soon as possible. At 10<sup>20</sup> the remainder of the company started off, the roads were good with the exception of a small stream now and then which we had to ford, After traveling three miles, we came to Sauk River, and crossed to the West side, & then followed up the river to a small village called St. Joe, where we put up for dinner the people of the Village are all French & Jermans, so that the dinner was no grate shakes. After dinner we followed up the River to a Paper Town called Richmond where we put up for the night after traveling 25 miles through a beautiful country of open Prairie & heavy bush timber."

On the 3rd, leaving Richmond and following up the Sauk River, they saw "three fine deer. But as all the Guns were out of order, & packed away in the waggon, we had no chance of a shot at any of them. so we travelled on to the Minion House for dinner. . . . At 6<sup>30</sup> we arrived at Millrose House, where we put up for the night after traveling 32 miles, & got supper after the fashion of the country through which we were traveling."

In his entry of May 4th, Sellar complains of "the Journey gettin rather lonely & wearisome Especially as this was Sunday & we out on the prairies traveling & not a house to be seen in any direction. At 11 A.M. my feet became so blistered with walking that it was impossible for me to travel any further on foot so each of the company let me ride in their place." That night they put up at Osakas Lake. Next day they stopped for dinner at 11 a.m. at Borth Lake, and, says Sellar, "after we got dinner, we pushed ahead as fast as possible, as we feared that we should not get through in time for the first Boat. At 3 P.M. came to Lake Darling where we speered some 20 fine Black Pike with forked poles, Lake Darling is the most magnificent Lake that I ever have seen. It is about 25 miles long & 7 or 8 miles wide with gently rising Banks with fine smothe green surface. The water is beautiful, cold & clear & fine gravel bottom, & is just alive with white fish, Trout, & all kinds of fresh water fish. we Passed a number of other fine little Lakes during the afternoon the most of which was covered with Ice just beginning to break. We arrived at Chippaway at 9 P.M. after

traveling 35 Miles. Chippaway is a beautiful Town composed of one log House & small log stable. After we got supper we had some singing when an English Boy (Thoas Jones) struck up God Save the Queen & played the accompaniment in a Concerteenia & our boys all joined in the Anthem with great spirit, After which we all retired for the night.

“(6) As the morning was beautiful & clear, & the party all in good health & spirits, we took an early breakfast & started for the next station that day put me in mind of Alexander Silkirk when on the Island of St. Jean Frenandez, he was Monarch of (all) he surveyed & his rights there was none to dispute. Because there was none but himself, & so with us there was none but ourselves. We arrived at Dayton or Ottertail River at 9 P.M. after traveling 38 miles. The Inmates are a very fine family who Immigrated there just in the time of the land excitement, expecting to make a fortune in speculating on land. But now there is nothing doing in that line of business. So they are likely to remain there alone for some time as the present state of affairs in the States has put a stop to all Emigration to the Western States for the present.”

The following morning, May 7th. “At 7 A.M. commenced to ferry our goods across the river. The River is about 100 feet wide & some 3½ feet deep & very rapid, the boat was 3 feet wide 12 feet long so you may judge what kind of a time we had.” Having crossed the Ottertail, they were joined by another party thirteen in number. At 7 in the evening they arrived at Red River Crossing, where they remained for the night. “After supper,” Sellar naively remarks, “we took possession of all the bunks & the other Par(t)y fixed up their Tents & slept out. That was the first place we found a male cook.”

On May 8th they reached Breckinridge at about noon “& put up for dinner here we found that it was going to be a disadvantage to us having waited for the other party, as they were such a set of beasts that when we ordered dinner for our Party, as there was not room for both Parties they would crowd in & some of us would have to wait. So by request of the Party Wm. Gage & myself went ahead to Fort Ebbercrombie\* & had all the beds Engaged & supper ready for our party, full an hour before they arrived. But on our way we were caught in a very heavy thunder shower, were we could find no shelter, so we got drenched to the skin we got to the Fort & had to remain in our wet clothes till 7 P.M. when the Teams came up. The Stage arrived at the same time bringing the two Phillip's Boy's (Thos & Wm) from Durham. And I can assure you that no person can imagine the amount

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\* Fort Abercromble.

of pleasure it affords a person, to meet with acquaintances from your own country, in such a desolate land as that! where there were no civilized beings save our selves. Especially, just after leaving our happy homes & friends, to travel, & seek our fortune in such a country as this."

On the 9th they only made 14 miles to Campbell's Station, and on the 10th, with the object of being "first," Wattie and Sellar were sent to Lewiston to order dinner for the party. Sellar says: "At 9 A.M. passed two other men that were sent ahead by the other Party. we gave them a very heavy chase for about 1½ hours & then they gave up & we arrived better than an hour before them. We arrived at Lewiston at 12 M.D. the other two at 1½ P.M. So we got served first though the other Party was greatly dissatisfied. The teams did not arrive till 4 P.M. so we put up for night only traveling 25 miles. we amused ourselves as best we could, some playing Cards, some telling stories, & some shooting."

As soon as "breakfast," as Sellar has it, was over on the morning of the 11th, "John Stevenson & myself set off ahead to secure the ferry-boat to put our things over the Buffalo River first." As will appear farther on, this idea of being "first" seemed to dominate Sellar, if not the whole Huntingdon party, although there is none of that spirit manifested in the narrative told by A. L. Fortune, another member of the same company. They reached Georgetown that afternoon at 3 p.m., "where we dismissed our Team, & Teamster giving him a purse of \$5<sup>00</sup> to drink our healths when he got back to St. Pauls."

Georgetown, on the Red River of the North, presented the stereotyped aspect of the small frontier town. Sellar was clearly greatly disappointed and disgusted with the appearance and appointments of the place. He says of it: "Georgetown is one of the Sea Port town, of olden times, it is composed of one Store, at which you can buy nothing, one Hotel at which we could neither buy grog nor Victuals, one Barricks & some three or four Indian wigwams & one dwelling House." A more contemptuous reference to a place could scarcely be imagined.

Georgetown apparently failed to impress the scribes of the Overlanders with favour. It is not improbable that had the steamboat been ready for their reception when they arrived the travellers would have regarded it in a different light. The place, such as it was, contained the usual saloon, without which no town could exist, a store—the property of the Hudson's Bay Company—a few log houses, a sawmill, and shipyard where the steamer "International" was then under construction.



and, in this instance another additional feature, a barracks containing at that time thirty Minnesota Militia, who were stationed there to protect the steamboat and the white settlers from the restless and hostile Sioux.

The advent of the several companies of travellers, some bound for the Saskatchewan country and others for British Columbia, changed the aspect of the town completely and instantly. Scores of tents, arranged in semi-military order, sprang up like mushrooms, converting the dreary spot into a lively community. Many of the travellers experienced for the first time the peculiar delights of camping out. There is no saving grace so effective in maintaining one's mental equilibrium under such circumstances as those in which the Overlanders found themselves placed at Georgetown as a lively sense of humour. Alexander possessed an abundance of it, and an example of it is contained in an entry written in his diary on Thursday, May 8th: "We are now living on Pemmican, a compound that tastes remarkably like tallow, and bread that we bake ourselves, which is remarkably like dough." And the entry made on the following day is not lacking in the same admirable quality. "Awfully slow life," he says, "Nothing to do." And then naively adds the sentence that gives point to the whole, "I have been elected Captain of our Company." But on the 10th he notes in more serious vein that some Indians had appeared on the scene, "rather awkward looking customers. They demand payment for the right of the steamer running on their river and it is not impossible there may be a fuss."

In one of his letters written to his home people, Alexander refers to Georgetown in the following humorous terms:—

"Now let me give you a description of Georgetown. Though I might have learned from 'towns' along our route what to expect, for they were almost in every case composed of one house with 'building lots' staked out, and I daresay beautiful 'Edens' existing on paper, I must say I did expect *something more respectable* at Georgetown, which aspires to be a Port on the Red River, on the banks of which it is located, and on or in the mud deposited by which it is 'beautifully situated!' It consists, as far as I could see, of about six log shanties, two of which are occupied as Barracks by a company of nondescript-looking soldiers, a third by Mr. Murray the Hudson's Bay Company's agent; the fourth a tavern, at least you could get *meals there*, and the fifth by the august individual who is Squire, Justice of the Peace, and 'head cook and bottle washer' of this Town while he is also pilot of the steamer betwixt here and Fort Garry."

## CHAPTER FIVE.

IN CAMP AT GEORGETOWN—A SINGULAR ACCIDENT—GOVERNOR DALLAS—NAVIGATING THE RED RIVER—QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY—ARRIVAL AT FORT GARRY.

Before leaving Ontario the Queenston party had been assured by the agents of J. C. and H. C. Burbank, of St. Paul, that their new steamboat, the "International" (*see* Note (12), Appendix), then under construction at Georgetown, would positively leave there on its initial trip to Fort Garry on May 10th. The travellers had arrived at the advertised starting-point in comfortable time to embark on the stipulated date only to discover that the vessel was very far indeed from being ready, nor did it depart until the 20th, ten days after the appointed time.

The Overlanders, however, did not let time hang heavily, amusing themselves hunting, fishing, playing ball, and with other recreations. John Hunniford had a peculiar idea as to what constituted amusement, for he wrote that "had good fun with a drunken Indian at night." Only the most unsophisticated greenhorn, or thoughtless youth, would find "fun" in so dangerous an entertainment; a drunken Indian is much akin to a stick of dynamite—best left severely alone by those who are ignorant of its properties. Still another, and welcome, break in the monotony of the days of waiting was found in the reception of the steady stream of fresh arrivals from Canada—every stage bringing its quota.

Robert McMicking records an occurrence that created some mild excitement in the camp for a short time on Sunday, May 11th: "A singular accident occurred in our tent today, that of a gun discharging without a cap on, boring two holes in my coat, another hole in another coat, two or three holes in a towel, and then passed out (of) the top of the tent. Some persons were in the tent at the time heard the gun make a curious noise similar to a cap but not so loud, knew nothing further till one of them discovered a hole in one of the coats which were hung over the end of the barrel."

Among those who arrived by stage at Georgetown at that time was Alexander Grant Dallas,<sup>(45)</sup> with his family and servants, on his way to Fort Garry to assume his duties of Governor of Rupert's Land, to which post he had been appointed in succession to Sir George Simpson, who had died in September, 1860. They arrived in the afternoon of May 12th and were the guests of Chief Trader Murray during their



RED RIVER CARTS.



sojourn. This was an opportunity not to be missed by the Overlanders, to do honour to the administrator of the Hudson's Bay Territory, through which they would be travellers during the ensuing months. At 8 o'clock in the evening the emigrants mustered at the call of Thomas McMicking, and, armed with their rifles, marched in military order into the town and drew up in front of the trader's residence in two ranks. Each rank separately fired a salute, and the Governor's party coming out of the house, McMicking briefly introduced himself and associates and stated their purpose. Governor Dallas thanked them for the honour they had done him and promised to further their object to the utmost of his power. He then requested his valet, John McLellan, a Highlander and a piper, to play, after which cheers were given for the Queen, the President of the United States (in which country they then were), the Governor, and the piper, and the Canadians returned to their camp singing "God Save the Queen," the piper following to cheer them with more skirling. Governor Dallas visited the camp next evening and gave the leading men some wise counsel and useful information.

Day after day of weary waiting, of broken promises, of postponements of the eagerly awaited hour of departure, fretted some of the more impatient ones more than they could bear and small parties dribbled down the river in canoes and boats. Governor Dallas himself, eager to reach his post, did not wait for the boat either, but in company of McKay, a noted guide, proceeded on horseback to the Red River Settlement,\* leaving his family to follow on the "International." Still the population of Tent-town continued to grow and by the time the steamer was ready to leave it numbered upwards of 150.

At half-past 8 o'clock in the morning of May 20th, the word was passed that a start would be made that morning and a busy scene ensued. Tents were struck, blankets rolled, each man took charge of his own outfit, and the work of embarkation began, but it was not until a quarter-past 2 in the afternoon that the ropes were cast off and the engine set in motion; the "International" was off!†

The Red River was at its flood, the banks overflowing, and the current strong, setting across the points instead of being deflected by them as reach succeeded reach. From the beginning the boat proved to be difficult to handle, her length of 150 feet making the sharp and numerous turns hard to negotiate. Disaster seemed to haunt the vessel. Scarcely had they begun the voyage when at the first turn in the tortuous stream the current swept her against the trees on the point,

\* He reached Fort Garry on Sunday afternoon, May 18th.

† Captain Noble in command.

without, however, doing any damage, but ere 2 miles from Georgetown had been covered, the pilot again took her too near the bank; she crashed into the trees, which swept down the two funnels and damaged the pilot-house, and the vessel was tied up for repairs. The delay lasted until 2 o'clock the following afternoon. Once again the "International" cast off and ran down-stream. At 3 o'clock the engines broke down, necessitating another tie-up until after 6 o'clock, when way was resumed, a stop for the night being made at 8.30, the course of the river being too crooked to permit of safe navigation at night. On the third day of the journey high winds prevented a start being made until late in the afternoon, and shortly after 7, in backing up to make a short turn, the boat ran against the bank, smashing some of the paddles of the wheel, but fortunately the damage was repaired in time to resume the voyage at 5.30 a.m. on the following morning, 23rd, and a good day's run was made. The accommodations provided on the "International" do not seem to have been adequate for so large a passenger-list, some of those on board having to sleep on the floor.

May 24th being the Queen's Birthday, the occasion was to be celebrated in a fitting manner, and Captain Noble, the commander of the vessel, entered heartily into the spirit of the event and provided, at the owners' cost, a special dinner and a ceremonious observance of an anniversary so universally respected by Her Majesty's loyal subjects wherever they might find themselves. At 12 o'clock noon the Stars and Stripes were run up to the masthead. Fifteen minutes later the Union Jack\* was hoisted and a salute fired from the guns of the 150 emigrants on board, followed by cheers and the singing of the National Anthem. From 2 until 5 was spent over the dinner, at which Judge Black presided, speeches, toasts, and songs being the order of the day. Inasmuch as the vessel was in American waters and owned by American citizens, manned by an American crew under the command of an American navigator, this concession to British sentiment is worthy of special mention and commendation.

On the 25th another mishap, the breaking of the pintle of the rudder, caused a delay of two hours for repairs. During the day they passed several groups of Indians, who greeted the approach of the boat with shouts, violent gesticulations, and the discharge of firearms. "These demonstrations were interpreted by some as signals of welcome; by others as tokens of hostility and defiance. From the tragic scenes that had recently been enacted in that neighbourhood, it would seem that the latter opinion was correct, although they were probably

\* Made by R. H. Alexander for the occasion.

prevented from making an attack by the presence of so many armed men on the boat."\* A short stop was made at Pembina, near the International Boundary-line, where "a lot of drunken Indians attempted to come on board but was stopped."† "No card playing to day as it was Sunday."† Shortly after leaving Pembina they crossed the boundary-line and were once again in British territory, for the first time since leaving Ontario over a month earlier.

On the morning of the 26th they were informed that they were then distant 50 miles from Fort Garry by land, but 110 miles by river, and that they would reach their destination during the course of the day. This information seemed to infuse new life into the company, and to revive the spirits of those pessimistic ones who had already begun to despair of ever reaching the end of a journey so inauspiciously begun. "All parties were accordingly early on the move, arranging baggage and freight for unshipping, or keeping a keen look out for the expected fort. We met the first portion of the settlement about 30 miles above the fort. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we sighted the fort, from which a salute was fired as the boat entered the mouth of the Assiniboine, in honor of the arrival of the new steamer, and bidding a kindly welcome to the 'overlanders.' As the vessel neared her moorings, the salute was answered from about 150 rifles on board the boat. It appeared as though all 'Selkirk,' by whom our arrival was expected, were there, in their holiday attire, to receive us; and it was an occasion that will long be remembered by them, as inaugurating a new era in the history of the colony. We landed at 5 o'clock, having been over six days in making what ought to have been accomplished in two. Upon reaching the fort we found that, with those who had come down the river in canoes, or overland, besides residents of the settlement who were intending to go with us, our company was increased to about 200 souls."\*

"We found the Red River colony a considerable settlement, extending along the banks of the river from about thirty miles above Fort Garry to the mouth of the river, and along the Assiniboine westward for about twenty miles. It contains some ten thousand inhabitants, the great majority of whom are half-breeds. The settlement is under the government of the Hudson Bay Company, and the administration of their laws appears hitherto to have given general satisfaction. But the time has arrived when they are no longer suited to the necessities or desires of the people, and they are earnest and united in their appeals for the establishment of some sort of responsible government in which they can have a voice. They demand that the Imperial, or Canadian,

\* Thomas McMillen's narrative.

† John Hunniford's diary.

Government shall open up for them some better communication with the rest of the world; and, from the strong feelings so freely expressed to us upon the subject, it is very evident that, unless something be done to change their circumstances, they will seek other national relationship."\* So that even in those days the spectre of Annexation stalked abroad!

Fort Garry, situated at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, about 50 miles from Lake Winnipeg, was the principal establishment in the settlement. It was the residence of the Governor and was a well-built fortification, with walls and bastions of stone. On the opposite shore stood St. Boniface, the Roman Catholic mission. In 1882 the stone fort was demolished, only the small northern gate being preserved.

In addition to Mrs. Dallas and the Overlanders, the passenger-list included Bishop Taché,<sup>(46)</sup> returning to his diocese of St. Boniface after a visit to Europe, and several priests and lay brothers; John Black,<sup>(47)</sup> the newly appointed Judge for the Red River Settlement, and some independent fur-buyers.

During the voyage Alexander had several opportunities of conversing with Mrs. Dallas and was evidently very favourably impressed by that lady. Writing home from Fort Garry, he observes: "I had the pleasure of talking a good while the other day to Mrs. Dallas, and I can tell you it was a privilege, as it seemed to be a link to civilization to see a lady here, much more to talk to one is a perfect Godsend." In the same letter he refers to the tortuous course of the Red River in these words: "This river is the most serpentine in its course of any I ever knew, something like the Forth at Stirling. In many places there will be a narrow neck of land, between the double of the stream, about 40 feet wide, while the stream will go about two miles before it returns opposite the same spot."

Archibald Thompson,<sup>(48a)</sup> of Stamford, one of the Queenston party, writing to his brother from Fort Garry under date May 30th, 1862, says:—

"Robert McMicking and myself were sick in crossing the lake (Michigan) but I feel better now than I did when I left home. . . . Camp life agrees with me. I can sleep as well in our camp as I can in bed. . . . There are six of us in our camp, viz:—T. McMicking, R. McMicking, S. Chubbock, J. Fannin, I. D. Putnam and myself. Putnam is our cook. He is an old Californian. He crossed the plains to California in 1852. He is from Putnamville, Canada West, and he

\* Thomas McMicking's narrative.



is as good a boy as I wish to meet and a good cook. He went to Detroit on the train with us but we did not know that he intended to go to Cariboo. He joined our party next morning at Detroit, also John Honeyford (Hunniford) from St. Catherines, and Robert Harkness, from below Toronto. Our party numbers twenty-four. The Toronto party numbered forty-five when they left Toronto and when they arrived at St. Paul they broke up and went in parties of five and six. One party of five of them has travelled with us from St. Paul to Fort Garry and they say they are going to travel with us all the way, and there is one Doctor in their party, Dr. Stevenson from Belleville below Toronto and he said he wants me to be his assistant. . . . Mr. Wallace the correspondent of the *Globe* is going over the mountains. Love says we can go in fifty-four days to the mines. We stand our watch now, turn about, two at a time, and our watch comes once in four nights. It cost us fifteen dollars and sixty five cents from Suspension Bridge to St. Paul and twenty five dollars from St. Paul to Fort Garry; that is five dollars cheaper than we expected. The whole cost of the journey is 90 dollars" (to Cariboo).

Of the Huntingdon party, Captain Wattie and the others who had been deputed to purchase carts, oxen, etc., at St. Cloud, did not reach Georgetown until a few hours before the "International" started down the river. So crowded was it that some passengers and freight were left behind. Sellar records, under date May 20th: "As the Steamer International could not take down all the Passengers & freight the first trip, they would not take our Oxen, so we concluded that H. Blanchford, F. Stevenson, George Reid, W. Cameron, D. Oney, J. C. Hall, & myself should take the Cattle & carts across Dakotah Territory to Fort Garry." They secured the services of a "Dutchman (Daniel Onby) to guide us through as there was no trail to follow. The remainder of the Party went by Steamer, we all left Georgetown the same day."

On May 21st, starting at 8 in the morning, they travelled until 1 o'clock at noon in from 4 to 10 inches of water, the land being flooded to that depth. Coming to an elevated spot they camped for dinner, and, observes Sellar, "there I introduced myself into the mistries of the Cooking business for the first time on our journey & as none of the others was good at it I was kept cooking." At 6 o'clock that evening, "as G. Reid & I were off at one side from the rest we came upon the remains of an old Indian Tent, & an axe & small caske, & some other small traps belonging to Tent life so that the owners must doubtless hapened with an unmerciful fate." That night they camped by a mud-hole without water.

The 22nd saw them resume the journey over a level, treeless tract of prairie, " & not a stick of wood to be seen, as far as the eye could see. so we traveled all day without any dinner & at 7<sup>30</sup> we came to Goose River. But before we could get our Tent up there blew up a tremendous rain storm, so we got a thorough witting & had to go to bed wet & supperless only eating a bite of Sea Biscuit, as we could not kindle a fire."

Setting out at 6 in the morning of the 23rd, half an hour later the party " came to an old Battle ground of the Sous & the halfbreeds when they had fought some 9 years ago, the cause of the fight being, on account of the Sous having Stollen 102 horses & 32 oxen from the halfbreeds & some whites who were out with them hunting Buffalo. At day brake they had put them out to feed & at brackfast when they went to fetch them in, could not find any of them, but saw a number of Indians prowling about, so they made a general turn out to search for them. when they were attacked by some 3 hundred Sous they fought for four hours without intermission when the Indians took to their heels for safety leving 96 killed & several wounded together with all their Blanketts & equipments, only having killed one of the other Party & wounded 3. But succeeded in driving off all their horses & Oxen together with all their own. Since that time they have been pillaging from each other every chance they can get, & sometimes they engage in battle, but not often as the halfbreeds are too many for the Sous. We spent an hour traveling over the ground & I must say there is something very strange about it as the graves 16 in number look as fresh as though they had not been sunk over a week & the wrecked carts appear as though some large carrivan had been wrecked but some few days previous."

That night they camped on the prairie and on the evening of the 24th arrived at Salt River. " This was the first salt water that ever I saw," comments Sellar, " & I assure you that I did not think much of it." On the 25th they saw many ducks and geese and Sellar shot one of the latter with his rifle. During the course of the day's travel they saw " a great number of Prairie wolves & the boys gave chase to one or two with Dogs & mules, but as there was so many soft spots to cross, the Mules could not catch them. After dinner the Misquitoes annoyed us very much. we passed great flocks of swans, on the prairies, stalking about, So that the Prairies in spots looked most beautiful, as it was fairly spotted with swans & wolves both white as milk."

The 26th being Sunday, a dispute arose as to whether they should travel or rest that day. Blanchford and Sellar favoured remaining in camp, but the majority wishing to go on, the journey was resumed. In

the afternoon some of the party chased a large black bear, "but as the ground was so wet the mules could not run & the Dogs would not take hold of him, & finely the Oxen got afraid of it & they ran off, cleering themselves of the carts & harness in short order." At 7 o'clock that evening, "as the guide told us that it was only 2 miles to St. Joe, G. Reid & myself took the mules & rode ahead to order supper to be ready. we rode on & on, till 10<sup>30</sup> when we came to Pembana Mountains, & then we were at a loss to know what to do as we had never heard of such a place. Once we thought to return, but then we imagined the boys laughing at us for cowardice, for by this time we were 6 or 8 miles into a very thick wood's, so we concluded to decend the Mountain & if possible proceed, we found the decend much easier than we expected, as it ran round the side of the Mountain in a ravine till it struck the valley at the foot. When down we wound our way round the foot of the Mountain to the left through an opening for some 3 or 4 miles when we came to another very steep hill, there we stoped to see what we had better do when some 200 of those Esquimaw Dogs, set up one of the most tyriffic howles, that ever pierced the Ear of Man, or yet echoed through the hollow air. This brought us to a more serious consideration, as to what we should do as we fully believed them to be wolves. However it took but a moment for us to decide what to do, for it was useless for us to return if it were wolves, as the Mountain was before us. So we concluded to go on, though we had no weapon of defence upon either of our person's, Save the weapon of Providence which is always the best weapon that man can have. For we knew that it was impossible for us to make our escape from wolves by fleeing. So we decended the steep, & proceeded on for about a mile when an open space appeared ahead & we heard a dog bark, which seemed most extremely cheerful, But as we neered the opening, the Pembana River presented itself between, so we were oblidgeed to remain till the Guide came up, who together with the rest of the boys came up at 2 A.M. when we were oblidgeed to Pitch or Tent & camp without any supper, after waiting full two hours for them to come up to us as they had got lost & had to fire guns till they got an answer from us & then we had to go & put them on the trail, & fetch them to the river. All safe & sound, But in decending the mountain with the Oxen & carts the boys let the Oxen run off & upset a cart & strewed the load about in such a manner that they could not find the things, besides breaking an exeltree, so they were obliged to leave the cart & load till morning." They did not get into St. Joe, across the river, until shortly before 10 next morning. There they remained all day, so their Sunday's journeying had not advanced them in any respect. "St. Joe," remarks Sellar, "is a

genuine french Town built of flatted Timber. The houses are generally built from 18 to 24 feet long mortized into upright posts the roofs straw thatched. The cracks are plastered with straw & mud. The country around that locality is very good, but they are too lazy to till the soil, to grow produce for themselves to subsist upon."

At noon on the 28th "we struck the Red River at the mouth of Scratch River for the first time after we left Georgetown." That night they encamped on the banks of the Red River, and "as that was one of the H.B. Companies trading trails, there was a number of others camped around us. the Red River at that point is just about the same breadth as the chateaguay River is at Huntingdon."

Resuming the trek the following morning, May 29th, Blanchford and Sellar forged ahead and arrived at Fort Garry shortly after 7 o'clock in the evening, after travelling 38 miles that day. The others did not arrive until two hours later. There they "were warmly received by those who had arrived two days previous by Steamer."

Under date May 30th, Sellar writes: "Took my time to rise & at 9 A.M. got my brakfast & then stroalled around the Fort & the surrounding vacinity, which is composed of the Fort & about 50 houses all built of flatted Timber all mortized into upright Posts & mostly plastered with mud so that they all present rather a dirty appearence. The Fort is built of stone, the wall's are 12 feet high & 4 feet thick & enclose 4 acres of ground & six houses, amongst which are the H.B. Companies Store & office, & Boarding house, the Governors residence the Fort is guarded by a Tower at each corner of four big guns & a Muskett gallery. And stands on the Fork between the Assiniboin & Red River there are some 6 or 8 stores in the settlement but of a very poor class. It was then & there that we found the benefit of outfitting at St. Pauls & driving through ourselves, for Burbank was nothing more or less than a humbug. For it took the Stages 10 days to Georgetown & then 7 days to Fort Garry, making 17 days in all, while we were only 20 days with our Oxen traveling all the way through." Sellar, however, seems to have a penchant for exaggeration when it suited his purpose; instead of taking his party twenty days to journey from St. Paul to Fort Garry, it took them exactly one month, including the first stage to St. Cloud and from St. Cloud to Fort Garry with oxen and carts.





FORT CARRY, 1870.

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CHAPTER SIX.

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AT FORT GARRY—PREPARING FOR THE GRAND TREK—RED RIVER  
CARTS—RED RIVER FLOUR AND PEMMICAN—SOCIAL AMENITIES—  
SUNDAY OBSERVANCE—SELECTING A GUIDE—MAKING A START—  
WHITE HORSE PLAINS—THE SONG OF THE BULLFROG.

For a period of several days the emigrants remained encamped near Fort Garry. They had many matters to arrange preparatory to their beginning the great trek. Consultations were held between the leading spirits of the adventure and those at the fort and settlement. Governor Dallas; Chief Factor McTavish, of Fort Garry; William J. Christie, Chief Factor, Fort Edmonton, then visiting in the settlement; Bishop Taché; Timoleon Love, who had crossed the mountains in 1860; John Whiteford, a well-known and experienced guide, and others whose knowledge of the trails made their counsel of value, gave freely of advice and information, and in other ways rendered willing assistance. One result of these consultations was the determination to proceed to Edmonton as their next objective point, a journey estimated at more than 900 miles, all of which could be made over established trails and permitting of the use of the native vehicle, the famed Red River cart, for the transportation of their impedimenta. Frequent meetings of the company were held to discuss arrangements pertaining to the approaching journey, including the question of leadership and the selection of a guide.

The business of purchasing supplies, carts, horses, oxen, and other essentials occupied much of the time of the company. The farmers of the settlement were glad enough to dispose of their surplus stock in exchange for ready cash, and a brisk and lucrative trade resulted. Prices for horses averaged \$40 a head, oxen sold for from \$25 to \$30, carts cost \$8 each, and harness—made of rawhide—\$4 a set. Some of the horses were good animals, but the majority were very inferior. Most of the travellers purchased oxen and after-experience proved that the preference was a wise one, their great endurance and better adaptability to overcome the difficulties offered in muddy ground being especially noteworthy.

The original Red River cart, not the modern substitute, was an odd-looking affair, constructed wholly of wood, innocent of nail or steel or iron in any form, and held together by wooden pegs and rawhide. The clumsy wooden wheels, set on wooden axles, voiced a loud protesting creaking and groaning that could be heard for miles as they

moved along the winding trails. The harness, made of raw buffalo-hide, the "shaganappi" of the North-west, served good purpose while it was kept dry, but when wet the story was quite different, the material then proving most troublesome on account of its stretching when in that state.

The staple provisions purchased in the settlement were flour and pemmican. The latter was prepared for the most part of buffalo-meat, but farther west, where moose were abundant, the flesh of that animal was substituted. In either case, the mode of preparation was the same. As soon as the animal was killed the lean meat was carefully separated from the fat and cut into thin strips, which, after being partially roasted before a fire, were thoroughly dried in the sun until quite brittle. The strips were then spread out and beaten with sticks until reduced to powder. Meantime sacks were being made of the green hide, and the fat rendered in readiness for the next step, which consisted of pouring into the skin bag the mixed hot fat and powdered lean and the sacks then sewed up. Each sack contained about 100 lb. of highly concentrated food, which, if not very palatable to those unaccustomed to its use, has at least the virtue of being nutritious and convenient to handle. Sometimes it is eaten just as it comes out of the bag; sometimes it is fried in a frying-pan. If kept cool and dry it will keep for years, although not a particle of salt is used in its preparation. Few are those who enjoy pemmican when first eaten, its appearance is not enticing, and the only occasion on which the writer had the opportunity of sampling it, its odour sufficed to convince him that he did not like it. With our travellers, however, it was a case of Hobson's choice and in time they acquired a liking for it. Thomas McMicking says of it: "Few of our party could eat it at first, its very appearance and the style in which it was put up being apt to prejudice one against it; but all by degrees cultivated a taste for it, so that before we reached the mountains it not only became palatable but was considered, by most of us, an absolute luxury." Enormous quantities were annually prepared for the Hudson's Bay trading-posts, special hunting-parties being sent out to the buffalo-grounds to obtain the meat.

The flour, which was manufactured in the settlement from wheat grown locally, was a good, sound, wholesome article, but somewhat dark and coarse, resembling the whole-wheat meal of the present day. A. L. Fortune refers to it disparagingly as "black flour." "From the samples of wheat we saw, the produce of the colony," says McMicking, "with proper mills, number one flour ought to be made." As a matter of fact, this flour was far better for the travellers than the whitest modern product.



Alexander recorded in his diary that he was "favorably impressed with this place, the fort being quite fine, surrounded with a stone wall and bastions"; and in a letter home he wrote: "Fort Garry is the principal commercial emporium of the settlement and people of all grades may constantly be seen about the gates. Here we have to provide our stores for the remainder of the journey and now we find the benefit of having fallen in with officials of the Hudson's Bay Company. The storekeepers naturally expected that the supplying of so large a company as 150 travellers at one time would raise the price of, and the profit on, their commodities, but it was quickly made known to us that we could have all we required from the Hudson's Bay Company stores at fixed prices, which consequently prevented us from being imposed upon, and considerably modified the demands of the private traders."

Alexander had a letter of introduction to Alex. Ross's sister-in-law, and the day after his arrival at Fort Garry he sought out James Ross, who was the son of that Alexander Ross who was one of the Astor party who founded Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia in 1811, entered the service of the North West Company when that aggressive concern bought out the Astor interests, lock, stock, and barrel, in 1813, and subsequently became a Hudson's Bay Company trader when that body absorbed the North West Company in 1821. Afterwards he settled at Red River and became sheriff. The City of Winnipeg stands upon part of what was the old Ross farm. One of his sons, the James Ross that Alexander called upon, was, at that time, editor of a local journal, the *Nor'Wester*.<sup>\*</sup> Together Alexander and H. Handcock went to the home of Mrs. Ross and Alexander presented his letter. Several times during his stay at Fort Garry the young traveller—he was only 18—took tea with Mrs. Ross, generally in company with his comrade, Harry Handcock.

For his part, Harry Handcock had a letter of introduction to McTavish, chief factor at the fort, and the two friends went to the fort together, Handcock delivered the letter, and they "spent two very pleasant hours" with their host. Alexander also met "Harry Hamilton, who was rather astonished to see me." What with these social amenities, riding about the settlement purchasing horses and oxen, and even playing "a game of cricket in the afternoon," the time sped away quickly and not unpleasantly.

In the diary of Robert McMicking is this entry: "Thursday, May 29th, Fort Garry. Fine morning and all well. 6.30 a.m. upwards of

<sup>\*</sup> Conducted by Coldwell and Ross. The latter was a distinguished scholar at the Red River College of St. John, and afterwards of Toronto University. In 1864 Ross sold his interests in the newspaper to Dr. John Schultz.

thirty oxen and carts laden with skins and furs just arrived here from the west. Buffalo skins numbered 24 hundred. Eight a.m. Held a meeting to decide on a Guide & the time for starting but at no definite conclusion." One can readily imagine the intense interest taken in the arrival of the train of Red River carts laden with hides and peltries from the distant forts!

The same diary records how some, at least, of the company spent the Sunday hours: "Sunday, June 1st 1862. Sky is clear and the day very warm. 2.30 P.M. a man drowned\* in the Assiniboine who was in the Hudson's Bay Company's service. 3.30 P.M. went to English church.† Text Matthew 13, 45, 46 verses. 6.30 P.M. went to Presbyterian meeting. Rev Mr Black‡ presiding read the 6 chapter of Matthew. Text Revelations 3 chapter & 18 verse, had a splendid sermon."

On the same day, says Alexander, "Harry, Alf, Carpenter and I all went hunting another ox that I bought yesterday for £5. 10/- and we found him. Went to hear Mr. Corbett, Episcop. preach in the Court House expressly for the miners, but the place was so hot and full that I soon came away. Alf and I went over and heard Mr. Black, Presbyterian, in the evening and heard a very good sermon." (Harry and Alf are the two Handcocks.)

Despite the frequent meetings held by the travellers to decide upon a leader and other essentials, no agreement was reached, and this is not to be wondered at when consideration is given to the fact that there were several influences at work that made unanimity absolutely impossible. There was the fact that the several groups were not bound together by any common bond other than a desire to journey to the goldfields. Each group had its own predilections. There were several aspirants to the leadership. Some wished to proceed direct to Cariboo. Others wanted to tarry for a season on the Upper Saskatchewan or its branches. But ultimately the majority came to a decision on the knotty problem of the selection of a guide, the question of leadership being deferred until after they had left Fort Garry. Charles Rochette, a French half-breed, was engaged to conduct them to Fort Edmonton.

Reports of guides deserting parties whom they had undertaken to escort over the plains had reached the ears of the leading men of the expedition, and they determined to move with circumspection and take only a man well recommended as reliable and trustworthy. Rochette was strongly recommended by Bishop Taché as thoroughly dependable, and the travellers believed they had secured the very man wanted. The

\* Named Ben Wilson by Sellar.

† Rev. G. O. Corbett.

‡ Rev. John Black.

terms of the engagement were that he was to receive for his services the sum of \$100, one-half of which was to be paid upon reaching Edmonton, and the remaining half was to be deposited with the Bishop, to be paid to Rochette when he should return with a certificate that he had fulfilled his engagement.

It was decided by the majority, but not unanimously, to move out from Fort Garry on Monday, June 2nd, for White Horse Plains,\* 25 miles distant, a rendezvous appointed for the making of final arrangements for the journey and where they would have ample feed for their stock. Accordingly, as the several parties were ready, a start was made from the fort; the trail, following the course of the Assiniboine River, passed through the settlement. Camp was made for the night at Sturgeon Creek, 7 miles west of Fort Garry, and there they found excellent feed.

Astir at an early hour on the morning of the 3rd with the hope of making a start betimes for White Horse Plains. they were delayed by the non-arrival of the guide,† who had not left the fort with them, but was to overtake them en route. As he did not come by 9 o'clock "we started without him," states Sellar. "we struck off to our right into the plains, leaving the River to our left. We had many a strange scean during the day. Such as Oxen running off with their drivers & never failing to rid themselves of their entire tackling some breaking carts, some Harness, & some one thing & some another & not a few times I have seen as many as 6 or 8 all in one of those rearing, tearing fits at once, which never failed to make a general laugh notwithstanding it was a great inconvenience. We passed numerous heards of cattle during the day & some of the more impudent of the boys took the liberty of drawing 3 or 4 quarts of milk from some of the cows, as none of us had had a drink of milk this season. At 6 P.M. we arrived at Old Fort on White Horse Plains, where we pitched our Tents & camped for night after traveling 20 miles. As soon as the Oxen were untackled, all hands were at worke at something, some cooking, some carrying water, some cutting wood & some pitching the Tents. After supper some 6 or 8 of us went down to the River & had a fine refreshing bath for the first time this season."

The expedition had not yet settled down to a working basis and the lack of concerted action was evidenced on the morning of the 4th of June. Sellar's version of what took place on that day is that at 6 o'clock a.m. they were "all ready to start when ther was an objection

\* Formerly called "Lane's Post," so named after Chief Trader William D. Lane, who built it.

† Thomas McMicking ascribes the delay to the straying of some of the horses, probably a contributing cause.

raised by some of the other parties, against us going on, as they intended to lay over for the day, so that others who were behind might come up. This caused considerable of a discussion & wrangle for a little, but was finely settled all right, as they found that we were determined to go if we were to go alone. But there were plenty to go with us, so at 7 A.M. started taking the guide along with us. . . . This was our first experience in crossing the Plains, for as the guide had not warned us to fill our canteens with water, none of us had taken the precaution to fill them. So we were obliged to travel all day without any water to drink. . . . At 6 P.M. we arrived at Long Lake."

Thomas McMicking's account bears the imprint of accuracy. He says: "As this was the place of rendezvous agreed upon, we remained here until 3 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, when but a few of the parties having arrived, it was thought advisable to move slowly on a short distance further. We were informed by our guide that we would find water about 3 miles from White Horse Plains, and we determined to drive to that point and camp for the night. Not dreaming that there would be any mistake about this information, we did not take the precaution to fill our water kegs before starting,\* and having driven seven or eight miles without finding water it became a question whether we should go on or retrace our steps to White Horse Plains." They decided to proceed.

What followed is best told in Thomas McMicking's own words: "Our road now lay across a wide, open prairie, and as it had become quite dark we were obliged to trust to our oxen to follow the trail. After travelling along in this way for some time we began to entertain serious apprehensions that we were on the wrong track, and at midnight a halt was ordered for a little to consider what was best to be done. With many of the party the thirst had become intolerable, and the majority preferred enduring the fatigues of a still longer march to camping where we were without water. We accordingly moved on, and had marched a considerable distance in silence, every one bearing his trouble like a Briton, when suddenly, above the creaking of our carts, the shrill notes of the sweetest music rang out on the midnight air. It was the song of the bull-frog, that had borrowed its melody from the fact that it indicated our approach to water. These indications were soon confirmed by the welcome word from the front, 'water ahead!' Upon coming up we found we had reached Long Lake,† where we camped at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, and though our party were generally considered temperate at home, we might

\* A precaution never neglected by experienced travellers.

† Hunniford calls it "Big Money Pond."

without slander be accused of hard drinking on that occasion. We had travelled eleven hours without rest, and not being inured to walking, we were very tired. After coming into camp we found that two of our party were missing, and they did not reach our camp until 9 o'clock. In wandering in search of water they had missed the track, and in the darkness of the night were unable to find it again."

Thus, at the very outset, the guide Rochette showed his incompetence, and the faith of the party in his capabilities must have received a severe shock.

## CHAPTER SEVEN.

A SPLIT IN THE RANKS—TIMOLEON LOVE—"MR. O'B."—THE BRIGADE DIVIDES INTO THREE PARTS—THE McMICKING, REDGRAVE, AND SYMINGTON PARTIES.

Some of the reasons that may have influenced those who did not join the large party between the time of their departure from Fort Garry on June 2nd and their arrival at Long Lake on the 5th have been briefly indicated in the preceding chapter, but perhaps the glib tongue of one Timoleon Love, and the pictures of roseate hue in which he depicted the attractions of the district about the headwaters of the Saskatchewan River, may have been more potent than any other. The fact remains that several groups delayed their departure from Fort Garry for several days. Others went as far as Sturgeon Creek and tarried there. The company to which Alexander was attached, and which had left Toronto under the leadership of Stephen Redgrave, was one such; Alexander and some companions left Garry on June 3rd, camped at Sturgeon Creek and remained there until the 10th, waiting for Love and his party; Redgrave did not leave Fort Garry until the 10th.

Under date Monday, June 2nd, Redgrave wrote in his diary: "Got up 5 a.m. very busy making cart cover, had Breakfast 8 a.m. made myself pr overhalls—an ox and cart was purchased about 2 p.m. when we had little whiskey over the bargain. Mr Love was with us, we are going with his party to prospect for gold on the Saskatchewan where he found it last year—if we do not succeed shall go in the spring to Cariboo—wintering at or near Edmonton house."

That the Toronto party had become disrupted en route is made apparent by the testimony of several of the diarists, notably Alexander and Redgrave. Various members of that party found congenial companionship in some of the other groups with which they were thrown in close contact during their sojourn at St. Paul, but more particularly during their more lengthy stay at Georgetown, and, later, at Fort Garry itself, but the spirit of disunion had crept in before their arrival at the latter place. Redgrave had started out as the Captain of his party, but his leadership did not continue long. In his diary the entry of Tuesday, June 3rd, says: "nearly all the gold diggers are gone to White Horse plains about 18 miles out where there is good grass for their cattle & where they will all meet & make a final start for Edmonton on Thursday morning—I do not think we shall go before the 10th—the fact (is)

I have been treated so badly with them all ever since getting up the party that I am glad to get rid of their company—not \$100 would pay me for my expenses—all I wish is they will have luck, but I expect it will be pretty bad luck for some—there are many who will soon wish themselves back to Toronto.”

On the 10th Redgrave and the few who remained faithful left Fort Garry and camped at Sturgeon Creek, only to find that Love and his party had gone on ahead, and did not overtake them until the 12th, after which they went on together.

Alexander refers to the disruption in these words: “There has been a great split in our party or brigade, some going this way and some that. . . . Nine of us (all Torontonians) have stuck together and we are going with a Red River man, Timoleon Love and his party who crossed the mountains last year. We are all enjoying good health and diving into the Pemmican. Our breakfast consists of fried pemmican, tea, and bread, and for our other meals you can just change the order.”

The nine Torontonians he refers to were the two Handcocks, Hind, Redgrave, Jocelyn, Burgess, Ellis, Alexander, and Carpenter. The latter, writing from Sturgeon Creek on June 9th, said: “We are yet only seven miles from Fort Garry. Tomorrow morning we leave in company with Love, the man you read about. The large company that was here has all split up into small parties and gone on. Our company will number some twenty in all, and we intend to winter this side of the mountains.”

Who was Timoleon Love, and why should these nine Toronto men deliberately join his company rather than proceed with the larger company of Canadians? J. J. Hargrave,\* who fell in with Love on board the steamer “Pioneer” en route from Georgetown to Fort Garry in the summer of 1861, says of him: “Mr. Love was by profession a gold miner, and had practised his business in the fields of California and Cariboo. His reasons for leaving those thriving localities he certainly did not make very clear to my comprehension; but he assured us that gold in paying quantities would certainly soon turn up in the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, that an enormous influx of miners would thereupon take place, and that the Red River Settlement, lying right in the line of traffic, would suddenly become ‘quite a place.’ He said he proposed passing the winter at Red River, but in the spring he would go west and commence gold digging. He had already crossed the mountains, having come from Cariboo by the Saskatchewan, and after paying a hurried visit to St. Paul, with the object of providing himself with

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\* “Red River,” J. J. Hargrave, p. 61.

the necessary 'rockers,' and other instruments of his craft, was then on his way back. The contemplation of the airy castles built by this gentleman served to beguile our first morning on board."

When Milton and Cheadle visited Fort Edmonton in May, 1863, they encountered Love. They describe the occasion thus: "A party of miners came in from White-Mud Creek, about fifty miles up the Saskatchewan, where a number of them were washing gold. The captain of the band, a Kentuckian, named Love, brought with him a small bag of fine gold dust as a specimen, and informed us that they had already made £90 apiece since the beginning of summer. From what we heard from other sources afterwards, however, there seems little doubt that this statement was greatly exaggerated. Love had been in California and British Columbia, and had reached the Saskatchewan by ascending the Fraser in a boat, and thence crossing the mountains on foot, by the Leather Pass to Jasper House. He was very sanguine of finding rich diggings on the eastern side of the mountains, and three of his companions had started on an exploring expedition to the sources of the North Saskatchewan. Nothing had been heard of them since their departure, two months before."

So far from being a Red River man, as Alexander and his friends believed, the only claim Love had to such a distinction was the slender one of having passed the winter of 1861-62 in that district. Hargrave took his measure quickly, as did also Milton and Cheadle, as one of those men afflicted with the *cacoethes loquendi*, and he apparently succeeded in convincing the unsophisticated that he was a man of mark.

The *Nor'Wester*, a newspaper published at Fort Garry by Messrs. Ross and Coldwell, of March 5th, 1862, contained the following item respecting Love and his associates:—

"Mr. Timolean Love, who is leaving shortly for the Saskatchewan gold diggings, has received a budget of letters from that region, all confirming the abundance of gold. Three are particularly noted—two from his companion, Mr. Clover, and one from Rev. Thomas Woolsey of Edmonton House. When Mr. Love came into the settlement last summer for mining materials, he left Mr. Clover on the Saskatchewan to 'prospect.' This he has done, and has succeeded admirably for he has discovered numerous paying mines in different parts of the country. The Clearwater stream, which takes its rise at the foot of the mountains and empties into the North Branch of the Saskatchewan, a little below Rocky Mountain House, is mentioned as particularly inviting. He discovered gold all along from its mouth, and it was more and more auriferous as he approached its source."







BIG BEAR TRADING AT FORT PITT, 1884.

(The group includes four Sny Thunder, Okenow Peeyads (Big Bear's third son), Angus McKay, Stanley Simpson, Louis Goulet, Corp'l. Stelgh, and Billy Anderson.)

The following extract from one of Clover's letters to Love will suffice to show on what flimsy grounds his claims are based:—

"You are aware that I left the Rocky Mountain House early in April for the head of the main Saskatchewan, which was much too early to prospect to much satisfaction, but will state that what prospecting I did do, and the general appearance of the country as gold-bearing, is satisfaction enough in my own mind that it will pay—which is all that is necessary to say to one of your experience. I am now making preparations to make a trip to the headwaters of Clear Water River, a stream that you are well aware empties into the Saskatchewan near the Rocky Mountain House from the south. I will leave in a few days with a band of Blackfeet Indians who are here on trade, and when I return I will be able to give you more information if in time for the winter packet which leaves for Red River."

Basing its comments upon the letter just quoted and the article in the *Nor'Wester*, the *Toronto Globe* of April 2nd, 1862, launched a diatribe against the Government of the day in these terms:—

"If anything can rouse the representatives of the people of Canada to action on the question of opening up the North West Territory, it will surely be done by the intelligence from Red River which we furnish below. There seems to be no doubt whatever that the streams to the east of the Rocky Mountains water a gold region as large as those of the west. The precious metal is there, and speedily thousands will occupy the territory and develop its resources. Are Canadians to stand with folded arms and see their heritage pass from them into the hands of strangers? Is Mr. Cartier's power really so great that we cannot force him to action on a subject so important? Are we to abandon a great empire lest perchance equality of representation should be disturbed? What are our legislators about that no notice of motion has yet been given on this all important subject?" Alas! the thousands that were so speedily to occupy the country did not materialize; the *Globe*, in this instance, built a house upon sand.

Quoting from a contemporary, the *Globe*, of the same date, reproduces the following item contained in a letter from Red River:—

"There are now organizing at Fort Garry two parties under the leadership of Mr. George Flett\* and Mr. Timolean Love, men fully competent to take charge of the task they have undertaken. Canadians getting through to Red River about the middle of May or June will be in time to join one of these parties."

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\* Bedgrave describes Flett as "a Cree half-breed."

It may be observed here that whatever may have been the original intention when organizing their several parties, Flett and Love united their forces when they began the march westward.

The real story of Love's journey across the mountains from British Columbia was told in the St. Paul (Minn.) *Press* in the spring of 1862 and reproduced in the *Toronto Globe*, April 4th, of that year. The narrative tells how one D. F. McLaurin, of Hastings, Minn., who had experience in the goldfields of Australia and California, "left St. Paul for the Fraser river in July, 1858, and after many adventures started from Quesnelle river mines, far up the Fraser river, on the 15th of August, 1860, proposing to ascend the Fraser to its source, and thence recross the mountains to the headwaters of the Athabasca and Saskatchewan. His party consisted of four persons, T. M. Love, Thomas Clover, Alfred Perry and himself, their conveyance a canoe. Reaching Fort George they ascended the semi-circular channel of the Fraser, already mentioned, prospecting as they advanced. Thus they were pioneers in the exploration of the Cariboo country, bringing \$1,600 of its gold with them. Leaving their canoe when the river became unnavigable, they followed one of its branches and passed through the Leather Pass, reaching Jasper House, on the east of the Rocky Mountains, in a few days of easy travel on foot. From Jasper House to Fort Edmonton on the Saskatchewan, and thence to Fort Garry of the Red River of the North, to St. Paul on the Mississippi, is a journey of 120 days in the wooden carts drawn by oxen of the North Western plains. Mr. McLaurin and his party wintered at Fort Edmonton 1860-61, prospecting as far as the Rocky Mountain House. They found gold in the main channel and tributaries of the Saskatchewan, and were so well satisfied with the prospect that two remained in the mountains, (Clover and Perry.), while McLaurin and Love proceeded to the Red River Settlement and Minnesota for supplies. Love, and many other adventurers, will leave Selkirk in May (with the first grass), for the Saskatchewan diggings, but his companion, McLaurin, died suddenly during the last winter at Red River."

In short, all Love knew of the Saskatchewan country was restricted to what he observed during a very limited sojourn in it, the greater part of which was in the winter-time, but with the amazing assurance of men of his type he had the hardihood to organize a party to accompany him to the alleged mines. His persuasive tongue, coupled with his assurance, led to his being accepted at his own valuation, and not only the nine Torontonians, but a number of others entrusted themselves to his guidance.

Associated with Love in the leadership of the mixed company that left Sturgeon Creek on June 10th was John Whiteford, and it is perhaps fortunate that he was with them, for he had a more extended and general knowledge of the country and the best routes to take, a fact that the company apparently soon discovered, Alexander recording in his diary that on the 20th they "had a meeting and Whiteford was voted to be guide and Whiteford and Love's party to lead alternately."

Several men they had come in contact with at Fort Garry had felt the influence of the enthusiasm and optimism of the travellers and expressed their intention of accompanying them. One of these is specifically named by Alexander, the Harry Hamilton who was so surprised to see him at the fort, and who joined the party at Portage la Prairie on June 14th, the diarist noting on that date, "Found a number here awaiting our arrival and among them Harry Hamilton, so we will from this travel together."

Another individual who attached himself to them was that despicable creature who figures in Milton and Cheadle's narrative under the mysterious designation of "Mr. O'B." Those who have read that delightful book will not consider the term just applied to him as unmerited, but to plumb the depths of his inordinate selfishness, his colossal impudence, his flagrant ingratitude, his unconscionable egotism, and his intolerable indolence, one must turn to the pages of Hargrave's "Red River." Add to all the above mean qualities that of dishonesty, and you have an accurate, but uninviting, analysis of the insufferable sycophant. His name, which Milton and Cheadle so painstakingly refrained from revealing, was Felix O'Byrne. His history is related at length by Hargrave. He was an Irishman, a grandson of Bishop O'Byrne, and a graduate of Cambridge. After a varied career in India and the United States, he drifted into the Red River Settlement with the ostensible purpose of establishing a school. Cordially welcomed by the open-hearted, simple-minded people, he repaid their kindnesses by insolence, ingratitude, and dishonesty, and in the end they became heartily sick of him. Never was any community better pleased than the people of Red River when he vanished into the wilderness with Love's party. Whether he went with the consent of his new companions or not, he soon became *persona non grata* and they declined to allow him to proceed with them farther than Fort Carlton. In no wise disconcerted he resumed the journey to Edmonton on board some Hudson's Bay Company's boats, but the outspoken voyageurs could not endure him and promptly dropped him at Fort Pitt. Irrepressible, he travelled with a train of Red River ~~arts~~ to Edmonton, and there he wintered. In 1863, when Milton and Cheadle arrived at that fort, he attached

himself to them like a barnacle, and they, with matchless tolerance, put up with his knavery, which, however, he somewhat modified, with all the subservience of the true tuft-hunter, until they reached Kamloops, where he took leave of his benefactors, telling them that he bore them "no ill-will, and would forgive and forget all his sufferings on the journey," whereas they would almost have been justified in ridding the world of so useless an incubus. It is very gratifying to know that he almost immediately relieved British North America of his undesirable presence.

The precise number of men in this Whiteford-Love party is uncertain. W. Turner, one of the company, who did not leave Fort Garry until June 11th, overtaking the others at Portage la Prairie, writing from Edmonton on August 11th, 1862, says: "In our company there are between sixty and seventy men." Redgrave in his diary under date June 19th, that same year, writes: "we number about 50 & our trail reaches nearly a mile." The same chronicler, in a letter written in December, 1869, to the *Toronto Globe*, in which he gives a synopsis of the journal of the journey, under date of June 19th, 1862, says: "we number about 100 persons." Thomas McMicking, referring to those who had remained behind at Fort Garry and Sturgeon Creek instead of joining the rendezvous at White Horse Plains, says that they comprised "the St. Peters, or Doctor Symington's party, the Toronto party under Capt. Redgrave, and the Huron party, and numbering about 50 men." This apparent discrepancy may be accounted for by the fact that after the departure of the larger party under McMicking, other arrivals kept coming to Fort Garry to swell the ranks of those still tarrying there. Redgrave records, on June 7th: "this morning about 18 more arrived, & the Boat will bring about 5 more, but we shall be able to steer clear of them all, and with Mr. Love's experience shall get to Edmonton before them now."

Whether these newcomers all travelled in company with Love and Whiteford, or joined the Symington party, which appears to have followed closer upon the heels of the advance party, is not made sufficiently clear from the evidence now available. What is certain is that the larger party set the pace in the lead and that behind them came two other parties. And now, the several parties all being in motion, their faces turned towards the distant and unseen Rocky Mountains, it will be well to follow for a time the fortunes of the leading company.

## CHAPTER EIGHT.

THE McMICKING PARTY—ITS COMPOSITION AND NUMBERS—THOMAS McMICKING ELECTED LEADER—RULES AND REGULATIONS—BAD WATER—CAMPING AT NIGHT—PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE—A DAY OF REST—THE GRANDEUR OF SOLITUDE.

Now fairly embarked upon the enterprise, the imperative necessity of completing their organization before proceeding farther was recognized by every man forming part of the advance party. As a mere matter of prudence a leader must be chosen, else would they be like unto a ship at sea without a captain; all would be confusion, and disaster would ensue. Sufficient groups and companies were assembled at Long Lake to warrant the step being taken forthwith. Encamped at that place on that 5th day of July were 138 men, made up of the following groups:—

Queenston .....	24	Red River Settlement.....	7
St. Thomas .....	21	Montreal .....	7
Ogdensburgh, N.Y.....	7	London .....	5
Whitby .....	6	Toronto .....	7
Scarborough .....	5	Acton .....	6
Chatham .....	3	Waterloo .....	6
Ottawa .....	8	Goderich .....	5
Huntingdon .....	21		

This number was increased to 150 by the accession of other groups before Fort Edmonton was reached.

The personnel of the Queenston, St. Thomas, Acton, Huntingdon, Montreal, Goderich, and Ottawa parties, so far as ascertainable, has already been given. The seven "Toronto" men who left the Redgrave company and threw in their lot with the majority were Carroll, Wm. McKenzie, Wallace, Dr. Stevenson, J. A. Mara, and Eustace Pattison. Of the other groups enumerated the only names recorded are those of their leaders as stated below.

After some deliberation of the entire company assembled in general meeting, it was decided: (1) to appoint a captain, to whom would be entrusted the general management of the train, fixing the time for starting, hours of travel, and place and time for camping, arrangement of the camp, the order of precedence, rate of travelling, and such other matters; the guide was to be under his special direction and he was to be the only mouthpiece of the party should they meet with Indians on the way and have occasion to confer with them; and (2) a committee

composed of one member from each of the separate groups was to be appointed to assist the captain in carrying out these multifarious duties and in the maintenance of discipline.

Three names\* were offered to the meeting for choice of a leader, the election of Thomas McMicking of the Queenston party being unanimous, and the different groups were represented on the committee by the following members:—

Queenston. W. H. G. Thompson.	London, A. D. Urlin.
St. Thomas, Mr. Hutchinson.	Huntingdon, James Wattie.
Ottawa. Joseph Halfpenny.	Toronto, Mr. Wallace.
Montreal, W. W. Morrow.	Ogdensburgh, N.Y., T. Phillips.
Acton, A. L. Fortune.	Whitby. Mr. Simpson.
Waterloo, Mr. Brocklebank.	Scarborough, Mr. Hough.
	Goderich, A. C. Robertson.

Sellar gives the following account of the meeting:—

"At 10 A.M. the meeting was called to order, Mr. McMicking in the chair & sat upon a water cask. Mr. Wallace Sec-Try- & sat upon the ground & wrote upon his knee. The following resolutions were adopted.

"First that this body of men do organize themselves into one body.

"Second, That Mr. McMicking (be Captain) of this Organization.

"Third that there be a committee formed of all the Captains of the different companies,

"Fourth that this organization shall be Governed by the Captain & Guide assisted by the Committee

"Fifth that it shall be the duty of the committee to meet every day at noon & night to arrange the distance to travel & the time to start.

"Sixth that the committee shall draw out a form for a watch (watch) at night, so that every man shall have an equal proportion to do,

"Seventh that every man pay the sum of one Dollar to defray the expence of the Guide.

"Eighth that every man comply with the rules, or be subject to such penalty as the captain & committee shall see fit to impose.

"Ninth that there shall be no trading carried on with the Indians. should we meet with any parties on our way for fear of disputes arising & getting into trouble.

"tenth that an person who may offend an Indian or Indians (And in case his person be demanded as a satisfaction) he shall be handed

\* Wm. Fortune's narrative, *St. Catharines Star-Journal*, October 3rd, 1908.



over to their discretion, The committee to be invested with power to withhold him if they see fit.

"Eleventh that the whole company shall start every morning at 5 a.m. except the Committee see fit to change the hour.

"twelfth that each company shall take their turn at the head of the train, so that no one will have no advantage over the other by always being first & getting the best camping ground & the best supply of wood, &c.

"thirteenth that there shall be no liquor used amongst the Indians.

"Forteenth Form of Watch that the whole company be divided in batillions of 21 in number, & that three shall watch every night out of each batillion as follows one from 10 P.M. till 12 one from 12 till 2½ A.M. one from 2½ till 5 A.M."

The same chronicler details the watch-hours apportioned to the several members of the Huntingdon company, each man being on duty only one day per week. Those on duty on Saturday night were J. M. Sellar, Wm. Gage, and J. C. Hall, taking the first, second, and third watches respectively in the order named; Sunday night, Wm. Cameron, M. Clark, and J. Stevenson; Monday, W. B. Schuyler, A. McFie, and Wm. Sellar; Tuesday, J. Bowron, John Watson, and H. Watson; Wednesday, Thos. Phillips, William Phillips, and Wm. Irwin; Thursday, J. Wattie, H. Blachford, and G. Reid; and Friday night, A. Anderson, J. Whyte, and Wm. Wattie.

"There are eight Batillions," says Sellar. " & the above is one of them."

While the rules and regulations laid down were well intended, and some attempt may have been made at first to enforce them, it is clear from Sellar's journal that long ere they reached Edmonton the order of precedence was ignored, and a scramble for first place ensued, the company first ready to take the trail taking the lead. From his own statements it would appear that the worst offenders were the Huntingdon men. They seemed to pride themselves upon their ability to inspan and prepare for the daily march.

Five out of the seven who had joined the expedition at Red River Settlement were the Schubert family (*see* Note (48)), consisting of August Schubert and his wife Catherine and their three children—August junior, aged 6 years; James, aged 3; and Mary Jane, between the two boys. In 1861 the family had moved from St. Paul to Fort Garry. The arrival of the Overlanders on the "International," and the tales they told of the riches of Cariboo, served to determine Schubert to accompany the party. Mrs. Schubert was equally determined he should not go alone, but that the entire family should share

the perils of the journey, the outcome being that the rule that no women should be included in the expedition was suspended for her benefit. A cow was taken as yoke-mate for the ox hitched to the covered spring democrat wagon in which the household's belongings were contained and conveyed to Edmonton. The saddle-horse which Mrs. Schubert bestrode was provided with two basket cradles, in one of which rode little Mary and in the other August junior. Jimmie was generally carried by his father, but frequently by Peter McIntyre, one of the Huntingdon group who developed a marked partiality for the children.

With captain elected and committee-men appointed, all was ready to resume the journey. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Thursday, June 5th, a start was made. It was ordered that at the outset the largest party should lead the train, the others following in the order of their numerical strength, and that the following day the leading party of the previous day should go to the rear, what had been the second in line taking the lead, and so on, each party having its turn in the van. It was hoped that this plan would preclude heart-burning and strife, the first place being deemed the best, both for procuring game and in passing soft places and mud-holes on the trail.

The cavalcade presented an imposing appearance as it "dragged its slow length along" over the plain. When in close order it extended a distance of half a mile. It consisted of ninety-seven carts and 110 animals, some of which were being used under saddle, and others as "spares" for relieving those in harness in case of accident. In case of an accident or break-down of any sort the affected unit was instructed to turn out of the trail, make the necessary repairs immediately (tools for which purpose were taken along), and upon overtaking the train to take a place in the rear so as not to disturb the general progress by attempting to regain its proper place; the group could be rejoined upon camping.

On that afternoon march only a short distance was covered, camp being pitched, at 5.45 p.m., at a small lake\* on the open prairie without a single tree or bush in sight. The guide, again out of his reckoning, had expected to find an abundance of water there, but it was with difficulty a supply sufficient for the travellers and their animals could be obtained. Nearly all the water used during the first portion of the journey was from stagnant sloughs, impregnated with decaying vegetable and animal matter and infested with minute forms of life, and had to be carefully strained and boiled before use.

\* "Stopped in the prairies at a miserable little pond could not drink the water." John Hunniford's diary.

They had been warned before starting from Fort Garry to guard against roving bands of Indians, and to keep a sharp lookout by day and night to prevent surprise, less because of danger of attack against themselves than of attempts to steal the horses and cattle. The camp was therefore arranged in the form of a triangle, the carts being drawn up side by side, wheel to wheel, with the shafts pointing outwards. Within the corral thus formed the cattle were placed, each ox to its own cart. The tents were pitched outside the corral, each group camping opposite its own carts. Six men were appointed to watch at a time, two being stationed at either side of the triangle. The first watch began at 10 o'clock and was changed every two hours. During the first part of the journey the night was divided into three watches, the camp being roused at 4 o'clock in the morning to be in readiness to start at 5, allowing one hour for the preparation and partaking of breakfast. Travelling until 11, they stopped for dinner; continuing again at 2 in the afternoon, they camped for the night at 6 o'clock, thus making each day of actual travel cover a period of ten hours. A little experience, however, soon convinced them that a drive of six hours in the forenoon without feed was too much for the endurance of the cattle and a change in programme was made. Under the new arrangement only two watches were set at night, the camp was aroused at half-past 2 and the train set in motion at 3, without breakfast. At 5 o'clock they halted for two hours for feeding the stock and breakfast. At 7 they set out again and continued until 11, when a second halt was made for another two hours for dinner and feed, resuming the journey at 1 o'clock and camping for the night between 5 and 6, according to the water-supply. Thus ten hours' travel was still made, but, so far as the animals were concerned, with greater ease. The average rate of travel was  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, which is the usual rate on all such excursions, and which is as fast as the ordinary man walks when on an extended tour. The new time-table went into effect on June 21st.

On Friday, 6th, they halted for dinner at Prairie Portage\*, a trading-station of the Hudson's Bay Company, and camped for the night alongside a small lake. So far the trail was good, and nearly the whole distance over open prairie. The character of the country on Saturday, 7th, was, however, somewhat different from what they had hitherto encountered. They crossed several small streams of clear, cold water, with high, steep banks, down which they had to steady the carts with ropes, and a few miry sloughs where it was necessary to "put their shoulder to the wheel" in real earnest to help their cattle

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\* Portage la Prairie.

through. "It was rather amusing," says Thomas McMicking,\* "to notice the expedients resorted to by the 'boys' to obviate the necessity of going into the mud on this their first initiation into this mode of travelling, but I assure you most of us lost all delicacy upon this point before we reached the Fraser; for, after taking the trouble two or three times of stripping off our shoes and stockings, and rolling up our pants above our knees, and then going up to the middle, we came to the conclusion that there was no use being too fastidious about the matter."

They camped that (Saturday) night on the bank of Soft River,† a clear, rapid little stream, with gently sloping banks and shaded at intervals with groves of poplar. As the fire had quite recently passed over that locality the feed for the stock was not of the best. The following day, 8th, being Sunday, they remained in camp all day, one of the rules agreed upon before starting being that they should rest every Sunday, unless some urgent necessity should compel an advance; this regulation was scrupulously observed throughout the entire journey, as was also the holding of a religious service. As a general practice these services were conducted by Joseph Robinson, of Queenston, but on this occasion A. L. Fortune of the Acton party did so, preaching a sermon from a text selected from the 12th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. These services were simple affairs—prayer, hymns, the reading of a portion of the Scriptures, and an exposition of a text.

\* Narrative.

† Huntford calls it "Fly Creek."





FORT EDMONTON.


## CHAPTER NINE.

THE McMICKING PARTY (CONTINUED)—ARRIVAL AT FORT ELLICE—  
CROSSING THE ASSINIBOINE AND QU'APPELLE RIVERS—MONTREAL  
MAN INJURED—DESERTED BY THE GUIDE—THE TOUCHWOOD HILLS  
—A FEAST OF STRAWBERRIES—MINOR DISCOMFORTS—FUEL AND  
MOSQUITOES.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of Monday, June 9th, after travelling over a heavy sandy trail, the party crossed Points Creek, 110 miles from Fort Garry. That night when they camped a sharp thunder-storm, without rain, broke. On Tuesday they came to a beautiful unnamed creek, with soft marshy banks that gave them a good deal of trouble and detained them two hours, and in the afternoon another thunder-storm, attended with a slight shower, cooled the air and made travelling more comfortable. The trail led through a low hilly district, covered more or less with light brushwood. That night they encamped beside a little lake, one of many encountered in that section of the country.

At 10 o'clock on the 11th, Wednesday morning, they reached the Little Saskatchewan, a tributary of the Assiniboine River. It is a swift-running stream 40 or 50 feet in width and 3 feet deep at the ford, and abounds in fish. Its banks are about 200 feet high, the stream having cut a trough in the prairie to that depth, and enclose a valley of much beauty and great fertility, clothed with rich grasses, lush and abundant. Many fish were taken in the river, and hunting-parties brought in heavy bags of duck. The following day, Thursday, 12th, they passed more lakes and shot more ducks, and halted for dinner at 11 o'clock, beside the largest lake they had yet come to. It was about 2 miles long and 1 in width, its waters being decidedly brackish, the taste resembling that of Epsom salts. The guide informed them that, a little to the north of the lake, salt springs existed from which large quantities of salt had been manufactured. That night they encamped at Shoal Lake, a beautiful body of water clear as crystal, fed by springs, abounding in fish, possessed of a beautiful sandy beach and giving rise to a small stream flowing into the Assiniboine.

"After supper," remarks Sellar, "some went fishing, some shooting, while many others were amusing themselves playing on different kinds of Brass Instruments, Claranetts, Fluits, Violins, & a Concerteenia, & some 2 or 3 groups were gathered together singing over a few favourite pieces of Vocal Music which wiled away the hours of the Evening till



bed time as merriely & pleasant as though we had been in some grand concert hall, of the first fashion of Modern times in an Eastern City."

Breaking camp at 5 o'clock on Friday, 13th, morning, the trail passed through an attractive country, pleasantly diversified by hills and valleys, wood and prairie land, draped in a rich mantle of living green, thickly studded with small lakes and gaily decked and enlivened with beds of wild flowers of great variety and boundless extent.\* Dinner-time brought them to Arrow River, and at night they crossed and camped on the bank of Birdtail River,† another tributary of the Assiniboine, 30 or 40 feet broad and 2 to 3 feet deep, and was noteworthy in that it flowed over a rocky bed, a somewhat unusual condition in that part of the prairie.

On Saturday morning, June 14th, they arrived at the top of the ascent overlooking the Assiniboine River at its confluence with the Qu'Appelle and Beaver Creek, where a magnificent and picturesque view met the eye. The floor of the valley lay 300 feet beneath their feet; immediately opposite, Beaver Creek could be seen emerging from between hills of equal altitude; away to the right, from between like precipitous banks, the waters of the Qu'Appelle mingling with those of the "Stony River"; Fort Ellice, a lone habitation, crowned the summit of the hill on the opposite side of the river; while at our feet the Assiniboine, dwindling away in the distance to the apparent proportions of a rivulet, was winding its tortuous course through the valley below.

The descent to the river was very steep and rocky, but the party managed to get down without more serious mishap than the upsetting of a cart or two. While some set about preparing the midday meal, others began the serious business of crossing, and, as this was the first large stream they had encountered, there was more or less anxiety over the operation. The crossing was effected by means of a scow which was drawn backward and forward by a rawhide rope stretched across the stream and made fast at either end. The scow, although suitable enough for the purpose, was a very rude affair, the property of the Hudson's Bay Company, and only large enough to carry one cart and

\* Sellar was greatly impressed with this valley, which, he says, "is as beautiful as any that I ever laid eyes upon." It is about half a mile wide, bounded on each side by a nice gentle slope of land, which rises to an elevation of about 100 feet, the surface being as smooth as any carpet that ever was stepped upon while the uplands were thickly covered with wild Roses & wild Peas just in full bloom. In short it seemed like the home & birth place of the choicest of Nature's beauties." And he bursts into song—of his own composition presumably:—

"Where the wild rose, & Pea in abundance  
Does bud & blossom & fade away unseen  
And waste their beauty & fragrance far away  
Upon a lonely western Prairie green."

The poetic soul of the Irishman could only find expression in verse!

† Thomas McMicking's narrative. R. B. McMicking (MS. diary) calls it "Wing" River; J. M. Sellar names it "Rapid" River; and John Hunniford (MS. diary) names it "Bird" River.



a single ox at a time. The current ran very strong at the ferry, and, considering the number of times the process had to be repeated, over a hundred, the crossing was a tedious and laborious operation, requiring six hours of unremitting toil. It was 5 o'clock by the time the last cart was over and the ascent of the hill begun to the fort, where they went into camp at 6.15 p.m. The Huntingdon party, however, pressed forward to the Qu'Appelle River, which they crossed and camped there. Sellar says, "there we together split off from the main boddy, & traveled ahead the cause being the delay of certain Parties who knew Nothing about Carts & Cattle or anything else save standing & Looking at others working, or getting behind a counter neither of which will be of any benefit to a man when his Ox & Cart is stuck fast in a mud hole."

Fort Ellice, romantically situated on the bank of a steep ravine on Beaver Creek, whose banks are covered with groves of poplars, about 2 miles from its junction with the Assiniboine, was at the time of their visit in a rather dilapidated condition, but timber was then being prepared for the erection of new buildings on another site nearer the Assiniboine. Thomas McMicking says that "Mr. McKay, the master of the fort, is an obliging gentleman, and, in common with the rest of his countrymen, keeps a prudent eye to business and a sharp lookout after the bawbees." A horse and two carts were purchased there.

They were grateful for the rest at Fort Ellice, which lasted until after dinner on the second day after their arrival, Sunday intervening. The Rev. Mr. Sette, a missionary stationed at Fort Pelly, held service at the fort, in Mr. McKay's house, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and preached a sermon from the text: Songs of Solomon, chapter v., verses 9 and 10. It rained all day and, as it still continued on Monday morning, they delayed the hour of departure until after dinner, the morning being spent in making repairs to carts and harness and purchasing such commodities as the fort afforded.

Leaving Fort Ellice at 1 o'clock, they soon reached the heights overlooking the valley of the Qu'Appelle River. In descending the slope, which was very long and steep and made extremely slippery by the rain, several accidents occurred, one of which well-nigh proved fatal. The ox belonging to Morrow, of the Montreal party, became unmanageable and ran away downhill, dragging Morrow with him. Being unable to retain his foothold, Morrow fell in such a way that one of the cart-wheels passed over his head, doing him considerable injury. When first picked up he was unconscious. Fortunately Dr. Stevenson was at hand, and under his ministrations the injured man soon recovered and in a few days was able to resume his place in the train.

The Qu'Appelle was crossed in the same manner as the Assiniboine, but, the river being narrower and the current slower, they easily handled a scow which was large enough to carry two oxen and two carts each trip, so that the time consumed in making the ferry was much shorter than their recent experience at the Assiniboine. For the use of the ferries they paid the Hudson's Bay Company 50 cents a head for each animal and cart. As it rained steadily all day, they were thoroughly drenched when camping-time came, and as they had no opportunity to dry their clothing they were obliged to lie down as they were and, as John Hunniford tersely remarks, "was very uncomfortable all night." Many a night did they subsequently pass in the same state of outward saturation, an experience which did not appear to be followed by any injurious effects, probably attributable to the outdoor life they were leading; under such conditions the human body will safely endure what would, if suffered in town or city, result in illness. Such, indeed, has been my own experience. Camping in the snow and sleeping in fireless camps with the temperature many degrees below zero rarely are attended with undesirable after-effects in those who are inured to life in the open.

After a long drive of 30 miles through a beautiful stretch of wooded country on the 17th, they were surprised to find ice an eighth of an inch in thickness on the water-buckets next morning and everything white with frost. On account of the frost the stock did not appear to be feeding well and the hour of starting was delayed until 6 o'clock. When the train was ready to start it was noticed that Rochette did not take his customary place at the head of the column. Inquiries were at once instituted. He was not in the camp and it was learned that he had borrowed a double-barrelled shotgun and ammunition from Mr. Pattison, of the Toronto group, for the avowed purpose of hunting at a little distance from the trail, and that he had ridden southward. The suspicions of Captain McMicking and his committee were at once aroused. It was then remembered that for several days past the guide had been unusually reserved in his intercourse with them and the reason for this change in conduct was now apparent; he had been undoubtedly meditating deserting them. Although they had observed this change in him, they had taken pains not to show they were aware of it. They knew they were completely in his power, and in order to retain his confidence they did not betray the slightest distrust of his faithfulness, and he was allowed to go as he pleased, unquestioned. Now they realized when too late that their apprehensions had been only too well founded. The day wore on, the dinner-hour passed, camping-time came, and still no sign of Rochette, but it was not until after supper, after he had had

ample time in which to rejoin them, when the company were called together within the corral to deliberate upon their situation, that they became convinced that they were the victims of misplaced confidence. Rochette had deserted them.

After the desertion of their guide, fearing lest he and some possible accomplices might prowl about watching for an opportunity to steal the stock, they redoubled their vigilance. Thrown entirely upon their own resources, they decided to proceed and trust to the practical knowledge they had picked up respecting the country and the marks and indications distinguishing the trails across the prairies, to keep to the right path, and, as the sequel shows, they accomplished this without any difficulty.

The country passed through between the 18th and 24th of June presented somewhat of a monotonous appearance, open plains, numerous small lakes, and here and there a grove of poplars. Most of the lakes were strongly mineral and literally swarming with ducks, but as it was their breeding season, the travellers, like good sportsmen, shot very few of them. The trail, however, was uniformly good although rather hilly in places, and R. B. McMicking reports (June 21st) that "one ox and a horse gave out and we didn't get to camp till 1.30 p.m. when the others were in at 11 a.m. At 2 p.m. most of the party started but our company on account of the cattle being wearied we were obliged to stop till 4 p.m." Such little incidents gave spice to the expedition. The same diarist records: "Sunday June 22nd. Splendid morning, we are resting today in the same spot we camped last night & well we enjoy the rest as well as do our cattle also. 6 P.M. service commenced Mr. Robertson Presiding Text Psalms 50 & 15, had a very good sermon been a fine day were driven for the first time to the necessity of washing on Sunday."

Shortly after breaking camp on the morning of the 24th they entered the Touchwood Hills, passing the old deserted fort,\* and late in the afternoon again emerged from them on the plains. Some of these hills are elevated a considerable height above the prairie and contain some attractive spots which evoked expressions of regret that they should have remained waste and desolate for so long a period. During that day they gathered the first wild strawberries of the season. Hunniford writes: "Bill Thomson† left Mess No. 4." They then entered on the 25th an immense, trackless prairie, so absolutely destitute of anything in the shape of a tree that it was impossible to procure a single stick for cooking their food, and those who had not taken the fore-

\* "An unenclosed round building on the top of a hill." (John Hunniford's diary.)

† W. H. G. Thompson, of Niagara.

thought to provide themselves with a small reserve supply for just such contingencies found themselves either obliged to manage without cooking at all or be dependent upon the courtesy of their neighbours who were more fortunate. In the pre-railway days every traveller on the plains used the *bois des vaches* as fuel, filling it into sacks whenever they found it, and never failed to carry a few dry sticks of poplar with them. To travel without so providing for future need was an unfailing sign of the tenderfoot.

The next day they passed through a magnificent country of alternate woodland and prairie, bearing a most luxuriant growth of grass, and traversed in all directions by old buffalo trails and wallows. Bleached bones of buffalo lay thickly scattered over the whole area, and it was at once apparent that the company was traversing one of the favourite feeding-grounds of that animal, and, to boot, a favourite hunting-ground resorted to by Indians, half-breeds, and traders for a large portion of their staple provision, pemmican and jerked meat. But if the buffalo no longer grazed on the luxuriant grasses in such countless herds as had formerly been their wont, there was no diminution in the supply of mosquitoes. The warm days brought forth the insect pest in its myriads, in such dense clouds as to almost darken the air and inflicting such torment, in some instances even positive torture, as to drive the more sensitive individuals, and animals, to distraction. Perhaps it was the heat, perhaps the fact that he had a sore leg, or it may have been the irritation of the mosquitoes that rendered Hunniford irascible, but he—in common with at least one other—carried a chip on his shoulder that day, for he naively records that he “had a quarrel with Tom Murphy\* over supper.”

Reference has already been made to the disregard soon shown towards some of the rules so elaborately formulated at Long Lake. Sellar on June 20th records an example of such infraction. He writes: “But as all hands were very tired from the Effects of the long march the day previous, no person was up till after 4, when a terrible confusion commenced. For by this time it had become a noted fact, that those who were at the head of the train had a decided advantage over those at the rear of the train, in as much as that when the first half of the train passed over a mudhole it was impossible for the remainder to get through besides always having to go further for wood at the camping grounds. & as those who were not ready to start at the minute lost their place, it caused many a good laugh to see a whole Battalion running with Cups of Tea, & Pan cakes in their hands, Eating as they

\* Thomas Murphy, of Stamford.

went along, & often set the whole company in such a fit of laughter that half lost their places, & then came a general consternation. Some running with a Tent some with a pale full of dishes & some with various things belonging to the Tent department. One thing was greatly against many of the Battillions They being composed of a number of the smaller parties, & each party had their own cooking arrangement which took about half of the Battillion, while our Battillion was composed of our own party & 4 done all the cooking & the remainder was at liberty so that they could have the cattle into the carts as soon as the cooking was done up, & by that arrangement alone we often got ahead of half the train."

Sellar was a strange mixture—a fault-finder, a grumbler, a dreamer, a humorist; discontented, intolerant, dissatisfied, pessimistic. His humour was all that saved him from being as lugubrious as John Hunniford.

Not only were there heartburnings and disagreements over the question of precedence in the daily march, between the several companies, but there was dissension within the companies themselves. That this was the case with respect to the Huntingdon group is made apparent by Sellar, who, under date June 23rd, remarks: "it was deemed necessary for our company to make some new regulations as to the duty of each individual, as some got more to do than they could because others would do nothing & according Power was vested in Capt. Wattie to appoint unto each his portion of labour, & who divided the company as follows:—1st four to take charge & do the cooking. 2nd three to attend to the Cattle & mules to see that they got water three times a day regular & drive them up when ready to start. 3rd three to cut & carry up the wood. 4th two to attend to the carts & do all repairing. 5th two to grease the carts at least once a day. 6th three to carry water at every camping place, for all cooking purposes & for all hands to wash with. 7th that those who were at leisure first at night should pitch the Tents."

## CHAPTER TEN.

THE McMICKING PARTY (CONTINUED)—DISAGREEABLE CONSEQUENCES OF PHYSICAL FATIGUE—BENEFITS OF SUNDAY REST—CROSSING SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER—NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING—FORT CARLTON—CROSSING THE NORTH SASKATCHEWAN—FORT PITT—A NEW GUIDE—"THREE FEET OVERLAND"—ARRIVAL AT FORT EDMONTON.

While the members of the expedition had profited to some degree by their earlier mistakes and readjusted their daily routine, beginning the day's march about 3 o'clock in the morning, they had not altogether succeeded in establishing perfect discipline, and while some of the companies so governed themselves that all their movements were executed with almost military precision, so that within fifteen minutes after the Captain had given the order to start, and the call: "Every man to his ox!" had passed round the camp, all their animals would be brought in and harnessed, tents and baggage loaded, and their portion of the train ready to take its appointed place in the train, not all of them had attained the same degree of dexterity and alacrity, nor were they all equally amenable to the prescribed routine.

Passing through a district in which sloughs were abundant, the travellers were assailed by dense clouds of mosquitoes. In his diary Sellar wrote on June 26th, in facetious vein: "Before bed time it was found necessary to tie our Mosquitoes nets fast around our necks so as to keep the mosquitoes from flying away with them as they were about the size of humming birds in Canada. & as numerous as midges on a sand barr. Some of the delicate youths had to suffer, Especially as many of them had no barr's with them." Sellar rarely lets a chance slip to get in a "dig" at the "white collar" element in the party!

They passed Touchwood Hills Fort on the 24th—long deserted—and laid in a supply of firewood; as far as the eye could see the level prairie was treeless. On the 25th at an early hour they "came to two Salt Lakes running parallel with each other & about three miles long. We travelled about two miles on a ridge that lay between the two, in a Western direction & then steered North West again till 8 when we halted to feed our cattle & then drove till 12 M. when we lay over till late in the afternoon so that Captain McMicking who together with His company had fell behind might come up, then we traveled on till 4 P.M. when we came to the terminous of the Plain & passed into small brush wood & open lands."



JOHN STEVENSON.





On June 27th they passed three deserted houses 60 miles west of the Touchwood Hills, but they could not ascertain when or by whom they had been built or for what purpose, although they surmised they had probably been used by trappers or hunters at a time when game was more plentiful in that region. They experienced some difficulty in finding a suitable camping-place for the night owing to the strongly alkaline water in the lakes they passed, and although they continued the march for three hours beyond the allotted hour, they had no better fortune and were obliged to pitch their tents by the side of a small lake whose waters were highly sulphureous.

The day following, after a late start, when they stopped for midday rest and dinner, a discussion arose concerning the total distance travelled from Fort Garry and the mileage covered per diem. "The dispute," states Sellar, "after considerable argument was brought to a terminous by an adhearance to a proposition that we should chain the distance from that point to the Saskatchewan & that Wattie should go ahead of those who carried the chain & step the distance, to prove how near correct he had been all the way through. The first mile he was only 8 feet short and the second he was 14 yds to long, the third he was 4 yds to short."

The fatigues of the journey were now beginning to have an injurious effect upon the stock, as well as upon the tempers and dispositions of the men, and especially towards the end of each succeeding week were those effects more manifest, when frequent disagreements, petty disputes, and even quarrels of a more serious kind would take place, when each man went about with a chip on his shoulder, ready to contradict his neighbour, pick a quarrel with his friend; and on the slightest provocation, or without any occasion at all, take offence. But for the strict observance of the day of rest each Sunday, nothing could have averted serious disruption of the expedition, and its approach was regarded with pleasurable anticipation; its advent welcomed with a sense of intense relief, as furnishing a much-needed opportunity for restoring the exhausted energies of both man and beast, for smoothing the asperities of their natures, soothing their nervous irritability and tension, and, by allowing them time for quiet thought and reflection, for regaining a just appreciation of their duties towards one another. "The vigor with which our journey would be prosecuted, and the cordiality and good feeling that characterized our intercourse after our accustomed rest on the first day of the week, are sufficient evidence to us that the law of the Sabbath is of physical, as well as of moral obligation, and that its precepts cannot be violated with impunity."\*

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\* Thomas McMicking's narrative.

At 7 o'clock in the morning of Monday, the last day of June, they reached the South Saskatchewan River, a stream whose width at the crossing is about 300 yards, but which at other reaches broadens out to half a mile spread over sandy shoals, flowing at the bottom of a deep trough cut several hundred feet below the level of the plains, running a strong current and muddy waters as are the most of the rivers traversing the prairie country, due to the constant erosion of the banks of all watercourses. At the crossing they found a batteau, the property of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the far side of the river, and Robertson of the Goderich party, and Cogswell of Detroit, swam across and brought it over. The animals were at once unharnessed, the wheels taken off the carts, from which the loads were also removed, and the business of ferrying began in earnest. Six carts and loads were taken across on each trip, but despite this fact the crossing was not completed until 5 o'clock in the evening.

The cattle and horses were made to swim across the river and, in driving into the stream some of the more refractory animals, Robert Kelso, of the Acton group, went beyond his depth and almost lost his life. Fortunately, Wm. Strachan, Thos. Phillips, and G. Reid, all expert swimmers, were near at hand and immediately went to his assistance and brought him to the shore after he had sunk for the last time. To all appearance life was extinct when the unfortunate man was deposited on the river-bank, but willing hands worked vigorously and untiringly to restore him to consciousness, with such success that he was soon pronounced safely plucked from the gates of death.

Only a few miles separated the two branches of the Saskatchewan, and at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of July 1st they arrived at the North Branch, at Fort Carlton, about 500 miles distant from Fort Garry. The fort, on the south side of the river, consisted of a few wooden buildings contained within an enclosed space formed by high palisades flanked by bastions at the corners. Fort Carlton was a very important post at one time and was resorted to by Crees, Assiniboines, and Salteaux in large numbers. Attached to the fort as hunters and trappers were 300 Indians taken from these tribes. It was the great rendezvous for the winter packet with mail and dispatches for the most remote trading-posts in the northland, and the centre for the buffalo-hunting parties sent out to prepare pemmican for those same posts. At the time of the visit of the Overland party a Mr. Lillie was in charge, and from him they purchased some fresh buffalo-meat that had just been brought in by hunters. They were glad of the change in fare and enjoyed the meat, which they found to resemble beef, "but is a little coarser in the grain, and more juicy."

After dinner, which they had on the south side, they began to ferry the stream, an operation that lasted until 10.20 p.m., and in the performance of which three oxen, the property of Montreal and Toronto people, were lost in the river. The darkness of the night and the prevalence of a severe thunder-storm, with heavy rain, adding to the difficulties of the task. For the use of the boat or scow they paid the Hudson's Bay Company 12½ cents per cart.

The country between Fort Carlton and Fort Pitt was of a different character from that traversed so far, being more broken and hilly, with more running streams and fewer stagnant sloughs and alkaline ponds. The nights were cooler than what they had been accustomed to at that season in the Canadas, but, on the whole, they found it remarkably pleasant. They passed the Thickwood Hills on July 3rd and the Lumpy Hills\* on the following day, and on that day, too, they passed through an immense area thickly covered with delicious ripe strawberries. "At supper," says Thomas McMicking, "we treated ourselves to a huge dish of strawberries and cream," from which it may be inferred that the Schuberts were not the only ones possessing a cow. "Large numbers of wolves were continually prowling about us," says the same narrator, "they were very attentive to our company, forming the rear guard while on the march during the day, and entertaining us at night with repeated concerts." Under date July 3rd John Hunniford records: "Watters† & the St. Thomas parties left us today." In none of the other diaries or narratives is any mention made of this alleged defection,‡ which is rather odd, for the loss of any group or groups must have occasioned some comment, and been brought to pass by some occurrence that would call for notice.

The relations between John Hunniford and Thomas Murphy, both belonging to the Queenston party, could not have been of a very cordial nature. Once before it has been recorded that they quarrelled, and now on July 8th the grudge flamed out again, and Hunniford says, "had a fight with Tom Murphy at dinner." The first quarrel was over supper, and this one at dinner-time pushed to the extreme arbitrament of fisticuffs. It would be interesting to know whether they fought over the food itself, or merely selected meal-times as the most convenient season for venting their spleen. Perhaps they did not have enough to do to keep them busy, but if that were the case they had no time for continuing the quarrel on the morrow, for on the 9th they arrived at Fort Pitt, situated on the same side of the North Saskatchewan, the

\* R. B. McMicking calls them "Blackfoot Hills."

† Wattle—the Huntingdon party.

‡ If it took place at all, it could only have been temporary. Sellar does not chronicle such an event.

north, as they were travelling on. Being at one time considered as of minor importance as compared with Fort Carlton, it was sometimes called "Little Fort," a procedure frequently followed elsewhere to designate subsidiary posts. Fort Pitt is nearly midway between Forts Carlton and Edmonton. It was formerly frequented by Blackfeet, Crees, and Assiniboines, and, like Carlton, was a noted centre for the hunting of buffalo, which, in the days of their abundance, were rarely ever far distant from the vicinity. As the Crees and Blackfeet were traditional enemies, the officer in charge of this post often had his hands full to prevent it becoming the scene of combat. At the time of the visit of the Overland party a Mr. Chantelaine was in charge.

Hitherto they had not had any difficulty in keeping to the proper trail, for it was fairly well travelled and for the most part easily followed. They had not, therefore, suffered from Rochette's desertion. But beyond Fort Pitt other conditions prevailed. Between it and Fort Edmonton there were two trails—one on either side of the river—but neither well marked, because most of the traffic between those posts was done by water in batteaux. Mr. Chantelaine, therefore, urged them not to attempt to proceed without a competent guide. Acting upon this advice, the travellers engaged one Michelle, an Iroquois, to accompany them in that capacity. They were also advised to take the trail on the south side\* of the river as being shorter and over a less difficult country. The soundness of the counsel tendered and the wisdom of the party in acting upon it soon became apparent. Michelle proved to be a capable guide and the trail was so indistinct that they soon realized they would not have been able to follow it without him. Sellar refers to a meeting held at Fort Pitt on the 9th. He says: "At 9 P.M. held a general Meeting to make some new traveling Laws as we were just about to enter the country where the Blackfeet and Cree Indians were fighting & where they had striped a party of whites but a few days previous, & sent them back naked. The following were the resolutions. 1st that all Guns be cleaned & kept in first order, & ready for action at the shortest notice.

"2nd that Capt McMicking should be Colonel of the expedition.

"3 that A. G. Robinson Capt.

"4 that the company should be devided into 4 companies for traveling convinience."

"5 that the company should travel in close order, to prevent the Indians attacking the centre of the train & deviding it.

"6 that the service of a guide be procured to guide us to Edmonton."

\* Milton and Chandle, the following year, took the trail on the north bank because of the large number of Indians gathered south of the river. ("North West Passage by Land," 3rd ed., p. 178.)

Accordingly, on leaving Fort Pitt, they recrossed the river to the south side, swimming the animals and ferrying the carts in a batteau, and camped for the night opposite the fort, resuming the journey the following morning. In the afternoon they sighted a herd of antelope and an exciting chase after them ensued, but although many shots were fired at them, none was hit, and those of the party who had entertained hopes of feasting on fresh venison were doomed to disappointment. The incident served, however, to relieve the monotony of the daily routine. On the Friday morning John Fannin (Kemptville), as if to demonstrate his prowess and to dispel any lurking suspicion of incompetence on the part of the Nimrods of the party, shot a very large wolf that had ventured too near to the camp.

Up to this date the weather had been singularly favourable for the journey, and although they had been overtaken by several showers, and on rare occasions had deferred the hour of departure for a few hours on account of rain, they had not been delayed a single day on that account, and altogether they had been tolerably comfortable; but on Friday, the 11th, the day after leaving Fort Pitt, conditions suddenly changed. In the afternoon it began to rain heavily and continued with but little intermission during the succeeding eleven days. Thoroughly wet through, they went into camp at 5 o'clock and remained there until the 14th, the rain pouring down almost the whole time. There are few incidents of life out-of-doors that irritate more than a soaking downpour of rain while on the march. One's clothes are saturated, which is bad enough because of the sense of discomfort; the ground is wet, dry wood for a fire is often unprocurable, tent and blankets, provisions and tobacco, are damp, and one shows one's irritability by the use of language not customarily heard in polite society. To illustrate the state of mind of these cross-country voyagers a few entries from the diaries of Hunniford and R. B. McMicking are here given. Hunniford wrote: "Friday 11 . . . Heavy rain and thunder storm in the evening, was wet to the skin, felt very uncomfortable. . . .

"Saturday, 12. Was in camp all day in consequence of rain. tremendous rain and wind all day. Passed the most uncomfortable day I ever did in my life, my clothes all wet, had to go a mile in the rain for wood to make a fire, the camping place low and marshy, the ground very wet.

"Sunday, 13. In camp all day. no rain During the day, rain at night, did not feel very well in health, the camp very unpleasant in consequence of the Dirt of the cattle and the previous rain, preaching in the evening conducted by Mr. Robinson."

The entries in R. B. McMicking's diary covering those same days are as follows: "Friday July 11th started at 3 a.m. made a short drive

to a river about 20 or 30 feet wide & 2 to 2½ deep. crossed it & took breakfast on its bank at 4.30 to 6.30, had hilly road but no slough, shot a large wolf, camped at 10.30, a little rainy. Camped somewhat sooner on a hill by a lake, had quite a shower & started at 1.30 P.M. had much better road over prairie, Commenced raining in torrents at about 3.30 P.M. rained after we camped about 5 P.M. and quit about 6 P.M.

"Saturday evening 12th didn't start this morning, commenced raining in the course of last night & blowing terrific & continued till about 4 this afternoon but still looks like more, the day has been very disagreeable for man and beast.

"Sunday July 13th evening, are still in the same place, about 4 or 5 days journey from Edmonton, has been very cloudy all day & commenced raining about 7 P.M. had service at 6 P.M. Mr. Robinson presiding."

"At 5<sup>30</sup> a general alarm was roused throughout the camp, that a party of Blackfeet was seen on a hill a little distance west of us," writes Sellar under date of July 12th. "But which proved to be all imagination But withal proved to have a good effect upon the whole company, as it caused them ever after to keep their fire arms Oiled & in the very best of order for Action."

On Monday, 14th, they started at the usual hour in the morning, the weather having cleared up a little, as they were anxious to make the best possible use of the time, but they had not proceeded far, until 4 o'clock, when they were compelled to halt again, rain and fog wetting everything, and the guide unable to keep the trail, which was very indistinct; "in fact, most of the way none at all; however after a diligent search" he found it again. Thus they plodded on, at one time driving on regardless of the rain, and at another camping in a vain attempt to keep themselves and their provisions dry.

Sellar records on the 15th: "At 5<sup>40</sup> Crossed the Battle ground of a Battle which had only been fought 3 days prior to our arrival, between the Blackfeet & the Cress so that had we been a little sooner through we might have had a chance to try our hand at the Art of war. But as it was something like the Battle's amongst the Yankees now a days as there was only three killed on one side, & two on the other. We found a horse upon the ground which had undoubtedly been left or lost in their flight from the number of tethering Posts there must have been some 6 or 7 hundred there, But when we arrived there was not a sign of a human being to be seen."

On the 16th the same chronicler makes a note of some interest. After camping for the night, as soon as supper was over, "a meeting was held in the centre of the correll, of all Musicians both Vocal &

Instrumental for the purpose of getting up a musical Association, & accordingly an association was formed by some 32 joining themselves together & among whom were 4 violinist's, 2 flutists, & a number of others who played small Instruments, we played & sung a number of favourite Pieces & then retired for the night."

A new difficulty now presented itself. That section of the country was intersected by numerous streams, tributaries of the Saskatchewan. that had become so swollen by the heavy rains that fording them was out of the question. Between the 18th and 21st of July the travellers were obliged to build eight bridges, whose lengths ran from 40 feet in the shortest to 100 feet in the longest, no mean undertaking considering the materials available for the purpose. On these and similar occasions the technical as well as practical knowledge of the engineers in the party was of immense service. Those bridged streams were not the only ones they crossed; they waded uncounted ones, cheerfully tackling anything not over 4 feet in depth. On one occasion, there being no trees obtainable for bridge-timbers, a crossing was effected, says Sellar, by filling "the creek with carts & then built a bridge of cart boxes on top."

On the morning of the 19th "we started off in the best of spirits," says Sellar, "But in consequence of recent rains the traveling was desperate both for Cattle & men we pushed on Knee deep in water till 7<sup>20</sup> when all of a sudden we dropped into a creek up to the armpits & as there was no timber about we had to raise our loads on top of our cart boxes. . . . About 9 we came to another about 25 feet wide running very swift & apparently very deep. A Mr. Cogswell & myself were the only persons in advance of the train, so after a few minutes hestation, we thought best to ride one of the horses in & try the depth & as his was the tallest he rode in, but scarcely had entered the water till he bobbed down out of sight & sunk till Cogswell was up to his neck, & I thought I would die laughing to see him let the horse go & turn & swim out gasping for breath at every stroke, the water was so cold. . . . at 10<sup>15</sup> was all safe across. . . . the rain fell in torrents drenching us like old clouts. . . . the weather never rued its doings til 7<sup>30</sup> when it cleared off for a little after raining for 9½ hours as though the sea had burst forth upon us. Every person was wet to the skin & every stitch of clothing we had was as wet as that which we had on our backs, & it was only with the greatest care that we succeeded in keeping our blankets & flour dry with our rubber blankets But as the water had raised some 4 inches in our Tents, the question arose as to how we were to fix up in order to sleep dry. Some took the side boards off their carts, some one thing & some another, while the 7 who sleep't

in our Tent cut small brush & built a pile 2 feet high, then lengthened the Tent roaps & set the Tent on Top of the brush, we then spread the rubber blankets on that then our Buffalo roabs on top of that & our blankets on top of all. & we sleep't as gay as though we had been in French Spring beds, in some City Hall, while mostly every body Else found themselves aflote long before morning as it commenced to rain again at 9 P.M. and rained a perfect tornado till 5 A.M. next morning.

“(20) As it was Sunday & All hands pretty tired we were in rather a bad plite At 7 A.M. got breakfast & started off to find some place where we could camp on dry ground & at 9 A.M. all started plunging through water knee deep. At 11 came to a very deep creek & halted for dinner. The creek was about 60 feet wide & the depth could not be ascertained . . . however by the Majority of the company it was considered to be the work of necessity to get a bridge built across it, so as to get to some dry camping ground. & accordingly about two thirds of the company set to work, & at 4<sup>30</sup> had all compleet & safe a cross, when those who thought themselves about Sabath breaking (Like the person who puts himself on a par with the thief by receving the stollen goods.) they put themselves on a par with the Sabath breakers as they called us by pertaking of the benefeits of the bridge & that as soon as they could, least they might not get a chance, as the water was rising very fast. As soon as we crossed the creek the land began to rise so we pitched our Tents . . . & camped for the night. When Wm Gage & myself stroaled off from the camp for a walk, & to get rid of the tumult for a short time. We had not walked more than half a mile when we came to a beautiful Mound about 150 feet above the level of the country, & as we thought we might see some signs of the Fort, or at least the Saskatchewan, we started to assend to it summit. when we got up the sceanery around appeared delightful as we could see for miles on Either side & Especially as we could distinctly see the long looked for Scaskatchewan about 4 or 5 miles to the north. But the sceanery on top of the Mound far exceled all others around, as it was covered with Red Raspberry's the largest & rishest that I ever saw, they were full larger than plum's, & as they were the first we had found upon the root, our eyes were much harder to satisfy than our apitites.”

On Monday, 21st, the travellers encountered more sloughs and creeks. “The traveling was some better as parts of the country was above water,” says Sellar, “but we had to cross a great many very bad sloughs & some very bad creeks, some of which we had to build bridges over, as long as 80 or 90 feet.” Not seeing any sign of the fort, some of the party feared they had passed it, but they continued forward, and at 6 o'clock in the evening “we came to the worst place we had met



upon the whole route up to this point. It was a ravine about 200 feet deep & so very steep that it was almost impossible for a man to keep his feet while decending to the bottom where there was a creek some 35 feet wide surging along at a most tyriffic rate. while both banks were thickly timbered, as (we) could not find any good place to get down with the carts & cattle we commenced & fell trees across & then laid poles on for covering till we had a good bridge & then opened a trail down one bank & up the other & took roaps & let down carts & cattle at the one side, & helped to draw them up on the other. As soon as I could get a horse across, I rode on to see what the prospects were for a camping ground, as it was very hard to get water from this creek, I had scarcely rode a mile when I came to a little clearing, when I found myself upon the Table lands which over hang the narrow valley of the Scaskatchewan, & just opposite to the long looked for Fort. I rode back as fast as possible to inform the company of my discoveries, when I found them busiely engaged correlling the carts for to camp. But as soon as they heard the glad tidings of our near approach to Fort Edmonton there was little time lost in getting into order, & moved on to the Table lands opposite to the Fort & camped for the night."

R. B. McMicking records their arrival in fewer words: "Came to a very bad river with tremendous banks, bridged it & crossed very near sundown. Passed on through some very thick wood's till about eight P.M. we popped out of the bush on the river bank opposite Edmonton without knowing how close we were to it."

The arrival within sight of the fort was the signal for hearty and tumultuous cheers, which were repeated again and again as the several companies came up, until "the surrounding forests re-echoed with the sound." "During the preceding eleven days our clothing had never been dry, we had just passed through what we considered a pretty tough time, and the toil-worn, jaded, forlorn and tattered appearance of the company was in striking and amusing contrast with our appearance a few months before; so marked, indeed, was the change that our most intimate friends at home would scarcely have recognised us. But our courage was still unbroken, and, although we had been so much longer on the road than we anticipated, we had yet full confidence in our ability to reach the El Dorado of our hopes."\*

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\* Thomas McMicking's narrative.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN.

THE McMICKING PARTY (CONTINUED)—FORT EDMONTON—AN OVERLAND CONCERT—NEW MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION—PACK-HORSES REPLACE RED RIVER CARTS—COAL—ANOTHER SPLIT—ANDRE CARDINAL—HO, FOR TETE JAUNE CACHE!

When the travellers awoke in the morning their glances fell upon the Union Jack which flew above the fort across the river, fluttering in the breeze, in token of welcome to the new arrivals, for those at the fort were as glad to see new faces and to hear at first hand news from the outside world as the Overlanders were to reach their second objective point. Two of the people from Edmonton House, for want of a boat, all of which had been swept some distance down-stream by the unseasonable flood, crossed the river in a box, so eager were they to converse with the newcomers.

The diarists make characteristic entries in their respective journals. R. B. McMicking says: "Tuesday, July 22nd Here we are at Edmonton at last! Splendid morning after some eleven days' rain, an unusual rain for this country. The country from here to Fort Pitt is as fertile a tract of country as we have passed. Evening—been a fine day. No Boats came yet, have had a good rest, everybody pleased."

John Hunniford has still less to say: "Tuesday 22 In camp all Day on the south side of the Saskatchewan waiting for Boats to cross, the boats being washed down during the late rain, the weather today beautiful. spent the day drying my clothes."

Sellar, the more prolix of all the chroniclers, remarks: "As all hands were very tired we slept late & at 9 A.M. got our breakfast. When they raised the Union Jack upon the Fort & fired a salut with the Cannon's, We immediately raised the English standard which was carried by a party from Ottawa, & then fired 21 rounds from our Rifles." The two people from the fort and Mr. Woolsey "came over to us & informed us that at 2 P.M. they would be able to accomodate us with a Work Boat to ferry over the River, but in the mean time the flood had carried it some 15 miles down the river & the men were after it. As they had learned the object of our expedition; & as we could not proceed any further with carts, they would send word to the Settlements at Big Lake & St Anns Lake for any who wished to trade horses for Oxen to bring them in to the Fort the next day. As the Boat did not get up till 10 A.M. on the 23rd we took the opportunity of getting



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over first, In order to get the Pick of the horses if there was any pick amongst them."

Sellar does not appear to have greatly enjoyed his sojourn at the fort, and the horse-trading bored him, for he states that the time " spent traiding with the halfbreeds & Indians for horses saddles & saddle bags to pack with . . . was the most wearisome of anything we had to encounter, As they did not seem to know anything about the value of Money. They would ask 25 pounds sterling for a horse & take no less & at the same time take 2 lbs tea 8 lbs sugar & 100 lbs flour. & which can be bought at the Fort, where they have them, for 12 Dollars, & we traided for a number giving a Gun & a little ammunition for a horse that we could not buy for less than 120 Dollars in Money, & some we got for about \$10 worth of old clothes. & I have seen them pay to our company for a common clay pipe, as high as 50 cents while those who had any Tobacco had to watch it very close to keep them from stealing it."

While they were awaiting the coming of the boats one of the Queens-ton party, Archibald Thompson, made use of the leisure-time to write to his people. It was dated " Fort Edmonton. July 23rd, 1862.

" Dear Brother, I am happy to inform you that we have all arrived here safe and in good health. It is a nice place. I think I could live here contented if I could get provision but they do not raise enough for themselves. They live the most of the time on pemmican and potatoes. . . . There are some pretty girls here, some of the boys say, as they have ever seen, but I have not seen them yet, as I have not been over the river but I will go over this afternoon. . . . We have seen no Indians at all since we left only what few we have seen about the forts, and no wild animals except three antelope and a few wolves. We saw any quantity of dead buffalo lying on the prairie starved to death. We passed over the battle ground where the Blackfeet and Crees fought a battle some twenty days ago and there were three killed on each side. There is gold in the river, as I washed some out myself, but it is very fine. I have no time to wash any more or I would send you a few specks to let you see it, as my letter has to leave here in the morning by our guide that came up with us. We will leave here on Monday morning for Cariboo. It will take us twenty three days if we go down the Fraser river, and if we go by land it will take us twenty seven. If we go by land we can take our animals into the mines. We intend trading some of our oxen for horses and take the rest of our oxen with us. They will come good for beef when we get there. . . . We are going to cross the river with our carts and animals. We intend packing our animals from here. . . . I will give you a better



account of the tramp when I get to Cariboo if nothing happens to me. Thomas McMicking can stand the tramp as well as the rest of us."

It was not until the 24th that they were able to cross the North Saskatchewan (for the third time) to the north shore, where was the fort. They had received in the interim two visits from Rev. Thomas Woolsey, Wesleyan missionary. Although Hunniford, who appears to have been somewhat of a pessimist, describes Edmonton as "a large and very dirty establishment on the north side of the Saskatchewan, the Language is English and French, the people whites and half Breeds, the fort at present is in a starving condition in consequence of the scarcity of Buffalo," there does not appear to have been any serious shortage of food. Even had there been, a plentiful supply of beef was now available. for the travellers here exchanged their oxen for horses. Edmonton was one of the oldest trading-posts in the district and was founded when in 1808 Old Fort Augustus was abandoned, the new post being known as New Fort Augustus. Since that time it had been a place of first importance.

Hunniford sold several articles for cash at Edmonton, including a bottle of brandy for \$5; an old coat, \$5; a pair of knee-boots, \$5; two towels, 50 cents; a pair of rubber leggings, 50 cents; and gun shot-belt and powder-flask, \$4. A. L. Fortune states that he sold flour there for 20 cents a pound and that he bought a pack-horse for 20 lb. of flour. He and the Schuberts sold their cows there.

During the journey many an idle moment had been pleasantly whiled away with music and song, and upon arriving at Edmonton the musically inclined of the party decided to give a concert, which was given on the 25th to a crowded house "in the Musical hall." But there were more serious matters to be attended to, and for several days most of the party were busy disposing of their oxen in exchange for pack-animals, and carts and harness for pack-saddles.

No longer would the screeching carts avail them; beyond Fort Edmonton, with the exception of a comparatively short distance, the trails did not lend themselves to vehicular traffic and were indeed little more than passable for saddle and pack animals. The country round about was scoured for horses suitable to the purpose, but, following the general custom of supply and demand, as soon as those with horses for sale realized how necessary they were to the Overlanders they advanced the price. "Some of our party went out to the settlement to buy horses. Parties returned in the afternoon without a trade; horses very scarce, people holding on for good price."\* "Great deal

\* R. B. McMicking's diary.

of trouble getting any horses. £20 the price asked."\* They succeeded, however, in the end in obtaining a sufficient number, some of the members using their oxen for packing.

On Sunday, July 27th, Rev. Mr. Woolsey held two services, one in the fort in the forenoon, "Text Numbers 10th & 29th, and again at 4 P.M. on the camp ground by the same man Text Genesis 28 chapt & 20, 21, 22 verses," is the record in R. B. McMicking's diary, while John Hunniford writes on same day: "Mr. Woolsey held service in Camp. Day very warm. Likely to be some fights with A. McConnell and other parties about his dog. Horse trading going on all day; great difficulty in procuring horses." Hunniford also tells us that during the sojourn at that place he "got 6 pairs of moccasins for an old ring from an Indian." And that he was not devoid of sentiment is shown by the entry telling of the concert given by the party and already mentioned: "Some of the boys gave a negro concert in the fort at night. While I was present I forgot the time and place that I was (in), I fancied I saw familiar faces."

The appearance of coal exposed in the banks of the river immediately attracted the attention of the travellers. "It appears in the face of the bank in several parallel beds or layers, varying from two to six feet in thickness, and interstratified with a kind of red clay that has the appearance of having been burnt. It is very easily burned, lying, as it does, upon the surface. Another probable resource of this country, and which may yet be a chief agent in attracting hither a large population, is gold. That the precious metal does exist in nearly the streams flowing through the Hudson Bay Territory, east of the Rocky Mountains, is beyond all question, since we seldom failed to raise the color wherever we prospected; but that it may be found in paying quantities is yet problematical.

"We were, however, assured by several parties living at Edmonton that large nuggets were frequently seen with the Indians, and that at low water the same in the channel of the Saskatchewan glittered in the sunlight; and a person whom we met at Portage Prairie, who had acted as interpreter to the Rev. Mr. Woolsey, Wesleyan Missionary at Edmonton, and upon whom we could place considerable reliance, even went so far as to offer, for a consideration, to take us to diggings within five days walk of the Edmonton House, if he should return before we left the place, which he would guarantee to yield at least *fifteen dollars* a day to the hand, with rockers, and he would give us an opportunity to test their richness before he would expect his pay. Unfortunately he

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\* J. Hunniford's diary.

did not return to Edmonton before we left, so that we did not get an opportunity to take advantage of his offer as it was our intention to have done."

It is, of course, quite possible that the individual in question may have possessed such knowledge, but extremely improbable. Had he known of the existence of such rich ground he would have been more prone to reap the reward in his person than to pass it on to others, even for a "consideration." The "glittering sand" in the Saskatchewan was probably mica; native gold does not glitter. Nevertheless, the story told by this remarkably philanthropic person and the tales poured into their willing ears by Love at Fort Garry, and again by Clover, his associate, whom they met at Edmonton, had their effect, and "about twenty-five intelligent and determined fellows of our company remained at Edmonton for the purpose of exploring the country and prospecting the rivers nearer the mountains." They were provided with an ample supply of provisions.

As three of the Acton men, James Kelso, John Malcolm, and Erastus Hall, were of the number remaining at Edmonton, that group dissolved, A. L. Fortune joining the Huntingdon party, and the remaining members, John Burns and Thomas Dunn, according to Fortune, "travelled along with the general crowd." Of the three that remained behind, one, Erastus Hall, accidentally, and fatally, shot himself by hauling his gun out of his cart by the muzzle when out hunting with his companions. Burns and Dunn proceeded to British Columbia in the spring of the following year, as did, in fact, most, if not all, of the party who had decided to try their fortunes on the Saskatchewan. None of them found it the El Dorado they had been led to expect.

In addition to the procuring of horses and the making of other preparations for the continuing of the journey, the party had to decide which pass to take across the mountains. In the solution of this question they consulted, in addition to the miner Clover, others more thoroughly conversant with the country, among them being Mr. Brazeau, then in charge of the post; Rev. Thomas Woolsey, several years resident in the country; Mr. Alexander,\* a clerk in the service of the H.B. Co. who had recently returned from Jasper House; and several Freemen whose names are not given, but many of whom were born and brought up in the neighbourhood of the mountains. The general consensus of opinion derived from these several sources was that the Boundary, Kootenay, and Sinclair Passes were the easiest and presented fewer difficulties; the Tête Jaune Pass,† on the other hand,

\* Son of Rev. Dr. Alexander of Edinburgh.

† Also known as Leather Pass, Cow-dung Pass, and Jasper Pass.



was the shortest and most direct route to Cariboo, and although some of them represented the trail as nearly impassable and foresaw difficulties and dangers which they considered almost insurmountable, they nevertheless recommended the travellers to adopt that route, counsel that was at once adopted.

Their next care was to obtain another guide. Michelle knew nothing of the country beyond Edmonton, and in view of the nature of the way that lay before them, by far the most difficult of the entire journey, to be of any service to them, the guide must possess a first-hand knowledge of the country and the trails traversing it. Such an one they found in a French half-breed named André Cardinal, a Freeman of the settlement of St. Albert, who was born at Jasper House, where he had spent the greater part of his life, and who had passed over the trail between Edmonton and his birthplace no fewer than twenty-nine times, and had also on several occasions made the trip between Jasper House and Tête Jaune Cache, on the Fraser River. They could not have secured a man better qualified to lead them successfully over the rough trails that now confronted them, and, as will develop later, one more trustworthy, resourceful, capable, and amiable. Cardinal agreed to conduct them to Tête Jaune Cache, and, if, as he expected they would do, they should find some Shuswap Indians encamped there, one of whom would guide them to Cariboo, he, Cardinal, would accompany the party as interpreter. In return for these services he was to receive \$50 in cash, an ox and a cart, 1 cwt. of flour, and some groceries. The bargain made, and all being ready to resume the journey, the order was given, and on Tuesday, July 29th, the camp broke up and the caravan once more set in motion.

## CHAPTER TWELVE.

THE REDGRAVE (TORONTO) PARTY—PROSPECTING FOR GOLD EN ROUTE  
—FORT ELLICE—AN UNPLEASANT DUTY—IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY  
—MAKING UP A MAIL—DIVERGING FROM THE OLD TRAIL—"MR.  
O'B." LEFT AT FORT CARLTON—A FALSE ALARM—A COURIER  
FROM EDMONTON—HUNTING THE BUFFALO—ARRIVAL AT FORT  
EDMONTON.

The Whiteford-Love party, which included the remnant of nine of the Redgrave company, that had numbered forty-five when they departed from Toronto, followed the same trail taken by the McMicking party, and, in the main, apportioned their periods of daily travel in much the same way, observing Sunday by holding service and "doing small jobs for ourselves, as this is the only time we have for those sort of things," as Alexander put it, when recording the events of Sunday, June 22nd, the first Sunday after leaving Portage la Prairie. "Spent Sunday in camp. Heard old O'Byrne give an introductory address on the evidences of Christianity." As "Mr. O'B." carried about with him at all times as pocket companion a copy of "Paley's Evidences," as related by Milton and Cheadle, immersing himself in its pages in preference to performing even the lightest of tasks except under duress, he should have been a capable instructor on that subject.

They travelled in more leisurely fashion than did those ahead of them and appear to have taken more out of the journey. Scarcely a creek was crossed but some one prospected its banks or bars, and frequent references are made to these efforts to discover gold. Thus on Wednesday, June 25th, about a mile after leaving camp in the early morning, they crossed Bird Tail Creek, and Alexander says: "I stayed behind with Love at the Creek and prospected. We found a small grain of gold in each pan." The following day "Love and Flett went back to Snake Creek and prospected and found gold in small quantities." And again, "Yesterday Love prospected on Cut Arm Creek and found gold." It will be remembered that while the Toronto party was in process of organization it was announced that Redgrave would prospect en route for the entire party, but for the most part that duty seems to have been relegated to Love. In his diary Redgrave records on June 25th that at Bird Tail Creek "Love prospected & found gold, indeed I never saw better indications and I am positive there is plenty all about the creek." On the 26th he writes: "Mr. Love rode back to Snake Creek where we crossed yesterday & found fine specimen of gold which



EUSTACE PATTISON.

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shows clearly that all this country is auriferous"; but in the letter he wrote for the *Globe* in 1869, seven years later, he asserts that he went back with Love. The letter says: "After encamping for the day I rode back in company with one of our Guides & prospected for Gold on Snake Creek, a few miles from the Assiniboine river. We had no rocker but merely a shovel & prospecting pan, we found a fine specimen of Gold in our second pan of dirt plainly showing us that Gold is spread all over this side of the rocky mountains, this is quite 700 from the mountains."

They crossed the Assiniboine at Fort Ellice, and after camping 2 miles beyond the fort, "Harry Handcock went and stayed the night at Fort Ellice. He wrote to his family and told them to communicate with mine and let them know how I was," wrote Alexander, which goes to show that these young men were not unmindful of the natural anxieties of those left at home.

On the evening of Tuesday, July 1st, they "camped on summit of hill on left hand side of road opposite three ponds. Drew the carts in a circle for the first time and put our horses inside for fear of Indians." The entry for the day in Alexander's diary closes with the significant sentence: "We have changed our minds and have now decided to go through to Cariboo this fall as there is not a certainty of gold in paying quantities on the Saskatchewan, and also fear scarcity of provisions." By "we" he means, of course, the Redgrave group. How quickly their eyes had been opened!

Redgrave does not refer to "Mr. O'B." by name, but there are two references in his diary that indicate him. He writes on June 30th, telling what the others are doing while he makes the entry in his journal: "One is playing cards, another crew cooking Ducks, an old schoolmaster with his stick looking on, now one is playing the fiddle, another the cornet à piston, another singing, cattle all around us quietly grazing, another baking, and last of all mosquitoes biting." The "old schoolmaster" is O'Byrne.

The second reference is contained in the entry of July 8th: "There is an old man who knows John well, a half preacher (but old sot) he is going across to Cariboo, he was always interfering with everyones business so they were determined to have a trick with him; he always walks ahead nearly a mile of the carts so in going thro' the wood one of Love's men got a Red blanket & pock herchief on his head and with his gun rode round & rushed out of the Bush, giving the Indian War Whoop, & fired twice above him. If you had seen him run & shout you would have thought he was mad, and when we asked him what was the matter he said 'Indians, Indians!' & bolted behind. Of course we

would not believe him & he gets in a fearful rage—we ask him now, how about the Indians? He had a white cap cover on. I told him if he had that the Indians would think he was our chief & mark him. He soon had it off, but every bit of Bush we came to, to see him run behind the carts, you would have laughed. He said, 'I'll mind your ox & you take my gun & shoot them.' Afterwards I asked him how he felt and he said 'Really I am so nervous I do not know what to do, but something will happen soon I know.' Those who have read "The North West Passage by Land" will recognize the man at once from this description of Redgrave's "half preacher." Redgrave, however, makes no mention of O'Byrne being left at Carlton; perhaps because he himself did not go to the fort with the escort.

A few extracts from Alexander's diary will serve to continue the narrative: "Sunday, July 6th. Stayed in camp all day. Love came over and dined with us. As we have lost some Pemmican, Harry (Handcock) set a trap for the thief and about midnight there was a regular row raised as there was a dog caught and we had a deal of trouble letting him loose.

"Monday, July 7th. Met two half breeds going to Fort Garry. Wrote home by them.

"Wednesday, July 9th. There has been so much ill-feeling in our tent between Hind, and I may say all of us except Alf (Handcock), that I had to tell him that he would have to leave us and that we would divide with him fairly." (Not a pleasant thing for a young lad of 18 to have to do, but better face the disagreeable in time to prevent mere ill-feeling developing into open rupture of more serious moment.)

"Thursday, July 10th. Just before stopping for noon we passed some shanties for a trading post in winter." (These were the buildings the McMicking party could make nothing of.) "Hind left us today at noon."\* On the 12th then encamped on the banks of the South Saskatchewan.

"Sunday, July 13th. Helped to row the Company's boat, in which we are to cross, up to the crossing place. Intended going to Fort Carlton in afternoon but were dissuaded from doing so as there was some fear of meeting Indians, which report was false. Two or three Crees came to our camp today; one intends travelling with us to Eagle Hills.

\* Redgrave refers to this episode as follows, under same date: "Handcocks party had a row today so Hinds will be seperated." And on July 11th Redgrave also left the party and joined Hind. He records the fact thus: "I have left our camp today & now messing with Hinds it seems to me the beginning of a break up of the party I do not know how or with whom I shall go with whether with them, Ellis (& others) who is very kind to me or if Hinds & myself continue together at the diggings after we get to Carriboo."

"Monday, July 14th, Crossed the river today and had a hard day's work of it, and camped on top of hill on other side. Hill pretty steep and hard to ascend. Before crossing we had a meeting, and as we will be in dangerous ground after this, one captain and four men to each watch and two of those companies each night, one from 9 p.m. till midnight and the other from then until 3 a.m. Harry and I are both in Dave Jone's watch. Jones is Harry Hamilton's partner. There are twelve companies so that we will be on every sixth night."

Writing to his friends at home, Alexander made use of a plan formerly adopted by travellers in that country, the process being known as "making up a mail," and consisted of leaving the letters "conspicuously sticking" where they would be most likely to catch the eye of the "passing traveller," and so be taken on to Fort Garry; but, he comments, "the odds are greatly against such letters ever reaching their destinations, but I will lose no chance of letting you hear from me. if it were only a line to show the progress of our rather heavy undertaking, which, however, wonderfully sharpens our wits not to speak of appetites!"

The point where they crossed the South Saskatchewan River is about 20 miles from Fort Carlton, which is on the north fork. Instead of continuing along the trail, however, to the fort, as the McMicking party had done, this company decided to cut straight across country. Not only would this course ensure a more direct line of travel, but would take them through the heart of the Buffalo Plains.

On Tuesday, 15th, after the brigade started on the new course, several of those who had horses, Harry Handcock, Love, Flett, Matheson, Gunn, Geordie Sutherland, and Alexander, escorted "old O'Byrne"—Milton and Cheadle's "Mr. O'B."—to Fort Carlton. They had had enough of him, and, not having the heart to abandon him on the trail, they placed him in a cart and conducted him to the nearest place of safety. En route "the Cree that is with us came rushing back to say that a Blackfoot had chased him; at the news you ought to have seen our little company, each man drew off his guncover, capped and cocked his rifle and then was ready. After all it was a false alarm for we saw no Indian all the way that day we rode to Carlton, about 20 miles. Had Green Buffalo meat\* for dinner there and then rode across country till we struck the cart trail and got in (camp) about 8 p.m. We rode about 40 miles today." What sort of reception O'Byrne received at Carlton is not recorded, but that they, too, soon found him an intolerable nuisance is shown by the fact that they sent him up the river with the batteaux, doubtless glad to "speed the parting guest."

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\* Green; i.e., fresh.

The following day, Wednesday, July 16th, Alexander records: "We got another comrade yesterday for we met a half-breed called Sam Ballantyne, who had come down from Fort Edmonton with a letter to Love. He is a splendid fellow over six feet and a jolly chap too." It is rather remarkable what keen delight is taken in the advent of a new face in camp. One may be surrounded by the best fellows in the world, but let them travel in company for several weeks without encountering any others and they begin to pall upon one another, but let a stranger put in an appearance and in a twinkling every one is keenly alert and the old genial spirit returns as though by magic.

On the 18th they entered the buffalo country, and during the afternoon Love killed a buffalo bull and they had fresh meat for supper,\* cooking it over the glowing embers of buffalo chips, the only fuel to be had, there being no trees to furnish wood. On the 19th every one was on the *qui vive* for buffalo, but the forenoon passed without their seeing a sign of any. After dinner Sutherland went on ahead and soon returned with the information that he thought some buffalo were grazing at a distance. A hunting-party immediately set out and found the surmise was correct. Alexander and Sutherland went after a bull, and, says Alexander, "I had the pleasure of killing my first Buffalo." Not knowing how to cut the animal up, they contented themselves with taking the tongue. "Riding into camp my horse got into a Badger-hole and fell, rolling over on his side thereby giving my leg a pretty severe squeeze, not, however, damaging it, but, alas for my gun! it being under me snapped right through at the breech, putting an end to my hunting for a day or two." Nevertheless, that same evening, another band of buffalo being seen, Alexander went out armed with Carpenter's revolver and helped to kill another. Altogether they bagged nine head that day and bade "good-bye to pemmican for a while." Harry Hamilton and Myers went out on foot after the buffalo and lost themselves, and although search-parties scoured the country round about next day, nothing was seen of them until Monday morning (they were lost since Saturday), when they luckily found the camp. They had been out two days and nights, but fortunately got something to eat in the shape of some young eagles, which they said were delicious!

Recounting in a letter his first day's experience as a buffalo-hunter, Alexander continued: "I, however, fortunately discovered that the sheath of my knife had been patched with gutta percha, stripping off which, I applied it to mend my gun in which I succeeded and had the pleasure of killing four or five more buffalo with it. One day I went

\* Redgrave says: "Such frying & cooking in camp till 11 p.m."



alone and saw a large herd of buffalo and after a hard chase I killed a cow. The cows run the fastest and are the best eating, they always take the lead in running, consequently you are obliged to go through the herd to get at them. When you are in one of these herds, the whole place seems galloping and the dust and clods of earth fly in clouds, as you pass through they still keep running in the same direction so that they close in behind you, and if anything should happen of course you are made powder of." Later on in that same day he records in his diary: "Ran a bull this afternoon with Geordie Sutherland and killed him. Got a good deal of fat off him. The wolves are in regular droves." That was all on July 23rd. On the 25th they "camped for dinner on the banks of a large lake into which I had brought a Buffalo to bay after wounding him, and one of the fellows coming up with a rifle. I kept him in while he shot him." Next day Love and some of the others killed a bear. In the matter of sport, this company fared much better than the McMicking party, who saw nothing but small game and killed one lone wolf.

Despite all the buffalo they killed, the supply of fresh meat soon ran very low. The quantity of meat that some men will consume when living out-of-doors is almost beyond the belief of the ordinary town dweller. Alexander and Jones, on the afternoon of Sunday, July 27th, taking their horses and rifles, set out in the hope of replenishing the depleted larder. In a letter, the former wrote: "I came near—well, if it was not getting lost, and I don't like to admit it, it was pretty near it." They thought they might come across a bear. They rode for some time, but saw nothing, although they found signs. "At last, as the mosquitoes were bad, we sat down for a smoke. We then started towards camp. I got off the horse to try my rifle at a large raven and my horse started off from my side and when I went towards him he started off at full speed for camp." Jones followed, but could not catch the runaway, and finally it was decided he should ride after it and try to drive it into camp while Alexander would walk in. "But it was further than we thought and it got quite dark and I could not find the camp. I knew that I could easily strike the trail and walk into camp, so I did not feel at all afraid, but I was afraid if I went on I might cross the trail without seeing it, so I made up my mind to pass the night out, so I got a lot of dry wood together and lit a big fire and lay down. Then I thought I would give them a fair chance if they were out looking for me so I halloed (I did not think I was over 2 miles from camp) and Jones fired off his revolver in answer. They had seen my fire and came out for me. Got in about 10 p.m. My horse reached camp before Jones which created a great hullabaloo, Harry Handcock

riding in every direction at full speed and Hamilton vowing he would not leave without me if he had to search for six weeks."

On July 30th they struck the regular Edmonton trail again at Vermilion Creek and found it full of mud-holes and marshy spots, and the creeks and lakes swollen, owing to recent heavy rains. On August 1st it was Carpenter's turn to get lost. He went out hunting in the afternoon, lost his way, and had to go back to the noon camp before he could find the trail, but he made camp by 10 o'clock.

Every Sunday Alexander and his messmates read the service for the day, using the Church of England prayer-book. On August 3rd it is noted that "Wonnacott and Myers came over to service in our tent in afternoon." These young men did not find a due observance of the day inconsistent with a thorough enjoyment of the rational pleasures of clean, healthy living.

Redgrave recounts several incidents not mentioned by Alexander. On July 14th "an Indian & squaw came to camp & wanted to go in our company to Eagle Hill 4 days from here he is afraid to go himself as we expect to come on Blackfeet who will scalp him. Of course, if they wanted him we should have to give him up or we might be all killed." The Indian, a Cree, continued with them beyond Eagle Hill, and on the 23rd of July a band of Crees visited the camp, and, reports Redgrave, "the one with us stole Mr. Fletts horse."

Redgrave was thoroughly homesick. He longed for the society of his wife and family, and every now and then he breaks out into a jeremiad. As an example of these periodical lamentations the following is quoted from the diary entry of Friday, August 1st: "Carpenter out shooting lost till 11 p.m. served him right after so much caution. This day I repented my Journey & if I were back I think a certainty of gold would hardly induce me to come this way again, from a.m. to p.m. cold, wet, wet bed & clothes, bad food, flour baked with water, Dry meal no salt pepper, hardly any Tea, oh for the comforts of a settled life, still I must go thro now, & by the help of God mean to stick to it till the last. I am pretty tired all day walking such a road & thro Bush & water especially when my foot gives way as it sometimes does since I hurt it on the Mississippi River. Turned in 10 p.m."

On August 8th the party arrived at Fort Edmonton,\* nineteen days behind the McMicking company.

\* The original post at this point was called New Fort Augustus and was established in 1808 by the North West Company. Shortly afterwards the Hudson's Bay Company erected a post which was named Edmonton House, so called after a London suburb, probably by John Pruden, a native of the metropolis.





JAMES WATTIE.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

THE McMICKING PARTY (CONTINUED)—THE GENTLE ART OF PACKING—ST. ALBERT—ST. ANN'S MISSION—LES FILLES DE MADAME DE YUVILLE—COLIN FRASER—A SERIOUS MISHAP—MAIL FROM CANADA—A BURNING MOUNTAIN—A LONELY GRAVE—FIRST VIEW OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The McMicking party entered Fort Edmonton 150 strong, and left it numbering 125, the remainder of the company having decided to test the accuracy of the reports of the presence of gold in paying quantities in the Saskatchewan. The spirits of those who kept their eyes fixed upon the still distant goal, and were not to be turned aside from their original purpose, ran high with hope, for they had entered upon the third stage of the long trek; in a few weeks they would be in British Columbia, in Cariboo!

Inigorated by the week of comparative ease, enlivened by the new mode of travel—pack-train instead of oxen and carts—with minds and bodies refreshed, they bade their friends good-bye, and with the cry of "Bon Voyage!" ringing in their ears, took the trail, with such horses as they had been able to procure, a few mules, and some oxen; in all 140 animals, each beast carrying a load of from 150 to 250 lb.

The departure from Edmonton appears to have been on a "go-as-you-please" plan. For example, the Huntingdon group left at 3 in the afternoon of Monday, July 28th, while the Queenston company did not leave until Tuesday morning, 29th, at 9 o'clock. Sellar says: "This was the happiest move we had made, as we had become so thoroughly disgusted with hanging about Edmonton so long. . . . as the Oxen had never had a pack on them before, they made some queer cappers, but all got along very well except one Ox & we could not make him pack, As after kicking up some of the most fearful didoes that any person could imagin, he got so ferosious that no person dare go near him, some got into camp at 7 P.M. & some at 3 A.M. next morning while others kept coming every few minutes between."

The process of loading the pack-animals was new to every man. None of them knew anything about "packing," and each had to learn, how to adjust the saddle, balance the load, and secure it with the diamond hitch. Under instruction the art was mastered, more or less thoroughly, ere they set out, albeit for the first few days they were slow and clumsy, but with practice and the good-natured assistance of André Cardinal the initial awkwardness was soon overcome.

That first day they covered the 8 or 10 miles to the mission and settlement of St. Albert, established only two or three years before. They found it possessed a population of twenty families, most of the heads being "Freemen"; i.e., persons who having fulfilled their term of service with the Hudson's Bay Company had received their discharge. It is a fertile spot, beautifully situated on the eastern side of Big Lake, which yielded a plentiful supply of fish; in the vicinity was an abundance of timber for building and other purposes, and the farm and garden of the Roman Catholic Mission were well cultivated and bore abundant crops of grains and vegetables.

Two short days' drive from St. Albert over a rough road through thick bush and some swampy ground, in a drizzling rain, took them to St. Ann's Lake. They had to build two bridges, and to the first of these Sellar refers in his journal under the date of July 30th: "As the travelling was good, we got along well till 9 A.M. when we came to a small river about 30 yds wide & very deep where we had to unpack our animals & build a bridge before we could get across. This took us some time, as the timber was all on the West bank of the river, & the water was so cold that no person would Volunteer to swim over & cut down the timber, after considerable jawing about who had done the most at places like this Wm Gage, A. Anderson, D. Oney, & myself proposed to go over, so we caught two Oxen. tied our clothes upon their horns, & drove them in & got them by the tails & swam after them across & then fell a large poplar tree across the river for the rest to cross upon."

On Friday, August 1st, "Broke up camp at 7 o'clock," records Hunniford, "Traveled through woods and mud to the knees, arrived at St Anns mission at 10 o'clock, camped, got new potatoes for dinner. St. Anns is a settlement on the Banks of a Large Lake. The inhabitants is half breeds." To this somewhat meagre description of the place Thomas McMicking adds that "Here we found a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, and a considerable settlement. It is 50 miles from Edmonton. A few years ago it is said to have contained some fifty families, but a part of them have lately removed to St. Albert."

Father Lacombe<sup>(49)</sup> was in charge of the mission and had associated with him another priest and four Grey Nuns ("Filles de Madame de Youville").<sup>(50)</sup> "They, the sisters," says A. L. Fortune, "complained sorely that the work was not encouraging, for the Indians would not settle long in one place. They lived by hunting and had to follow the

game and Fur animals. . . . A Scotch gentleman, Colin Fraser,\* was in charge of a trading post in this place. His wife was an Indian woman. He had a large family mostly grown up daughters. They had no chance of education except recently by the sisters. . . . Here we had some white fish taken out of Lake St. Ann's. They were truly fine. Some good butter we secured for use on our journey. Also a cake of Buffalo tallow to supplement our larder. And Indian moccasins a good supply."

At St. Ann's they abandoned the last of their Red River carts. "Our way for the remainder of our journey was totally different from what we had before passed through; for, instead of the hard and level roads with which we had been favored in the first part of our journey, swamps and hills and streams alternated, and dense forests, where we were obliged to keep a gang of men ahead of the train to chop out the brush and fallen timber, were substituted for open prairies."† Carts were useless in such a country.

At St. Ann's, too, they succeeded in exchanging some oxen for horses and disposed of superfluous baggage for moccasins, buckskin shirts, and other trappings of that sort. Inexpert packers, some of the party experienced a good deal of difficulty in managing their oxen, most of which objected strenuously to the loads thrust upon their backs, and several painful injuries were received from kicks by various members. One of these, the same Mr. Morrow who had been injured near Fort Ellice, attempted to stop his runaway steer, "Buck," by clinging to its horns. He was thrown down and the animal stamped upon his face, inflicting such injuries that he was obliged to stay at St. Ann's for a period of eleven days. While still there, Dr. Symington's party arrived, and as by that time Morrow was able to travel, he and Archibald McNaughton, of the Montreal party, who had remained behind to look after his fellow-overlander, resumed the journey in their company.

Leaving St. Ann's on Saturday morning, August 2nd, they travelled over "the worst road that we have met with yet"‡ and camped, at the dinner-hour, on the banks of Sturgeon River for several hours' rest.

That night they encamped by the Lake of Many Hills. During the day they "passed a number of Stoney Indians with dogs packed with meat. A. L. Fortune had temporarily lost one of his horses and he

\* Colin Fraser had been thirty years in the country, seventeen of which he had spent at the lonely post of Jasper House. He had not seen Fort Garry for thirty years, and for fifteen years had not been farther east than Edmonton. In 1863 he told Milton and Cheadle that when he first went to Jasper caribou and mounaln-sheep were so plentiful that a green-band and a boy kept the post provisioned during the winter. ("North West Passage by Land," p. 205.) When Governor Simpson visited Fort St. James in September, 1828, Colin Fraser played him into the fort on the bagpipes.

† Thomas McMicking's narrative.

‡ R. B. McMicking's diary.

was detained at St. Ann's half a day on that account." By the Lake of Many Hills they spent Sunday and were on that day rejoined by several others of the party who had fallen behind on the previous day's march. Hunniford says that the Lake of Many Hills is 16 miles long and 10 miles wide and is fed by the Pembina River. While still encamped there, W. Sellar, of the Huntingdon party, who had been left behind at Edmonton\* to await the arrival there of the Symington party for any letters that might have reached Fort Garry for any of their number after their departure, caught up to them, bringing with him letters dated May 18th for some of their number, and a copy of the *Toronto Globe* of the 16th day of May, which "was the last intelligence we received from the outside world until we reached the end of our journey."

Taking the trail again on Monday, they had another trying day, and Hunniford complains that he "had to carry the horse's pack on my back through a swamp." The oxen kept for pack-animals proved better adapted than the horses for taking their loads through the swamps and over miry ground. Many of the travellers, to lighten the loads their pack-animals carried, abandoned superfluous tools and whatever other articles they thought they could dispense with.

The Pembina River was reached in the afternoon of Monday, August 4th, and there they camped for the night. They were greatly interested in the outcrop of coal at the crossing, the bed of the stream being composed of it and seams from 6 to 12 feet thick showing in the river-banks. With fuel so abundant they made their camp-fires of coal. A neighbouring hill, composed of coal-measures, excited their attention, for an underlying seam of coal was on fire, emitting dense columns of smoke and rendering the hillside so hot that some of the party actually believed they were standing on a volcano! Sellar goes so far as to aver that the "burning mountain" "showes signs of a very late Eruption as the lava is spread over several acres." The alleged lava was nothing but ashes. Even Thomas McMicking believed it to be a volcano and writes of the "mighty subterranean fires" caused by "terrible convulsions" in the earth crust!

Every day's march meant a higher altitude, for they were steadily ascending towards the pass by which they would cross the mountains, and the nights were chill. That night as they camped by the Pembina a heavy dew fell, and froze as it did so, hanging in glistening icicles from the foliage. Before them the river ran swiftly, 100 yards wide,

\* John Sellar says (Journal, August 3rd): "Wm. Sellar who had remained at Big Lake Settlement came in with A. McFie who had remained at St. Ann's to accompany him through what is called the long woods."



too deep to ford, too wide to bridge, and yet cross it they must. Rafts proved unsuccessful. Some of the men made their belongings into portable bundles and took them over on horseback, the water up to the horses's backs. Others tied their things in their tents and towed the huge bundles over by horses. On one side of the stream men were engaged making up these clumsy improvised "boats"; on the other side, others receiving the goods and rearranging them into packs. It was an animated scene, the river full of animals going and returning, men up to their necks in the water hanging on to the canvas "boats" as they were being hauled across. Thomas McMicking gives an entertaining account of it: "There, a bewildered equestrian was making a vain attempt to guide his steed across the stream, while his nervous friend, to whom he had given a deck passage, held him firmly in his arms, and put forth many well-directed efforts to repay his generosity by ducking them both; and yonder, another bold navigator astride an ox, sometimes in the water and sometimes out, was boxing the compass in his ineffectual endeavors to persuade his boon companion to shape his course toward sundown." Sellar gives a similar description.

That afternoon, progress was slow, as they encountered swampy ground that few of the horses or mules could take their loads over the bad spots. The oxen managed much better. That night they halted at Buffalo Dung River, which, according to Sellar, was about 35 yards wide and 4 feet deep.

On the 6th, they forded the river, "anything but a pleasant task," remarks Sellar, "as the morning was so very cold, but all got over safe."

On the 7th, poor Sellar "gave up my office to Capt Wattie. As I had spent a most miserable night from the effects of pain, of a felon in my left forefinger & which had been rather anoyse for the last three days, but had become so very painful, that I could neither sleep nor eat & therefore had to be relieved from every kind of duty . . . camped for the night after traveling 19 miles over nasty low wet country, the other companies coming in at all hours of the night, & many did not get in at all, as their animals gave up & they were obliged to camp by the way. And little wonder for I would much rather undertake to travel through such country as the Teafeld between Hintingdon & Port Lewis, than those spruce swamps."

The trail was, if anything, worse the following day. It led through an almost interminable swamp in which nearly the entire train would be mired at once, and the men were obliged to unload their animals and carry the packs to firmer ground. That morning they passed a point from which they would have obtained their first view of the Rocky

Mountains had the atmosphere not been so hazy, in consequence of which the visibility was poor and the view not seen.

On the 8th, Sellar records: "As my finger was much worse Capt Wattie still took my place with the axe in the advance. At 6<sup>20</sup> struck into a fearful slough covered with dry spruce poles about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches thick. It was the worst of any that we had meet on our journey, I have often heard tell of the slough of dispond but after this I shall be able to tell where it is. It is about 150 roods wide, the surface is a kind of open mose (moss) while beneth the mose it appears like floating tan bark & as I had to drive my horse through, I was thankful that he was the best in the crowd, As I had all that I culd do to drive myself As I was just about upon my last legs, with a fellon on my finger, & a boil upon my leg & got a slight touch of Lumbago in my back from sleeping on the wet ground."

Breaking camp shortly after 6 o'clock on Saturday (9th) morning, they plunged immediately into a swampy forest which lasted until nearly noon. They crossed "other small swamps & two running streams & on the latter a very high steep hill. On the opposite side, a little from the creek, was the grave of a wearied traveller (sheltered by Birch bark, with the inscription on a large Tamarack tree facing it) by the names of James Mockerty who died on a voyage to British Columbia, in October 1860."\* Who was this man whose solitary grave has for its only memorial a rude inscription carved with a jack-knife on the blazed trunk of a tamarack-tree? Probably one of those who left the east with the intention of making a fortune in the mines of Cariboo, but where he came from, who his companions were, and what became of them after they had committed their comrade's body to mother earth, there is no record and it is extremely doubtful whether time will ever solve the problem.

A short distance farther on they came to McLeod River, along which they proceeded for 2 or 3 miles to the fording-place. This is a considerable stream about 150 yards in width, and nearly 4 feet deep at that time, with a very strong current. Most of the men sat on top of the packs as the animals made the ford, but two of them, Willcox and Gilbert, of the Queenston party, attempted to wade on foot, and were swept off their feet by the current into deep water and were rescued with difficulty by the guide, André Cardinal, and others, who dashed after them on horseback and took them safely ashore. There they camped and spent the following day, Sunday, in much-needed rest,

\* R. R. McMicking's diary. Thomas McMicking also gives the name as Mockerty. Archibald McNaughton gave it as Doherty. Neither Alexander, Hunniford, A. L. Fortune, Sellar, nor Redgrave refer to it at all.

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and were rejoined by several stragglers who had been detained owing to the bad trail. As usual a service was held, A. L. Fortune preaching from Hebrews, chapter 11.

Sellar notes on this day: "After brackfast all parties had to open out their flour to get the Air. small parties who had fallen behind kept coming in all day, At 6 P.M. had religious exercise, After which some few halfbreeds from Jasper's House came into camp, they were out on hunt for a party of hunters who had left the House Earley in Spring & had never been heard of after."

On the morning of the 11th, Monday, the Huntingdon party was ready for the trail "& all ready to start," says Sellar, "when an objection was raised against the guide going on with us as some of the parties intended to remain for a day in order to let their cattle recruite up. This created considerable confusion for a time but was finely (finally) settled by the Guide himself, who very modestly told them he was paid as a Guide & that he would go with the first party suppose they were only two in number. At 7 A.M. got started & followed up along the North bank of the river."

At St. Albert (Big Lake) the Huntingdon party had "engaged a half-breed to pack 800 lbs for 13 days travel till our other loads would get light enough for us to take it all ourselves, & for which we paid him \$20." The time had now expired, and after supper on the evening of August 11th, "Mr. Monroe, the halfbreed whom we engaged at Big Lake to pack 4 loads through for 13 days & whose time was in. told us that he must go back Earley in the morning," records Sellar, "so the cooks prepared provisions & gave him to live on while going home. He was very much pleased & said that he did not expect anything, that he could kill game enough on the way to live. he then presented the company with a horse for their Kindness & expressed himself with regret at not being able to proceed to Carriboo with us, We then bought a Riffle, & Rubber Blankets & a Pair of black pants & Mr J. Wattie presented him with them, for a time he objected to take them but finally excepted them with gratitude. . . . he is a nephew of Mr. La Rocks (La Rocque) in Montreal. But I question if Mr La Rock is as fine a looking man, or even half as modest, polite & kind."

During the next three days the trail followed the north bank of McLeod River. At noon of the third day, Wednesday, August 13th, they obtained their first distinct view of the Rocky Mountains. distant from them about 100 miles. Their dark outline plainly visible far above the level of the horizon, and their lofty snow-clad peaks, standing out in bold relief against the blue sky beyond, and glistening in the sunlight, gave them the appearance of fleecy clouds floating in the distance.

The travellers were enraptured at the sight, for at the other side of them lay the destination they had come so far to reach. For some time past the animals had been on short rations, some of the camping-grounds affording but little feed, and on this day there was little or no pasture for them. This entry is significant: "One of our horses\* gave out today and we left her on the road."

After a long, weary drive on the 15th, they reached the Athabaska River, a beautiful stream of clear, cold water, which takes its rise in the mountains, with attractive scenery on every hand. There they camped and there, too, they met some half-breeds who were on their way from Jasper House to Fort Edmonton, and from whom they purchased some mountain-sheep which they had recently killed. They found the fresh meat very palatable. They travelled along the south bank of the river and camped on Saturday afternoon on Prairie River, a tributary of the Athabaska, where they found good pasturage and in the river some excellent trout. The entry in R. B. McMicking's diary for Sunday says: "Are all having a good rest. The day was splendid & the mountains appear beautiful. We (went) hunting and fishing for the first time under the case of necessity. Had service at 5 P.M. by Mr. Robinson which was good. Text Joshua 24 chapter & 15 verse." A week before the company had been put upon restricted rations, and now a further reduction was found advisable. "In camp all day near the mountains on a small trout stream," says Hunniford, "the scenery beautiful. Day splendid. Was cut down in provisions today again, provisions getting very low, preaching in the evening, shooting and fishing all day." As yet they could not afford to sacrifice the pack-animals; better far to submit to short commons for a season.

One day's drive from that camp took them to the mountains, at the foot of which they pitched their tents on the evening of Monday, 18th. Thomas McMicking rhapsodizes over the prospect. "If it be true," he writes, "that 'wherever there is a vastness, there dwells sublimity,' we were presented with a view at once sublimely grand and overpowering. On our left, immediately overlooking our camping ground, a stupendous pile of rocks rose perpendicularly to the height of about one thousand feet; across the Athabasca, and directly opposite to this, Mount Lacombe reared its rocky head to a still greater elevation, and behind us, Mount Mayette, with its cold and craggy cliffs, crowned with eternal snows, towered proudly far above the whole. Two of our company ascended the rock on the left of our camp, and when they reached the top they were scarcely discernible; they appeared like pigmies and

\* Sellar says a mule. It had been injured in the leg "with a pick which was carelessly in the bottom of the saddle bags."

their loudest shouting was scarcely audible to the rest of us at the bottom." Even Sellar, part dreamer, but mainly materialist, says: "After traveling 22 miles of very heavy traveling. We pitched our Tents at the foot of Mount Mayett, which towers some 8000 feet above the level of the water in the river at its base. The sceanery around the camp was delightful, though no person could help feeling more or less awe over them, when they realized the fact that they were standing in a mear chasm, while the rocks on either side towered thousands of feet above & appeared as if they hung by a mear thread. which at any moment might break, & we be buried in oblivion."

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

THE McMICKING PARTY (CONTINUED)—A DANGEROUS TRAIL—THE ATHABASKA—JASPER HOUSE—MORE FISTICUFFS—OLD HENRY HOUSE—THE MIETTE—YELLOWHEAD PASS—BRITISH COLUMBIA—FOOD SHORTAGE—A DAINTY DISH—TETE JAUNE CACHE—VIANDS APLENTY.

The following day, Tuesday, 19th, after a night disturbed by a terrific thunder-storm, the march was resumed. "We followed allong the river in the Pass for a little better than a mile when we came to the old crossing to Jasper House," says Sellar. "Here the Guide called a general meeting of the company to see which side of the river they wished to follow as there was great & grand obstacles on both sides." They decided "that the South side would be the safest . . . & at 7 A.M. commenced to proceed up the mountain." This was one of the most dangerous portions of the trail, which ascended steeply over a high shoulder of the mountain which towered to a great height above them.

"Near the top," says Thomas McMicking, describing this part of the trail, "consisted of a very narrow pathway, with a perpendicular wall of rocks on one side and a steep declivity down to the edge of a precipice several hundred feet high on the other. Here a single blunder, one false step for either man or beast, and no human power could save him from instant destruction." From the top they could see Jasper House,\* "a perfect picture of loneliness and solitude, away below us in the valley on the opposite, or north side of the Athabasca river." This danger spot was not passed without mishap. Sellar records that "all got along well till we were up about 1400 feet, when the horse that H. Blachford (had) missed a foot . . . canted end over end about 400 feet down packs & all when he landed against a tress," from which position the animal was with difficulty extricated. The Wattie brothers did not fare so well. Two of their horses went over the precipice and were lost. The others passed over the trail in safety.

A. L. Fortune was much impressed with the view obtained from this mountain trail and exclaims: "Oh, for the pen of a ready writer! My powers fail me! I am lost in wonder! No pen picture is equal to satisfy or do the least justice to describe the wonderful amphitheatre

\* Jasper House was on the west side of Brule Lake. The exact date of its establishment is uncertain; not until after 1800, however.



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before us as we rested for a while on the high ground. The scene is a reminder of Afton Water." Everywhere ran numerous trails worn by the mountain-sheep, and, having climbed the hill, the travellers, like the bighorn, descended again, camping for dinner at Whitefish Lake. Around them several peaks reared their lofty crests; to these they refer as Russian Jack, Black Mountain, and Smith's Peak.

They passed Jasper House at midday. It was then vacant and not in regular use, although in former times it had been a station of some importance. It was a neat, whitewashed house, enclosed within the customary palisade, and around it everywhere a luxuriant profusion of wild flowers. That night the travellers camped on a flat near the Athabaska.

Early on the morning of Wednesday, August 20th, they reached the Athabaska Crossing. The river at that point was 100 yards wide and 15 to 20 feet deep. They crossed on rafts and swam the stock. Some prospecting was done by members of the party who had been in California and who expressed the opinion that the gravels would yield three or four dollars a day.

Two of Brocklebank's party (Waterloo) had a dispute over a question concerning food. Words led to blows and a stand-up fight\* resulted, but the quarrel had no lasting effects; they soon became reconciled and were on friendly terms the remainder of the journey. When they camped that night the musical members of the company entertained their companions with an *al fresco* concert. "The singing and instrumental sounds would surely be new and a surprise to the wild beasts and mountain sheep if in hearing."†

As they continued along the trail the following morning their guide called their attention to a square heap of mouldering, rotten logs, with brush growing on and around them. "That," said he, "is old Henry House." A few mute remains of an old trading-post built in 1810,‡ a haven of refuge that sheltered many a weary hunter and fur-trader. Near Henry's House the Miette River flows into the Athabaska, and at that point the Overlanders left the latter stream to follow its tributary. During the day's march they crossed the Miette no fewer than seven times in the short space of two hours. The Miette is a mountain torrent that rushes down a rocky gorge with irresistible impetuosity, making the fording of the tumultuous current both difficult and dangerous. They were now engaged within the Tête Jaune Pass, passing through the very heart of the Rocky Mountains. They realized that a

\* Hanniford's diary. † A. L. Fortune's MS. narrative.

‡ Built by William Henry, cousin of Alexander Henry. William left the west about 1821 and went to Montreal and later to Newmarket, Ontario, and practised as a surveyor. He died about 1864.

few more days of hardship and toil and they would reach the Cache, to which they looked forward as a promised land.

Again the next day saw them crossing and recrossing the Miette many times, and then at 4 o'clock in the afternoon they crossed the height of land separating the eastern and western watersheds, and entered British Columbia. That night they camped on the shore of Cow-dung Lake, a pretty sheet of water overlooked by several high mountain-peaks capped with snow.

When they set out from Fort Garry they had expected to reach Cariboo in two months, and provided themselves with what they thought a sufficient quantity of provisions—168 lb. of flour and 50 lb. of pemmican, besides other things, to the man. They had now been three months on the way, were yet only in the middle of the mountains, and the stock of food so low that for some time they had been on short allowance. Then came the end of the pemmican. The Queenston party killed an ox, and as they had little salt, they cut the beef into thin strips and dried it over the fire. The Schuberts killed a horse; others shot squirrels and small birds to eke out their scanty provisions. Hunniford says regretfully that on the 23rd he "had no dinner in consequence of getting ahead of my mess"; then, he rejoices jubilantly, "enjoyed the fresh beef" at supper-time. One of them shot a porcupine and A. L. Fortune "thought the tail good eating." Thomas McMicking, however, discovered the *bonne-bouche* in the flesh of an animal not eagerly sought after even by gourmets. For the first time since setting out on the journey they travelled on Sunday, 24th, but for cause, to find pasturage for their stock, camping at the western end of Moose Lake.\* "We dined this day," he says, "upon a dish so delicate and rare that it might have tempted the palate of Epicurus himself; so nice, indeed, was it, that I have some little hesitation in naming it, lest we might be censured for living too luxuriously by the way. It was a *roasted skunk*, which our guide prepared and served up to us in true Indian style. After we had finished our repast, which all appeared to relish, we wondered that we had not discovered its good qualities sooner, and unanimously resolved, that his skunkship had been a slandered and much abused individual."

The pasturage was poor, the trail over swampy land, or so strewn with rocks and boulders that the animals suffered terribly in their feet. and they were glad indeed when a short drive on Monday (25th) morning took them to good pasture where they let the hungry animals feed for three hours. During the day they found vast quantities of

\* Moose Lake is 10 miles long; extreme width, 2 miles.

huckleberries of extraordinary size. Next afternoon (26th) they passed a dangerous spot very much like that opposite Jasper House on the Athabaska. They did not venture to drive their horses across it loaded, but unpacked them and carried the loads over on their own shoulders. This place is described by Milton and Cheadle as a "lofty cliff of crumbling slate"\* with a path "only a few inches in width, barely affording footing for horses,"† over which they led their horses one by one. "The path was so narrow and dangerous that we gave it the name of Mahomet's Bridge."‡ This trail ascends to an elevation of "more than nine hundred feet above the river."§

During the afternoon they crossed a number of mountain torrents, adding their icy waters to the Fraser, which had now become a large stream, and that night they camped in a kind of amphitheatre in the woods surrounded on all sides with lofty snow-capped peaks. But, alas! there was not a mouthful of feed for their stock, excepting what they browsed from the trees. The long drives they had been compelled to make over difficult trails and without sufficient feed was daily wearing down the poor animals; they were failing rapidly and it was evident that they could not much longer endure such harsh treatment. Fortunately, for some of them at least, respite was at hand. The travellers were aroused early on Wednesday (27th) morning by the guide shouting through the camp, "Hurrah, for Tête Jaune Cache!" and they then learned that, if no misfortune befell, they would reach that point some time during the day, an announcement that inspired the company with new hope and encouragement and was received by them with unaffected enthusiasm.

Sellar has his own way of spelling proper names. "Tate Joan Casse," however, is not difficult to identify. In his journal under this date he records a disaster to part of the Huntingdon outfit: "At 11.30 set off for the Cass," he writes, "as the traveling was very good we got on well till 3 P.M. when the horse carrying our cooking utensils & all the dishes & china Plates got tired of life & ran over the bank into the Fraser & was drowned sinking with all his cargo. & was washed up onto a sand bar about a mile below with nothing upon him except his saddle & another riding saddle which was lashed on to his pack one."

At 4 o'clock that afternoon the guide's prediction was fulfilled, and they were delighted with a view of the welcome and long-looked-for spot. They had reached the end of the third and the beginning of the fourth stage of their journey.

\* "North West Passage by Land," 3rd ed., p. 256.

† *Id.* † *Id.*

‡ Geological Survey of Canada, Report, 1871-72. A. R. C. Selwyn, p. 42.

By the time they reached the Cache their stock of provisions was nearly exhausted. Some parties were entirely out of flour and were subsisting solely upon beef without salt. They were doubly glad, therefore, upon arriving at this haven, to see a camp of Shuswap Indians upon the opposite bank of the Fraser. The Indians were salmon-fishing and berry-picking, both of which commodities they dried, making the fruit—huckleberries and service-berries—into dried cakes; but upon seeing the new arrivals they soon came over with a supply of each, disposing of their wares by barter for ammunition, articles of clothing, needles and thread, or whatever else might take their fancy. From the same source some of the men obtained dried skunk-meat, dried mutton of the mountain-sheep, and some tallow. The Huntingdon party purchased one salmon that provided dinner, supper, and breakfast for seventeen men. To the weary travellers, who had for several weeks been on short commons, these freshly caught salmon, each weighing from 25 to 30 lb., were delicious; they had long passed the point of fastidiousness over food. What mattered it to them that these fish were spent with their long swim from the sea, battered and bruised in their passage through narrow canyons and over shallow, boulder-strewn bars! For such trifles they cared nothing, but devoured the luxury with thankfulness and good appetite.





A. O. HANCOCK.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

WITH THE REDGRAVE COMPANY—ANDREW FLETCHER—A BALL AT FORT EDMONTON—THE PARTING OF THE WAYS—EXIT TIMOLEON LOVE—THE SASKATCHEWAN GOLD-MINERS—TRADING AT ST. ANN'S—REPREHENSIBLE CONDUCT OF GUIDE—DINING ON CROW—ARRIVAL AT THE CACHE.

On July 29th the McMicking overland party left Fort Edmonton for Tête Jaune Cache. On August 8th the Love-Whiteford-Redgrave party entered it. "We did not see the use of delay," remarks Alexander, "so crossed our carts this afternoon. We have taken a young fellow from Montreal called Fletcher, with us, as he was left by his partner, McNaughton." This was Andrew Fletcher. No reference is made to his being left behind at Edmonton in any of the sources of information on the doings of the McMicking company, but this omission is not so remarkable as would at first sight appear. It must be remembered that the diarists and narrators restricted their observations, in the main, to the narrow confines of their own group and a few intimates outside it. Why this man was left behind, whether for sickness or some other reason, is unrecorded. None of the diarists mention Morrow having been so badly injured at St. Ann that he was obliged to remain there for eleven days, and yet the less momentous fact that Sellar, who had stayed at Edmonton until the next party arrived, overtook them at St. Ann, bringing with him some letters carried by the Symington brigade, is made special mention of!

"We had a ball in the large room of the Fort on the night of our arrival, the ladies were the half-breeds' wives of the men of the fort, and the dances were all reels, etc., danced with great spirit. When you wanted a partner you never spoke (of course that would have been no use) but you touched any of the women and walked off to your place and presently the partner chosen would walk up to your side; after the dance the gentleman walked to his seat and the lady to hers," wrote Alexander to his home folk, and in his diary he refers to the event in the brief sentence, "We had some good fun scraping it with the half breed girls." One can almost hear the fiddle—the word "violin" was practically unknown in those days; they were all fiddles—and the tapping of the heel or toe of the player to mark the time as he cut all manner of capers, slurs, and grace-notes, with which he embellished the most simple tune! The men as well as the girls and

women at the forts were always keen on the dance and eagerly seized upon any and every pretext for having one.

Only those bound for Cariboo crossed their goods and camped near the fort. The others, those who intended accompanying Love to Bow River, whither he had decided to lead his party, remained on the south bank. Exchanging their carts for saddles and packs, they sold their surplus goods by auction, went over to the opposite camp to bid good-bye to Harry Hamilton, Love, and the rest of their late companions on the trail, and on the afternoon of August 12th began their march to Tête Jaune Cache, their party now numbering twenty-five. If, as Turner declares, the party numbered between sixty and seventy when they reached Edmonton, at least, thirty-five must have stopped over to go with Love, and as twenty-five of the McMicking company had remained at Edmonton for the same purpose, the Saskatchewan gold-miners formed quite a formidable array.

From Edmonton westward, by the route they had chosen, there was but the one trail to follow. Redgrave thus describes the beginning of this part of the journey: "Tuesday, August 12th. Weather still beautiful, trading all extra clothes, all but what I stand upright in must go. At 11 a.m. started with a pack on my Back for Jasper House which is in the mountains. Another & myself had an ox packed with our provisions, the ox not being used to pack commenced kicking & playing up fearfully, first one strap & then another breaking, plates knives & forks fly\* in the air, flour spilling on the ground, ox running away frightened to death. . . . however we tried again & kept the pack on, only sometimes the old brute would fling it off but we managed to get thro to the Mission." On the 13th he records: "It took two men and a boy this time to put the pack on our ox, the brute seems worse than ever & as much afraid of two leather bags hanging over his back as I am with 50lb weight on my shoulders, if he was in the same mind as I am he would kick it to Honkong for me, however he must not be the Judge. What with a good kick and Jump right about face, & a butt at me, we managed to bid good bye to the Mission & get a little further on our road, picking up now and then cooking utensils which the old ox caused to be ejected from out their leather houses, encamped for Dinner besides good water & grass. & proceeded on our way again, Scene the second, was then enacted by the aforesaid ox which kept the company in roars of laughter—talk about Richard the 3rd or Hamlets ghost it was nothing to this, the scene was so novel & genuine and what was better, free of expence."

On the 15th they arrived at St. Ann's and there they remained until the following Monday, 18th, trading with the people of the settlement



and arranging for a guide to take them through the Pass to the Cache; Redgrave says he was to receive "\$60 & we were to feed him." "Here are plenty of Indians & half breeds," says the same diarist, "& it is here we shall do our last trading with the Natives, as for myself I am so tired with my pack that I shall either sell or throw everything away, not only have I a pack on my back but with one hand I have to lead the poor old Devil of an ox and in the other I have got a large shovel (which Pat calls a praty shovel) and a large kettle for cooking on the end of it, but pack spade & kettle may go to Honkong before I carry them again."

Alexander notes under date of Saturday, 16th: "Did not move today as most of the parties wished to trade off some of their stuff as their loads were too heavy. . . . We had quite a dinner. White Fish, which we gave a cotton handkerchief for, and some potatoes, while we gave another for butter, milk, bread, etc. A brisk trade kept up all day for shirts, pants of leather and moccasins, a pair of which I got for three needles and a skein of thread and two rows of pins."

On Sunday, 17th, some of the party attended the Roman Catholic church service. Redgrave was much affected by the sound of the bells ringing. He says: "Awoke early by a beautiful sound of a church Bell calling the settlers forth to their devotions . . . it made me think of those our friends many many miles away & the happy moments spent with them . . . little did I think that such charming sounds could come from an old bell."

Leaving St. Ann's on the 18th at 10 in the forenoon, they experienced all the labour and inconvenience incidental to travelling on a wretched apology for a trail, enduring much the same hardships and suffering similar troubles and difficulties as had those preceding them. There was little or no attempt at discipline. Every little group or coterie seemed to proceed or rest at will. Some of the party were not at all satisfied with the guide they had engaged at St. Ann's, and some dissatisfaction was felt also at the slow rate of progress made. Redgrave says of the guide: "He had left us to get thro the mud & bad roads for the last three days as best we could whilst he & some of his friends had gone up the river . . . in the morning he was nearly the last one to rise altho it took him twice as long to eat his breakfast as anyone else."

The same chronicler records that on account of the delay in reaching the Fraser River some of them decided to cut adrift from the party, abandon their outfits, and, with packs on their backs, push forward as rapidly as possible. He says (August 20th): "Mr. Ellis of Toronto, a good kind young fellow, who had not only been my travelling com-

panion all along but who had extended to me much kindness from the beginning of our Journey, that I was quite resolved he should not travel alone . . . but as he was determined to go ahead & abandon his ox, myself & two others (one named Jones and a determined little fellow he was) made up the party, we each took about 15 lb flour & some dried Buffalo meat (pemmican), after baking our bread and staying a few hours at the river, we crossed the same with our blankets frying pan axe drinking cups & kettle & proceeded onwards . . . to the frazer & there make our canoes." They had a hard day's travel and when night fell they had failed to overtake the main body. They spent a most wretched night, and, having no tent, huddled together for warmth as they lay on the ground. Rising at 4 next morning, they caught up with the others while they were at breakfast and were so warmly welcomed by them, and so discouraged by their short experience as an independent company, that they threw their resolution to the wind and once more cast in their lot with their companions. Alexander refers to this reconciliation thus (August 21st): "The fellows who stayed behind to make their arrangements came in today and concluded not to go on." The incident, however, appears to have stirred the party to greater activity.

Sellar has told how certain members of the Huntingdon party and others had been deputed to clear the trail ahead of the large company under Thomas McMicking. Redgrave pays tribute to the excellence of their work: "The Huntingdon party who had preceded us made it better for us in getting over these fallen trees, poor fellows, theirs was a task indeed & I am informed that a party of them every morning went ahead with axe in hand to make this clearance, as without it the track would have been impassable . . . and I frankly admit that had we not such persevering industrious young fellows . . . we should never have got thro many places."

Before leaving the Pembina River Redgrave did a little prospecting and "found gold. I believe also there are plenty of precious stones &c in the river," and he describes the coal-seams as "enough for all England for a thousand years."

On Sunday, August 24th, Alexander and his associates camped all day on the banks of a beautiful little stream, which provided them with speckled trout, and he notes: "Jocelyn and his party went on today, and Redgrave and Hind and Jock had gone on last night." Unfortunately there is no further reference to this movement, but it may be inferred that some of the men were restive and preferred to go on rather than delay even for the Sunday day of rest. A few days later Alf Handcock was taken ill and Fletcher and Alexander stayed with

him until he was able to go on. The delay was short, for they overtook the main body at noon next day. On Sunday, the last day of August, an entry in Alexander's diary, a most excellent record of the journey, informs us that "All the Company have gone on today except ourselves as we have objected to travel today. Spent a good while this morning hunting up Alf's horse as the infernal brute wanders off at every opportunity. Busy getting ready to start off as I am to go off for our party to make canoes at Tete Jaune Cache. Had service. The mountains look splendid; there is one just looks like Edinburgh Castle."

The following day several of the company narrowly escaped drowning while crossing the Athabaska River, which was swollen by heavy rains. A few days later, September 4th, the guide and five others, Burgess, Thompson, Leader, and Alexander, were sent on ahead to prepare canoes at the Cache. They found the Miette River so high that they could not cross and had some hard scrambling and climbing to make headway, so that Alexander, who was not given to complaining, remarks: "anything we have seen is about child's play to this." One day the stream would be knee-deep, and in a few hours, after a heavy rain, it might be breast-high and bitterly cold, being practically ice-water due to the melting of the snow by the rain. This advance party went afoot, each man carrying his blankets and kit on his back, no easy task, which leads Alexander to say cheerfully as was his wont: "Packing is pretty hard work but I am getting used to it."

On Sunday, September 7th, they reached Cow-dung Lake, passed along its shore, and reached the Fraser. There was no resting in camp this day, it being considered imperative that they should hasten forward without delay, but they reckoned without their host. The next day, everything soaking wet and every man wet to the skin by torrents of rain that descended during the night, they essayed to continue their journey, but soon found progress barred by a raging stream. They had made camp, at the instigation of their guide, the night before just as it was getting dark, on what was thought to be the far bank of a rapid stream they had just crossed, but daylight showed that they were on an island, and the river had risen so high during the night that they could not safely cross it. The water was too broken for a raft and there seemed nothing for it but to wait until the flood subsided. However, Joe, the guide, with the assistance of a stout pole, managed to make the crossing and to return, telling them they could not do it. Then happened one of the strangest things recorded on the entire journey by this or any other company. Burgess bribed the guide to carry him and his pack across on his back, which was done, and the pair went off, leaving the others to follow or remain. Alexander and Thompson

stripped, tied their packs and clothing on their shoulders, and tried to make the crossing, but were nearly swept off their feet and it was all they could do to get back to shore again. "My Companion in the attempt," says Alexander, "was rather an old man; he fastened his pants (breeches) on the top of his knapsack (all his money being in the pockets) but as ill luck would have it the pants got loosened and fell off the knapsack into the water, causing the old fellow to run down the shore after them in a dreadful state, when fortunately a small twig caught them and they were recovered. We had to stay here expecting the water to fall next morning, which it did, but the old man with getting heated with his race and then chilled with the ice-cold water, was quite ill, in fact he was raving during the night, consequently we could not abandon him, therefore concluded to wait till the brigade came up, as we expected them in a day. In this we were disappointed as they did not come for four days."

Already short of provisions, they had to economize with their scant store, and the history of the next few days is best told by quoting several days' entries from Alexander's diary.

"Tuesday September 9th. We have to economise now; all we have had since Sunday is about a pint of soup made of Pemman per day for a man, and a Carrion Crow which Jones shot today, that divided among four of us. I thought it tasted remarkably good eating.

"Wednesday, September 10th. Still no sign of the Company. We are all beginning to feel very weak. If they don't come up soon it will be very serious work for us. Took our last meal this morning, hardly a tea cup full of thin soup made with a bit of beef\* about the size of your hand, a thin piece of cake† about the same size. Leader is very bad. We lie about the fire and smoke nearly all day, passing the pipe from one to the other, and, strange to say, I find the talk among men nearly starving is what they would like if they were at home. I don't feel it as much as the others, though I do feel shaky on my pins. Jones tried to shoot the dog today as it was our only hope but he just wounded him slightly on the head and he ran off and hid.

"Thursday, September 11th. Well, nothing to eat this morning; a whole day with nothing to eat. Philip‡ went out this morning and shot two small Red Squirrels, just enough to keep life in and he was skinning them, when, thank God, we heard the voices of our jolly fellows. They camped at once and a good deal of indignation was felt at the guide, who would hardly have been safe in these hands at that time. After a plentiful dinner, we proceeded and camped on the shores of Moose Lake—a widening of the Fraser River."

\* Pemman.

† Bannock.

‡ Philip Leader.

As though sensing that his life was no longer in danger, perhaps drawn out of his hiding-place by the savory smell of cooking meat, the dog reappeared with only a slight scar across his nose to tell of his narrow escape from the pot. Some of the half-starved men ate too freely and were more or less ill for the indulgence, Alexander among them. When the supply of meat ran low they killed another ox, a practical demonstration of the wisdom of carrying their beef-supply on the hoof.

Alexander had to abandon his horse, which gave out, and to make matters worse one of the party had failed to make camp on the night of the 14th. Carpenter and Fletcher went back to look for him, fearing he had come to grief, and Alexander had not only to drive Carpenter's horse but to carry a load on his back as well, the loss of horses and the killing of oxen so reducing the number of pack-animals that those remaining were overloaded. Then, says the chronicler, "Beelzebub got stuck fast in a mudhole, so after working for a long while with him, I shot him and left the pack till I could return for it."

Jocelyn and Ellis arrived at the Cache on the 15th and found Burgess and the guide Joe already there. The Handcocks also reached there on the 15th. Alexander did not get in until the morning of the 16th, and later in the day Carpenter and Fletcher arrived with the man they had turned back after, Holloway, who had hurt his back and had not been able to travel for a day.

The building of canoes with which to go down the Fraser was taken in hand immediately, and while they are thus engaged it will be opportune to follow the fortunes of the McMicking party from this point.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

TÊTE JAUNE CACHE—THE McMICKING BRIGADE DIVIDES—RAFTS AND CANOES AND JERKED BEEF—THE NORTH THOMPSON ROUTE—THE ALBEREDA AND NORTH THOMPSON RIVERS—A DIFFICULT TRAIL—"TONGUES IN TREES"—SLAUGHTER CAMP—RAFTING DOWN THE NORTH THOMPSON—DROWNING OF STACHAN—MEETING WITH MINERS—STARVATION—RAVAGES OF SMALLPOX—ARRIVAL AT FORT KAMLOOPS—LOSS OF PENWARDEN.

At Tête Jaune Cache an extensive plain lies to the south of the Fraser, affording good pasturage, and on the north side an open valley was found by the leading party of Overlanders to furnish abundant feed for all their stock during their stay there. They were thus relieved of anxiety on that score, but the problem now facing them was, which route to take in order to reach Cariboo? They knew that the Hudson's Bay Company's men had used the Fraser route between the Cache and Fort George; they had learned a little of the river itself from Timoleon Love and his partner, Clover, but that was all, and it was little enough; too little. Their excellent guide, who had brought them through the pass with the loss of only a few animals, every one of the 125 men unscathed although somewhat lean about the loins, knew nothing of the country beyond that place.

In their agreement with André Cardinal, as has already been stated, it was stipulated that if he could find a Shuswap Indian at the Cache who was acquainted with the trail into Cariboo, he was to hire him as guide and himself accompany the party as interpreter. But the few Indians they found there knew nothing of any trail in that direction, nor did they appear to know of Cariboo itself. That was far out of their own country. They were in the habit of hunting in the direction of the Columbia and North Thompson Rivers, and of fishing for a short distance down the Fraser, which they represented as a very dangerous stream, but beyond those limits they knew absolutely nothing. Formerly this detachment of the Shuswap tribe had traded at Jasper House, or Henry House, and had not had occasion to go down the river to Fort George. The travellers, therefore, were left to rely upon their own judgment as to what course to pursue.

After much consideration, a careful review of their situation, and the probable difficulties they might have to face, they decided to split into two parties. The smaller would take the horses across the country to the south, towards the headwaters of the North Thompson River, to



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Cariboo or Kamloops. The larger party would build rafts and, taking a few cattle with them to ensure them against starvation on the way, float down the Fraser to Quesnel. No time was lost. Work on the rafts was commenced the day after their arrival at the Cache, each party making its own. This meant hard work, but their muscles were attuned to it after their past experiences and the work went on apace. Now, perhaps more than ever, they realized the wisdom of bringing the cattle along with them. Little or no flour, fish and berries, were not enough for these hungry, half-starved men, so one by one, according to the needs of the several groups, they killed some of the oxen, but even then they were not allowed to gourmandize. Hunniford says: "was cut down our provisions today again." "Euphram Harper Paid \$20.00 for 20 lbs of flour from Fortune," and "Big Smith gave his horse today for 20 lbs of flour."

While some made rafts, a few others made canoes, "dug-outs," fashioned by hollowing out large cottonwood logs. Among these latter were Messrs. Douglas, Robertson, and Warren, of Goderich, who made two canoes in this way and lashed them together, and Messrs. McKenzie, Carroll, and Patterson, of Toronto, who made a larger canoe. Still another party, whose names are not recorded, collected several green hides, stitched them together, and stretched them over a stoutly built boat-frame, a serviceable, water-tight boat being thus simply provided. Several others made canoes and some of the rafts were equipped with one or more. The average size of the rafts was 40 feet long by 20 feet broad. The Huntingdon party made two rafts and fastened them together, end to end, the whole measuring 85 feet in length by 22 feet wide. As each group prepared its raft, or other craft, they embarked and pushed off, those with the rafts taking some of the stock with them, the remainder being given into the care of those who were going to follow the North Thompson Valley.

These preparations and events brought a complete change in the conduct of the company. Each group, each individual member if so disposed, was at liberty to proceed independently of the others. Groups were broken up, new alliances made, and leadership became altered and divided. An entry in R. B. McMicking's diary throws some light on the situation: "Monday September 1st. We had little to do to the Raft this morning but load up & settle business. Four of our men concluded to go overland the rest of the way to Cariboo with the animals, we therefore thought it proper to disband the company at this point & therefore had a meeting to that effect this morning."

The preparations of those who volunteered to take the stock across country to either Cariboo, or Kamloops where it was believed they

could be wintered to advantage, were soon made. and when, on September 1st, the descent of the Fraser by raft and canoe was begun, the Thompson River party bade their friends God-speed, and, with their charges, horses and oxen, crossed over to the south side of the river, where they camped for the night.

The Thompson party consisted of thirty-six persons, including Archibald Thompson, John Fannin, I. D. Putnam, and William Fortune, of the Queenston group; Reid, of the Huntingdon party, and Strachan, of London; four St. Thomas men—Andrew Hales, R. P. Mead, Frank Penwarden, and DeWitt; August Schubert, Mrs. Schubert, and their three children; Daniel McAlpine, of St. Paul; and — Hugill; the names of the remainder of the party have not come to light. The stock numbered 130 head, horses and cattle.

The four St. Thomas men just named, Hales, Mead, Penwarden, and DeWitt, however, did not cross the Fraser and camp on the south side in company with those who were to be their associates on the journey to the Thompson. They had gone on a prospecting-trip down the Fraser, and when, not finding much encouragement, they returned to the Cache to join their party, they found they had already set out, taking with them 100 of the animals and leaving thirty head for the St. Thomas men to drive.

On Tuesday, September 2nd, with one of the Shuswap Indians as guide and André Cardinal as interpreter, the main body of the Thompson party, thirty-two in number, with 100 head of cattle and horses, broke up their camp and resolutely began their doubtful, wearisome, and perilous adventure southwards. With their outfits packed on the backs of the most tractable of their pack-horses, and driving the other animals before them, they followed for two days a fairly well-defined trail, skirting the shores of Cranberry Lake and crossing Canoe River, which latter they found at a low stage of water and only about 200 feet wide. Then the trail became indistinct, and as the Shuswap said he could guide them no farther, they sent him back to the Cache and entrusted themselves entirely to André Cardinal, who had proved himself to be a most faithful and intelligent guide. Being under the necessity of cutting a trail through the dense forest to afford passage for their stock, their progress was extremely slow, averaging only 5 or 6 miles a day.

Crossing the height of land that separates the Canoe River and North Thompson River watersheds, they reached Albreda Lake and followed the southerly-trending Albreda River, alongside of which the Canadian National Railway now runs en route to Vancouver. Shortly before reaching the confluence of the Albreda with the North Thomp-

son proper, André Cardinal left them. He and they equally realized that he could render them no further service. They knew as much about the country they were in as he did; none of them had ever been there before. They were resourceful, capable men, and could easily dispense with his services. With mutual expressions of good-will on both sides, he wheeled about and set his face towards the Cache. On a tree, specially blazed for the purpose, an unknown hand inscribed the legend that at that place André Cardinal turned back to return to Edmonton. Milton and Cheadle\* found the inscription on July 25th, 1863, and when Mr. Selwyn, of the Canadian Geological Survey, passed up that way on October 5th, 1871, the inscription was still legible, and on an adjacent tree he left a record of his own visit to that spot.†

Arrived at the confluence of the two streams, an attempt was made to make a trail up the north fork, as though they intended to make an effort to reach Cariboo that way, but they soon abandoned the project and resumed their way southward, making a trail on the west side of the North Thompson River. The route was fraught with difficulty and danger. Obstacles impeded their progress at every turn, and only those who have had experience in cutting new trails through mountainous, broken, and heavily timbered districts can have any conception of the labour and hardship entailed. Progress was so slow, the toil of trail-making so arduous, that they began to despair of reaching Kamloops before winter overtook them if they persisted in trying to continue the journey by land, and finally they decided to abandon the attempt, and resolved to prosecute the voyage by river. With this intention they went into camp at a spot they thought suitable for their purpose and began the construction of several rafts and canoes. While some were thus engaged, others slaughtered the cattle and converted the flesh into jerked beef. Again some one with the gift of a knowledge of the fitness of things, perhaps he who had found "Tongues in trees," to record the return of André Cardinal, wrote in pencil on a blazed tree the words "Slaughter Camp." Milton and Cheadle‡ read the inscription in the following July, and there found also numerous traces of their precursors in the shape of huge piles of chips and fragments of logs—the refuse of their raft-making, great cedars felled on every side, pack-saddles and harness strewn everywhere. It is noteworthy that the impediments that had proved an insurmountable barrier to the further land progress of the Overlanders did not deter Milton and

\* "North West Passage by Land," 3rd ed., p. 276.

† Selwyn's Report, 1871, p. 36.

‡ *Op. cit.*, 3rd ed., p. 282.

Cheadle, in 1863, who laboriously cut their way, with one small hand-axe as the only instrument, through what appeared to be an impenetrable forest, and successfully completed the journey to Kamloops wholly by land.

Meanwhile the four St. Thomas men, having returned to the Cache only to discover their comrades had already left there, prepared to follow them, and, on September 11th, with the thirty animals left for them to take charge of, they, too, turned their backs upon the Fraser and took the trail for the Thompson Valley. On the third day they left the Indian trail and entered upon that cut by the advance and main party and near Albreda Lake they encountered André Cardinal on his way back to Edmonton. On September 18th the rear party of four overtook the main body at Slaughter Camp "and found them killing their cattle and making them into jerked beef, having determined to abandon their horses; they were entirely out of provisions and had been living for some days on jerked beef without salt."\* For the first time the Thompson River party was united in one camp. They were only 60 miles from Tête Jaune Cache. It had taken the main body seventeen days' and the St. Thomas party seven days' travel to cover that distance!

Embarked on rafts and in canoes, the travellers, abandoning most of the horses, made slow progress down-stream, the channel being frequently obstructed by tangled heaps of driftwood through which they were obliged to chop a passage. Although each party moved independently, they all appear to have departed from Slaughter Camp about September 22nd, which is the precise date upon which the St. Thomas party embarked upon the raft they had made during the four days' sojourn at that camp.

A party of seven men, among whom were Archibald Thompson, John Fannin, William Fortune, Strachan, and Hugill, built two rafts. Upon one they placed seven horses and one ox, with four men to manage it, Thompson, Fannin, and Strachan being three of that quartette. Three men were placed in charge of the second raft, which contained such articles of their outfits as had survived thus far on the journey, and whatever they had in the way of eatables. What happened this party is told by Archibald Thompson in a letter written from Victoria, Vancouver Island, on December 7th, 1862, to his brothers and sisters at Stamford, in far-away Ontario: "We ran down two days when we ran into a snag in the river with our raft, the other raft out of sight so that I put the horses off in the river and let them swim

\* *Toronto Globe*, December 9th, 1862; Victoria, B.C., dispatch.



ANDREW  
FLETCHER.

GEORGE C.  
TUNSTALL.

ARCHIE  
MCNAUGHTON.



ashore, and tried to get the raft off but could not, so we tied it up and went down the river by land two miles but could not find the boys, so we built a fire and laid down in the bush without any blankets and it rained all night. We had nothing to eat since breakfast. We stayed there till noon next day and nobody came to our assistance so we went back to the raft and we were pretty hungry by this time. We had a dog with us and we were going to kill him. I said we would go and hunt up the horses and if we could get the raft off easy we would not kill the dog. We got it off, and down the river we went till we overtook the boys, it being dark. We were two days and one night without anything to eat and when we did get our supper it was beef without any bread or salt." Next morning they resumed the voyage and the same raft soon got into trouble again. Before the travellers realized their danger they ran into the Murchison Rapids and were carried against the shore. Two of the men jumped out and tried to hold the raft, but the force of the current dragged it out of their grasp and it went careering down the tumult of waters quite out of control, finally crashing into a rock in midstream, precipitating the horses into the water. Thompson and Fannin, the only ones left on the raft, jumped on the rock, while the raft, lightened of its load, was borne away in triumph by the raging current. Strachan, of the London party, was drowned in this catastrophe. The two men marooned on the rock were ultimately rescued from their perilous position by Andrew Hales and McAlpine in a canoe.

These formidable rapids extend for a considerable distance, entailing a portage of 9 miles to pass the worst portion. It is near the southern extremity that they attain the acme of their power. There the banks of the river converge, contracting the impetuous stream until it is enclosed between two perpendicular walls of solid rock of great height and about 50 feet apart, and through this confined space the river rushes with tremendous velocity, makes an abrupt turn almost at a right angle, dashes itself into foam and swirling eddies, and suddenly emerges into a more open space below. This is the *Porte d'Enfer* of Milton and Cheadle, more commonly known as *Hell Gate* or *Mouth of Hell*, a more appalling death-trap than the canyon of the same name on the Fraser River above Yale.

The inclemency of the weather at that time added to their discomfort. For several days it rained and snowed alternately and the task of carrying their goods over the 9-mile portage was far from an agreeable one. The trail went through a very rough piece of country and DeWitt states that it took them three days to convey their things over it to smooth water below the rapids. While the St. Thomas party were



there, building a new raft on which to continue the journey, they were overtaken by thirteen other members of the company, from whom they learned of the drowning of Strachan. All the parties met with the same experiences and all had to abandon their rafts on which they had started from Slaughter Camp, and, after making the portage past Murchison Rapids, construct others.

DeWitt and party started again on September 30th and next day reached the second series of rapids. They ran safely down them for several miles, going over a fall of 4 feet, on which they stuck for some hours, the water dashing over them like a cataract. They got off again, however, without sustaining any loss, everything being securely lashed to the raft. The next morning, however, in attempting to run the remainder of the rapids, they came to grief, their raft running hard and fast on some rocks in the middle of the stream, and they were obliged to swim ashore. With the aid of a line from raft to shore they succeeded in recovering most of their property. Securing the assistance of some Indians who had helped them at the first portage, all their goods were safely transferred to the foot of these rapids the following day. The story of the remainder of the journey to Kamloops as related by DeWitt follows:—

"This morning\* they met four Cariboo miners ascending the river in a canoe on a prospecting expedition and the same evening they met four more, also going up; these last had been up a considerable distance earlier in the season, but finding the water too high they returned to Fort Kamloops for provisions and started a second time. They had been up to the Forks of the North River and had prospected on the north fork 250 miles above the fort. They stated that the gold was coarse and heavy but refused to say how rich they had struck it, evidently evading the subject.

"The river here is wide and deep with a slow current; the banks are level, and the land appears to be very fertile being a rich alluvial bottom, varying from a quarter of a mile to one mile in width, covered with grass and dotted with trees. They passed a large potato patch from which the Indians had been driven off by small pox, and which afforded an agreeable variety to the monotony of jerked beef 'straight.' They also shot a number of prairie-chickens, which were very numerous.

"On the 11th they reached Fort Kamloops, heartily rejoiced to see signs of civilization once more. Mr. McKay, the Hudson's Bay Company's officer in charge of the fort, treated them in the kindest manner, supplying them with everything they wanted. The rest of the party arrived in a day or two, many of them being destitute of everything."

\* October 3rd, 1862.



Archibald Thompson says, in the letter already quoted from, that, having passed Murchison Rapids, "we had two more rafts to build and we ran down one day and a half and then we had one hundred and thirty miles of a portage to make to Fort Thompson. We arrived there on the eleventh of October." That is to say, they reached Kamloops on the same day as the St. Thomas men. Both parties had walked the entire distance from the foot of the second rapids. Thomas McMicking, in his narrative, referring to the latter part of the journey to Kamloops, states that "From this point (the end of the second rapids) they had a good trail to Kamloops, a distance of 120 miles, which they reached on the 11th day of October. They had a very hard time of it, as their provisions were all exhausted, and but for the field of potatoes which they found by the way, some of them must have perished with hunger." This authority derived his information from those who had made the journey and whom he encountered at New Westminster upon arriving there. These references are emphasized because they all agree that at least several of the groups forming the Thompson River company completed the journey on foot. It is stated by others that some of the company arrived at Kamloops on rafts.

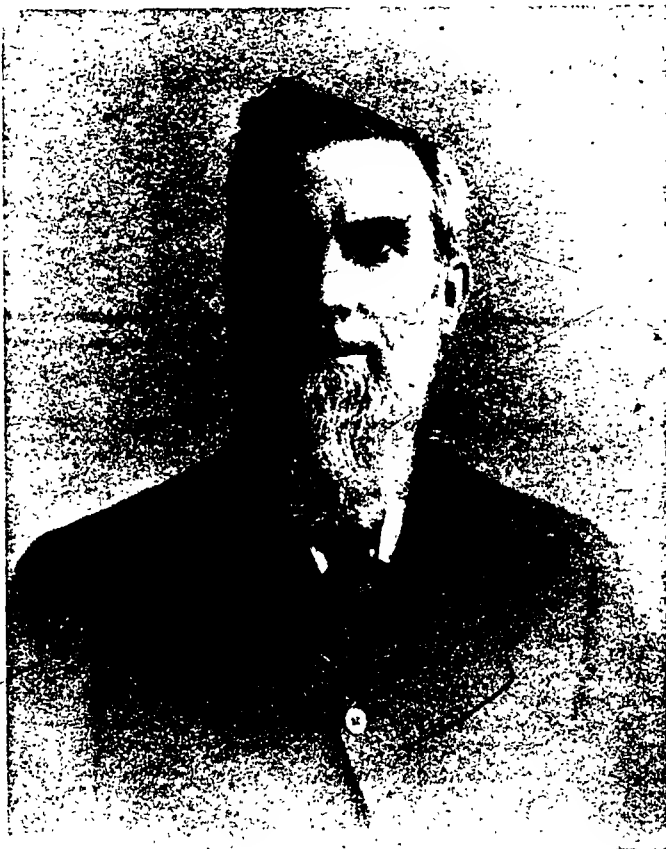
Whether they made the last stretch on foot or by raft, it is undoubted that with their provisions gone and much of their baggage lost, the travellers were in a pitiable condition. The men bore their privations without murmuring, all their concern, so far as the members of the party to whom they were attached is concerned, being centred on Mrs. Schubert, then far advanced in pregnancy, and her three young children. According to James Schubert, one of those children, the youngest of the two boys, into whose ears his parents repeated again and again the tale of that memorable expedition, this detachment did not follow the trail, but continued down the river by raft. With food-supplies exhausted, starvation stared them in the face. To their joy they reached a small Indian camp and they ran the rafts ashore in the hope of obtaining some food from the natives. While the men went to the camp to barter for food, leaving Mrs. Schubert and children on the raft, an old klootchman (Indian woman) went down to investigate. She had never seen a white woman before and her curiosity was aroused. But she saw something that interested her even more than the novel sight of the white woman. She saw that the bond that held the raft to the river-bank was a rope made of black cow-hide, and as she had lost an animal of that colour she immediately came to the conclusion she had discovered the thieves who had purloined her property. In a frenzy of rage she seized hold of the hide rope and was about to cast it loose, an act that would have sent the raft with its occupants

adrift at the mercy of the erratic current, when the cries of the frightened children, and the loud, excited voices of the angry klutchman and the protesting Mrs. Schubert, brought the men down to the shore on the run. After much parleying they succeeded in pacifying the Indian woman and finally convinced her of their innocence of the offence of which for a time she had believed them guilty. With the scanty supply of provisions they had succeeded in obtaining by trading, they resumed their voyage.

Then came another day of hunger and again the sight of an Indian encampment or village gladdened their eyes and raised their hopes. Once more they ran the raft ashore. Not a living soul was to be seen. Cautiously the men approached the houses, and to their horror saw dead bodies lying exposed everywhere, the victims of an epidemic of smallpox that swept through British Columbia that year and decimated the native population. The living had fled in terror from the plague-stricken spot, carrying the infection with them and spreading the disease farther afield.

Near to the abandoned village a field of potatoes waited for the harvesters who did not come to gather the crop, and from its store the travellers helped themselves to a substantial supply and then hastened to leave the gruesome place. For four days they subsisted on uncooked potatoes and after experiencing various vicissitudes arrived at Fort Kamloops, then on the west side of the North Thompson near its confluence with the south branch, on October 13th. The rafts were run ashore a short distance above the fort, it is stated, a tent hastily put up for Mrs. Schubert, and there, a few hours later, at an early hour on the 14th, with an Indian woman from the fort as accoucheuse, the first white girl born in the interior of British Columbia saw the light. DeWitt records the event in a few words: "The poor woman was here confined and presented her husband with a fine little girl, much to the surprise of many of the party." It is related that the Indian woman stepped outside the tent with the babe in her arms and, holding it aloft, cried out: "It's Kumloops, Kumloops!" At first the parents felt inclined to call the child by that name, but later decided to name her Rose.

That a woman in such a condition could perform so hazardous and trying a journey and emerge from it unharmed is remarkable, and the feat is worthy of more than mere passing notice. Perhaps the words used by Thomas McMicking with respect to it may be quoted with advantage in this place. "In performing this journey," he wrote, "Mrs. Schubert has accomplished a task to which but few women are equal; and, with the additional care of three small children, one which



WILLIAM WATTIE



but few *men* would have the courage to undertake. By her unceasing care for her children, by her unremitting and devoted attention to their every want, and by her never-failing solicitude about their welfare, she exemplified the nature and power of that maternal affection which prompts a mother to neglect her own comfort for the well-being of her child, by which she rises superior to every difficulty, and which only glows with a brighter intensity as dangers deepen around her offspring."

DeWitt says that Mrs. Schubert walked "all the way, carrying her little girl of four years on her back," a statement that scarcely seems credible, and yet it is in accord with less circumstantial statements of McMicking and Thompson. James Schubert says they—i.e., the party his parents were with—reached Kamloops on a raft. Milton and Cheadle—who arrived at Kamloops late the following summer and received their information from Mr. MacKay, the officer in charge—state that after leaving the first (Murchison's) rapids, "they again made rafts, and, shooting the lower rapids safely, arrived in wretched plight at Kamloops," a statement that is too sweeping, inasmuch as we know that many of the travellers walked. It has already been pointed out that those who have left records of their journeyings restricted their narratives almost wholly to the little group of which each narrator was a unit, and, despite the apparently irreconcilable statements quoted above, it is probable that to find the truth we must accept each statement at its face value, and arrive at the conclusion that some completed the journey on rafts, while others, and perhaps the greater number, followed the trail from the second, or Mad River, rapids. While there are several rapids between Mad River and Kamloops, none are at all formidable and have been safely run by men on rafts within quite recent years. In my opinion the strongest argument against the accuracy of the statements that the voyage was made from Murchison's Rapids to Kamloops, lies not in the contrary statements of others, but in the internal evidence afforded by the length of time consumed in making the distance. A raft covered more miles per day than travellers by land did in a week. The distance from Murchison's Rapids to Kamloops is approximately 140 miles. DeWitt and party descended to Mad River Rapids, 110 miles from Kamloops, and walked from there to the fort, which they reached in eleven days after starting. Milton and Cheadle, on horseback, cutting their own trail and making 5 or 6 miles a day until they crossed to the east side of the Thompson at Clearwater, 90 miles from Kamloops, accomplished the same distance in twelve days, the last 90 miles being accomplished in four. And yet the river party, those running it by rafts, did not reach Fort Kamloops until the 13th, two days longer than those who went by trail; with ordinary luck

the 140 miles should be covered by raft in three or four days. On the other hand, they may have been delayed in starting and stopped for repairs, or other cause, en route; the details of the journey are lacking.

True to their traditions, the people at Fort Kamloops treated the new arrivals with every consideration and kindness, the officer in charge, the late J. W. MacKay, exerting himself to make them comfortable and to counteract the ill effects of their privations and arduous toil. After a few days' rest to recuperate, the travellers began to think of moving again. Some went down to Victoria, others adventured elsewhere, all equally happy in the realization that they had safely passed through the most difficult part of the journey. There were then no roads in the interior of the country other than the Cariboo Road from Yale, and the road from Lillooet to Clinton, where the two roads joined. The nearest point on the Cariboo Road to Fort Kamloops was at Cache Creek, 50 miles west. The Thompson River runs westerly from Kamloops past Spences Bridge and joins the Fraser River at Lytton, and six of the travellers, including the four St. Thomas men, set out in a canoe in that direction. For 8 miles the river runs with deep and swift current and then enters a broad expanse named Kamloops Lake, 18 miles in length. At the foot of the lake the river runs over rocky rapids, and while attempting to run them the canoe party came to grief, the canoe upset, one of the occupants, Frank Penwarden, of St. Thomas, was drowned. His five companions were rescued with difficulty by some Indians who had witnessed the disaster. This made the second fatality among the thirty-six persons who had left Fête Jaune Cache for the Thompson River. The survivors continued their way westward and reached Lytton on October 25th.

Archibald Thompson also proceeded to Lytton. Another extract from his letter already quoted will bring this chapter to a close. "There" (Kamloops), he wrote, "I was sick for two days with a sore throat that I could not swallow one drop of water. We then went down to Lytton at the mouth of the Thompson and there I got work on the roads for nine days and a half. Then we came to Yale and there took the steamer for Westminster and there I saw McMicking and Robert making shingles. I then took the steamer and came to this town (Victoria). I have received no letter from you yet. I wrote you two. I weigh two hundred and three pounds, a pretty good weight for a boy."

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

WITH THE McMICKING BRIGADE—THE FRASER RIVER ROUTE—HO, FOR FORT GEORGE!—A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS—ROBERTSON DROWNED—RUNNING THE GRAND RAPIDS—A THRILLING EXPERIENCE—"ASLEEP ON THE DEEP!"—ARRIVAL AT FORT GEORGE—DEATH OF PATTISON.

On the afternoon of September 1st the descent of the Fraser began. Some of the parties killed their cattle and took the meat along with them and no live stock. Others took both freshly killed beef and live oxen. Some took one or two animals; the Huntingdon party took nine head which they placed, securely tied, on the first half of their 85-foot raft, the passengers and supplies on the rear half. Robert Harkness, of Iroquois, was placed in charge of the Queenston raft, and William Sellers of the Huntingdon mammoth.

The first to leave were the three Toronto men, Carroll, Pattison,\* and McKenzie, in their big dug-out canoe. After them went the rafts one by one, each named after the group it contained, or, when two or more groups combined, after which ever one the leader originally belonged to. Amid the cheers of their comrades, and the lamentations of the Indians who shook their heads sadly and exclaimed, "Poor white men no more!" the "Scarborough" pushed off into the current. Then followed the Huntingdon, Queenston, Ottawa, and Niagara, and the Goderich double canoe, and the other small craft. One by one they left the Cache until, when night fell, there remained but the Whitby party on the north side of the river and the Indians and the Overland party on the south side. After the excitement and rush of the departures, how lonely and quiet it seemed to those left behind! And when, next morning, the Thompson River company struck their tents, loaded up their pack-animals, and quietly disappeared in the forest, the men of Whitby were left with the Indians.

"The river flowed swiftly," says A. L. Fortune, "and our raft with its cargo of stock and passengers glided with the current. Captain Sellers was at his post directing us how to work our sweeps so as to follow the deeper and safer channel in order to avoid rocks or bars. . . . We were much cheered that first day's run, having had no serious interruption in the river and making so long a run with no fatigue to animals or men. This was a great change from the labor of

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\* Eustace Pattison was born at Launceston, Cornwall, England, the son of Samuel Rowles Pattison, a London collector.

walking, cutting a trail, or making bridges. We tied up at night where we could find feed for our stock."

"The river for some distance below the Cache is very crooked and in some places pretty narrow, and the current being very swift, we had some difficulty in keeping off the rocks," writes Thomas McMicking. "The mountains along this part of the stream are very rugged, and approach close to the river on both sides, leaving but a very narrow channel through which the waters wind their way, following a peculiarly serpentine course around the bases of the hills. We estimated the current to be about five miles an hour. The weather during the whole time that we were upon the Fraser until we reached Fort George was very wet, cold and uncomfortable. We usually floated as long as we could find the channel, cooking our meals on the raft, and running from daylight till dark."

On the second day upon the river they met Andrew Hales and several other members of the St. Thomas party who had gone down the river prospecting, but had not found any encouraging results, and were then on their way back to the Cache to join the Thompson River party. All augured well and all members of the several companies seemed in excellent spirits, if we except, perhaps, John Hunniford, who frankly expressed his pessimism at all times. Under date of that day, Tuesday, September 2nd, he entered in his diary: "The Day cold and rainy, camped at 7 p.m. Did not feel well, our Flour about done and Beef spoiling." On the 3rd he records: "Rainy all day, very uncomfortable. Diarrhoea very bad on board, meat badly tainted." which latter fact doubtless accounted for the illness.

Rafts kept passing and repassing each other, according to the time the several parties devoted to travel, some camping early, others late. Hunniford states that they passed the Ottawa raft on the 3rd and caught up with Brocklebank's (Waterloo) raft on the 4th. And R. B. McMicking states, on 3rd: "Came in sight of the rafts of other parties ahead, kept in sight all day at different points." On the 5th Hunniford wrote: "Very foggy and rainy, very unpleasant day. Bought 50 c. worth of Meat, eat it at one meal, put on side oars, was rowing all day in turn . . . current slow . . . had some fish for dinner, relished it well." In this fashion they drifted on, occasionally running a short riffle, in sluggish water using oars to hasten their progress, and all more or less complacently satisfied with the pleasant change from the journeying afoot.

Far ahead of the rafts, the lighter canoes, driven by paddles wielded by sturdy arms, shot down-stream without mishap until the great canyon was reached. The first canoe, carrying the three Toronto men,





ARCHIBALD  
THOMPSON.

JOHN  
FANNIN.



Messrs. McKenzie, Carroll, and Pattison, arrived at the Grand Rapids two days in advance of the leading raft. The danger of attempting to run the raging torrent in the frail craft being immediately apparent, they decided to lower it down by means of a lariat, and in the course of that operation the canoe-~~foundered~~; all their supplies and everything belonging to them were swept away, including the canoe itself. During the interval that elapsed until the arrival of the rafts, two days later, they were exposed without shelter to all the inclemency of the cold, foggy, and rainy weather, without food, or bedding or clothing. Mr. Pattison, who had complained while at the Cache of a sore throat, became much worse as a result of the exposure and by the time help came he was very ill.

Then followed the Goderich trio, Robertson, Warren,\* and Douglas, in the two canoes lashed together, and they fared still worse. They had only reached the first riffle of the rapids (September 4th) when their canoes were suddenly caught by one of the whirling eddies and capsized and separated, throwing them and all their goods into the river. Mr. Robertson, a strong swimmer, immediately struck out for the shore after instructing his two companions, both unable to swim, to cling to the canoe and he would endeavour to find some means of assisting them. They found it very difficult, however, to do as he suggested, as the canoes were being rolled over and over continually in the rapids. They succeeded, however, in retaining their hold, and as they came to the surface after each plunge beneath the tumultuous flood, they could see Robertson still manfully contending with the angry waves, while at each opportunity he would encourage them to hold fast, apparently more concerned for their safety than about his own welfare. At length the canoes drifted upon a shoal, by which they were enabled to reach a small island in midstream. After regaining their feet their first thought was to look for Robertson; he was nowhere to be seen. The storm of waters had engulfed him, but whether he had become exhausted from his struggles or had been seized with a cramp in the cold stream, none ever knew.

With their paddles gone, their companion drowned, stranded on an islet, little better than a bar, their situation was deplorable; but help was at hand. To their joy they saw a raft bearing down upon them, the Huntingdon raft which they had passed several hours earlier that morning. Those on the raft espied the castaways and their broken canoe and correctly interpreted the signs; there, some disaster had overtaken them and they were urgently in need of help. As quickly

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\* Robertson's cousin, according to John M. Sellar.

as possible the raft<sup>2</sup> was run ashore at the first favourable opportunity, and W. Sellar and A. L. Fortune, launching the canoe with which they had with commendable prudence provided their raft, paddled to the bar and took Warren and Douglas to safety. Deep was the grief of the two men whose comrade had been so abruptly deprived of life. Bitterly they regretted their temerity in venturing upon so hazardous a journey in such an unstable craft. Robertson was a young man of great promise, an engineer by profession, universally esteemed by the entire company, and the tidings of his untimely death were received by all with feelings and expressions of profound regret.

Meantime the Queenston raft had successfully run the rapids and had picked up the three men of Toronto, Pattison, McKenzie, and Carroll. Thomas McMicking describes the passage through the dangerous canyon so graphically that it is best to quote his own words: "At half past five o'clock in the morning of Saturday, the 6th, we were suddenly startled by an unusual roaring noise that broke the stillness of the morning, the cause and source of which was soon explained by the look-out shouting 'Breakers ahead!' We had reached the big rapids, and we were already so near them and were being swept toward them by the current so rapidly that we had barely time to row ashore and make fast before we were drawn into them. After landing we went some distance along the shore to examine the place before we should attempt to run it. We found that the rapids consisted of three distinct stretches, with small bays or eddies of comparatively quiet water between, which had evidently been formed, at some remote period of time, by the stream breaking through as many parallel ridges. The banks on both sides are very rocky and precipitous, and the channel, which is very narrow and obstructed in many places by pointed rocks, contains six sharp angles through which the pent-up and maddened waters rushed with violent and resistless impetuosity. It seemed like presumption to think of risking our lives through such a perilous place, but we saw no alternative; we had either to run the rapids or starve where we were. We found a passage by which we could make a portage around the first two stretches, but were unable to get over the rocky bluffs of the third. At length Mr. Harkness decided to try it, if we would lighten the raft by a number of us making the portage, leaving only men enough aboard to man the oars. About ten men remained on the raft, and the balance of us stationed ourselves along the shore where we might possibly be able to render some assistance if it were required. Everything being ready the ropes were untied and the frail bark pushed into the current.

"Onward they sped like an arrow. They seemed to be rushing into the very jaws of death. Before them on the right rose a rocky reef against which the furious flood was lashing itself into foam, threatening instant and unavoidable destruction, and on the other side a seething and eddying whirlpool was ready to engulf in its greedy vortex any mortal who might venture within its reach. With fearful velocity they were hurried along directly towards the fatal rock. Their ruin seemed inevitable. It was a moment of painful suspense. Not a word was spoken except the necessary orders of the pilot, which were distinctly heard on shore above the din and tumult of the scene. Now was the critical moment. Every one bent manfully to his oar. The raft shot closely past the rock, tearing away the stern rowlock, and glided safely down into the eddy below. The agony was over. The gauntlet had been run, and all survived. The issue of the ordeal was announced by an involuntary cheer from the brave hearts aboard the raft, which was heartily responded to by those on shore." According to J. Hunniford, the men who took the raft down the rapids, the worst on the Upper Fraser, were Robert Harkness, Thomas Bowse, L. Crysler, Robert Brownlee, R. H. Wood, W. McKenzie, Justim Ensington, and John Hunniford.\* Of the remaining part of the rapids McMicking says: "The last part of the rapids was less dangerous than what we had already passed and we ran through it safely, all hands being on board."

The scene thus described was re-enacted as each raft arrived at the canyon, and notwithstanding the imminent dangers that surrounded them, all successfully navigated them.

The rescuing of Warren and Douglas had delayed the Huntingdon raft so long that impending darkness forbade a continuance of the voyage until the following day. At an early hour in the morning they prepared for the venturesome undertaking by landing their cattle and most of the passengers, only nine men remaining on board to guide the raft through the rapids.

"We thought we might try the run," observes A. L. Fortune, "if we lighted the raft, so all stock and idle passengers were put on shore. Eight of a crew with Captain (Sellar) volunteered to risk their lives with the raft. We pushed off and then kept working our sweeps to prevent going to the right side. Down we shot like a cork . . . a whirl caught the left forward corner of the raft holding it fast while another terrific eddy below the great rock caught the right after corner of the raft and thus we were anchored for a short time. Although we

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\* Diary. J. Hunniford.

labored and strained at our sweeps, with two men at each handle, we failed to gain upon the power of the eddies. We were tired and troubled in this dilemma when all in a sudden by some freak of the eddy we were hoisted past all danger."

Immediately after passing the dreaded Grand Canyon the river broadens, and the current, as if seeking repose after its recent violent activity, becomes sluggish. This respite lulled the travellers into a feeling of absolute security and encouraged them to make up for lost time by floating all night. There were twenty-three men on the Queenston raft, and although they had but a few hours before passed through dangers that made the stoutest heart quail, and were ignorant of what perils might be before them, they all spread their blankets and calmly slept with the same implicit confidence and sense of safety as if they had been encamped on terra firma. At the mercy of the current, they drifted on with no hand to guide the rude craft, and in the darkness of night the eyes of the man on watch could scarce distinguish the shore-line except on those occasions when the direction of the current bore the raft near one side or the other of the stream.

It was not until early morning brought fresh dangers that they awakened to a realization of the tremendous risk they had run. Daylight had scarcely dawned ere they were aroused by the watch to find that again the temper of the fickle river had changed and that the raft was travelling with increased and momentarily increasing velocity, indicating their proximity to more rapids. Drowsiness was banished forthwith and every man became keen and alert, every eye gazing anxiously ahead, every mind wondering what fresh perils threatened.

For 15 miles they ran a continuous series of rapids, threading their way through a maze of whirling water, the men at the sweeps toiling energetically in response to the commands of the pilot, and although there was abundance of room for safety so long as they maintained the proper course in a channel studded with huge masses of rock, to strike against any of which meant instant destruction, they ran upon a submerged rock about 8 o'clock in the morning, and there they stuck, hard and fast, until an hour after noon. In order to extricate themselves from that predicament three of the party, W. H. G. Thompson, R. H. Wood, and W. McKenzie, swam ashore with a line which they made fast to a tree, and by its agency they were able to draw the raft clear of the rock after chopping away several of the timbers.

Between the Grand Canyon and the long rapids the Huntingdon party fell in with some Indians camped near the river. "This was the first sign of Human Life we saw since leaving Tete Jaune Cache," observes A. L. Fortune. "We spoke English but none could under-





ROBERT WARREN.



stand, nor did they seem to know any French. We could get no information from them touching the river or distance from Fort George. Some of our party bartered with them for some dried salmon. They seemed not to fear us and we treated them with some presents."

The Queenston raft reached Fort George without further adventure at 8.45 on Monday morning, September 8th. Pattison, who, together with Carroll and McKenzie, had been picked up at the Grand Canyon after the loss of their canoe, had steadily grown worse and by the time the party arrived at Fort George he was in a very critical condition. William Charles, the chief trader in charge of the post, was absent, having gone down the river for winter supplies, but his representative treated the sick man with every kindness and provided quarters for him inside the fort, where he received every attention at the hands of Dr. Stevenson and others, "but the trial had been too severe," comments Thomas McMicking, "for he sank rapidly, and died at 9 o'clock in the evening of the day of our arrival." R. B. McMicking and Sellar give the cause of death as diphtheria.\*

The former diarist records under date of September 9th: "Another raft arrived this morning bringing the horrible news of a man named Robertson being drowned." That was the Huntingdon raft, whose men arrived just in time to attend Pattison's funeral at 10.30 that morning. A. L. Fortune tells of that burial: "A small canoe was split and shaped into a coffin, there being no boards. We had a short funeral service after the grave was dug and there committed to his last resting place young Pattison from England. He was modest and refined in manner. . . . He was not assertive nor obtrusive, and did not make many acquaintances. I believe his companions communicated with his friends in England. We now knew of two of our party who were gone to their long home."

"We found a great many Indians camped near the Fort," Thomas McMicking writes, "from whom we procured some provisions, such as potatoes, turnips and berries, with bear, beaver and badger meat. We considered ourselves fortunate in meeting these natives as our provisions were nearly out, and there was nothing for us to buy at the Fort." R. B. McMicking adds fish to the list of comestibles obtained from the Indians, and Hunniford confesses to petty larceny: "Ate a tremendous lot of Huckleberrys, that we got from the Indians, stole a Turnip from the Fort, and got a few new Potatoes, made a good meal,"

\* James Wattle (MS. written some years after the journey) says: "On the 9th we reached Fort George. One of our party had died of Typhoid fever on the raft. We buried him at Fort George. We used some of the bark of the great pines for a coffin, and Robertson gave a short address." He undoubtedly has reference to the death and burial of Pattison. Robinson gave the address. Robertson was drowned.

got some fish and Beaver." And again: "W. Thompson and D. Prest stole Potatoes enough for two meals, had Potatoes and Fish for supper."

"We remained all day at the Fort," writes Sellar, "& traded with some Siewash Indians for a few new potatoes & some dried Salmon & a few pounds of Bears meat. & in the Evening engaged an Indian Tighyer\* to go down to another bad Cannon that they said was a few miles below the Fort But as the keepers of the Fort had not up their winter supply from Victoria we could not get anything from them."

\* Tye, Chinook for Chief.





W. B. CAMERON.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

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WITH THE McMICKING BRIGADE—RUNNING FORT GEORGE CANYON—  
CHINESE MINERS—CHINA RAPIDS—COTTONWOOD CANYON—  
QUESNEL.

Hoping that Mr. Charles would soon return to Fort George, where he was hourly expected, the travellers tarried there until Wednesday morning, 10th, being desirous of obtaining all the information they could respecting the character of the river and its mining prospects, and the distance to Cariboo as well as the best way of reaching the mines. While they were waiting they discussed their plans with those about the fort who professed to have knowledge of the river, and were strongly advised not to attempt to run the rapids between there and Quesnel with a raft, the Fort George Canyon, 15 miles below the fort, being represented as extremely dangerous. This rather disheartened them and for some time they debated what course to pursue, finally deciding to hire some of the Indians as guides, and hazard the attempt. There being no sign of Mr. Charles on Wednesday morning, they determined to wait no longer.

Leaving Fort George at an early hour, they resumed the interrupted journey in company of the guides. It would appear that each party made independent arrangements, Hunniford stating that they took three Indians, the McMickings speak of "an Indian," and A. L. Fortune says they hired "some Indians with two canoes," and in due time, about 10 o'clock, they reached the canyon. "We found the river here divided into a number of streams by huge rocks rising in the channel, against and between which the water rushed with considerable violence, but as they were far less difficult to navigate than those we had already passed, they gave us but little trouble. The channel is obstructed in this way for a distance of half a mile, and the broken and rugged banks, with their overhanging cliffs, bear a striking resemblance to those of the great canon above Fort George. The most dangerous part of it consists of a shelving rock in the centre of the principal channel, upon which a large body of water was propelled to some distance, and, falling off at both sides, formed a double whirlpool below. All passed through them in safety." So Thomas McMicking describes that spot.

The Huntingdon raft, the largest of them all, was considered too long to be successfully handled, but the passage was safely accomplished. How this was done, let A. L. Fortune tell: "When nearing

the bad water we sent two (of the party) ahead in our canoe with the Indians to survey and bring a report of what we saw of the river. We found a wide enough channel to the left side away from the dangerous rocks on the right half of the river, but we could see a heavy fall to jump over which we could easily see was a serious undertaking. The Indians were placed with their canoes on the east bank of rock and instructed to watch our fate, and if we were wrecked to do what they could to save as many as possible. Captain Sellers and two others arranged them & came back to where the raft was moored and told what they saw & what they thought we should do. Quite a number of the men concluded to walk over the hills and rocks rather than risk their lives in so dangerous a place. . . . Ten men volunteered to stay with the raft and hold on the stock with us. Some of us made silent supplication to God for His guiding and protection. Away our raft floated easily giving good opportunity to swing her well from the dangerous island rocks on the right side. Our speed increased, and on we glided between eddies, and then with a leap over the fall, our raft slipped under water as the front plunged over. I got one sight of the Indians, who threw up their arms with a sad moan as if we were all gone. In a moment the raft was past the fall and all floating safely down with racehorse speed. We soon lost sight of the Indians. While under the water we had our stock and men swimming and all our stuff was wet, but every man held by a rope and the stock were all tied. Arthur Anderson lost hold of his rope and someone caught him floating off the raft. Our canoe that was lashed to the side of the raft made a clean somersault. . . . On we went as if running a toboggan down a long and steep decline. . . . As soon as we could the raft was moored to wait for the people who took the land."

Early that afternoon they passed a party of Chinamen mining with rockers, the first mining operations they had seen. At intervals during the afternoon they passed other groups of the same race also mining in the same manner, and that night they camped near where several of them were working. They told the travellers that they were making from two to five dollars a day. As a rule Chinese miners do not boast of earning so much, but are more prone to understate what they make. The Huntingdon party called at one of their camps and James Wattie asked them how much they made a day; the reply was characteristic: "Oh, some day four bittee, six bittee; one day, long time, two dollar!" "Some six of them," says Fortune, "surrounded a dish of rice and bacon soup which they shovelled into their mouths with chopsticks instead of spoons. We had never seen specimens of that wonderful people before this time, except Mr. Wattie who had been in California

some years previous. They were a wonder to us with their chopsticks, Pigtail and sallow skin."

Safely navigating the wild waters of China Rapids and the narrow, precipitous Cottonwood Canyon, threading numerous shallow channels, meandering amid gravel-bars and sand-banks, the Queenston and Huntingdon parties reached Quesnel on the same day and only three hours apart. R. B. McMicking records that last day's run thus: "Thursday, Sept 11th. We started at 5.10 a.m., quite foggy on the river for some time. Ran on a large rock which gave the Raft a good Rack, a good many scared but no one hurt. Ran the grand rapids\* at 11 a.m. which is a narrow chasm through precipitous rocks, not dangerous for a raft but the swells heavy with one little pitch which rolled the water heavy on the raft but hurt nothing, where a canoe must undoubtedly swamp. Got to the mouth of the Quesnel at 2.25 P.M.† where there is abundance of provisions, there being two stores & eating Houses & other little buildings, Indian huts, &c. Meals 1.50 at Whitehall store. Flour 50 dollars, salt 1 dollar a pound, rice 55 cents, Bacon .75 to 1.00, Beans .75, tea 2.00 per pound. The day was very fine and pleasant. I got my supper off a table, the first time in four months at Whitehall store for 1.50."

At Quesnel they encountered numbers of soured, disillusioned, and disappointed men returning from the mines, making their way on foot back to the coast. All Friday the Overlanders discussed their situation with a view to decide what best to do. Some were for going down to Victoria immediately; others favoured proceeding to the mines to see for themselves. The majority adopted the former plan.

\* Cottonwood Rapids.

† Sellar says the Huntingdon party arrived at 5.15 p.m.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN.

THE SYMINGTON PARTY—DEARTH OF INFORMATION—FATHER LACOMBE AND THE MEDICINE-CHEST—MCNAUGHTON AND MORROW—THE MISFORTUNES OF THE WHITBY MEN—A SAFE JOURNEY—ARRIVAL AT QUESNEL.

It is regrettable that there has not yet come to light a detailed written record of the experiences of the Symington party. If any member of it kept a diary, nothing is known of its existence. The only available sources of information about this silent brigade are the narrative of Thomas McMicking and Mrs. McNaughton's brief account of the overland trek. Chronologically, what little there is to say about this company should have been told before giving an account of the activities of the party led by Whiteford and Love, but beyond a reference made by Thomas McMicking to the fact that "The remainder of those who were with us at Fort Garry, comprising the St. Peters, or Doctor Symington's party, the Toronto party, under Capt. Redgrave, and the Huron party, and numbering about 50 men, followed us in two companies, but neither of them succeeded in overtaking us," nothing is known of their movements until after passing Edmonton. When they left Fort Garry, how many men were in the brigade, what were their names, or how they fared are matters shrouded in the obscurity of unbroken silence. Despite the most diligent inquiry, not a word, not a line, has been discovered that serves to dispel it.

It has already been related that W. Sellars, of the Huntingdon group of the McMicking brigade, had remained behind at Edmonton to await the coming of the Symington party in the hope they might be carriers of mail for his comrades, and that he subsequently overtook his friends at St. Ann's Mission. Having recorded those facts, Thomas McMicking has nothing more to say about the Symington company, and for an account of their further adventures Mrs. McNaughton's story is the sole recourse, her informant being her husband, who travelled with them, in company with his friend Morrow, from St. Ann's to Quesnel. How those two men came to be at that frontier mission has been told in a preceding chapter. During their enforced sojourn there they had received many kindnesses from the sisters and priests. As the sisters were from Montreal, from which city McNaughton and Morrow came, the news the travellers brought from that far-away home under the shadow of Mount Royal interested them extremely. The advent of Dr. Symington solved a difficulty that had





SAMUEL WILLIS CHUBBUCK.



long puzzled the worthy missionary, Father Lacombe. He possessed among his donated treasures a cabinet of homœopathic remedies, but, being quite ignorant of their properties, so far they had been quite useless to him, Dr. Symington supplied the desired information, to the intense delight of the good father.

Sufficiently recovered to resume the journey, Morrow, and his nurse and friend McNaughton, accompanied the Symington party to Tête Jaune Cache, which they reached on September 6th, ten days after the McMicking brigade had arrived there and only five days after the departure of the bulk of the company, most of them on rafts, a few in canoes, for Fort George. But not all of the members of that party had yet gone. The Whitby group still remained, their raft not quite completed.

Great as had been the privations of the McMicking company, those endured by the Symington people were even greater, and their emaciated appearance told eloquently of a scarcity of provisions. The Whitby men had slaughtered their oxen in readiness for the voyage down the river, and from that supply of fresh meat, and an abundance of fresh fish furnished by the Indians, who sold a large salmon for a few matches, they feasted right royally. That day the Whitby raft received the finishing touches. On the morrow the journey by water would begin.

Amid the cheers of the new arrivals, the Whitby raft cast loose early on the morning of September 7th, many longing eyes following the craft as it floated easily with the rapid current. About 7 miles down-stream a bar split the river into two streams. Which channel should they take? They chose that to the right, and while descending it they had the misfortune to strike a projecting rock in midstream, all their efforts failing to keep them clear of it. The result was disastrous. The water rushed across the raft, sweeping away every scrap of their provisions, tools, and baggage, and the shock of the impact threw one of the party into the river. Fortunately he was a good swimmer and reached shore safely. Those on the raft clung to it with the tenacity of despair. The raft was wedged against the rock in a sloping position and the outlook was discouraging. All around them the current tore at the raft. They realized that sooner or later the strain would rend the timbers asunder and they would be cast into the flood.

The comrade who had so happily reached the bank in safety bade his friends to be of good courage, telling them that he would go back to the Cache for help. Struggling through the bush, stumbling along the banks of the river, running, panting, hurrying, he returned to the place he and his companions had so lately departed from in high spirits



and full of hope. Now he had a tale of disaster and loss to tell to the Symington men. Two canoes were at once dispatched to the scene of the accident, the stranded men, chilled and exhausted, removed from their perilous perch, and all were taken back to the camp, where they were cared for by the very men they had themselves succored a few hours earlier, sharing their scanty provisions cheerfully and willingly.

The Symington party had decided in favour of canoes rather than rafts as a means of transportation, and the Whitby men, perhaps easily converted to the same opinion in view of the recent experience, followed their example, but as they had no tools, all their outfit being at the bottom of the river, they worked on the construction of their craft at night while the others, who worked during the day, slept. Then came the day when the canoes were all finished, and with the eyes of the Indians watching them, they embarked, and paddled gaily down-stream. Soon they faced the same dangers and difficulties that had confronted those who had preceded them, but they appear to have emerged scathless from every hazard, and no lives were lost. Shortly before reaching Fort George they found two empty canoes floating down-stream, and the Whitby men recognized them as having belonged to the Goderich party; from this circumstance they augured some misfortune had overtaken their late associates, a fear that was only too well founded as they discovered upon arriving at the fort, where they were gazed upon with amazement by the Indians and the people at the post because of their famished and unkempt appearance. For five days they had had no other sustenance than that afforded by dried berries and a scanty supply of the dried flesh of the mountain-sheep. From the Hudson's Bay Company's store, and from the Indians, in exchange for such articles as they could spare from their depleted stock, they obtained a supply of food, and heard the sad news of the death of two of the members of the McMicking expedition, Pattison and Robertson. A day or two spent in rest to recuperate their strength, and they resumed the voyage, passing safely through the canyons and rapids, and arrived at Quesnel on Saturday, October 4th.





GEORGE BAILLIE.

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CHAPTER TWENTY.

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WITH THE "REDGRAVE" BRIGADE—CANOE-MAKING AT THE CACHE—  
THE LAST CONTINGENT — DROWNING OF LEADER — ANOTHER  
FATALITY AT GRAND RAPIDS—LOSS OF CARPENTER—ALEXANDER'S  
GALLANT FIGHT FOR LIFE—A STRANGE PRESENTIMENT—CASTA-  
WAYS—A GROUND-HOG DIET—A LUCKY FIND—RASCALLY INDIANS  
—FORT GEORGE—THOMAS CHARLES, FACTOR—QUESNEL.

Alexander and his associates lost no time in preparing to journey down the Fraser. The work of canoe-making was begun without delay and Alexander made a bargain with the guide, Joe, to build the canoes for his party, for his gun and two horses. Joe began working at them on September 17th, the day following Alexander's arrival at the Cache. and to expedite their construction secured the services of two Indians to assist him.

As soon as a canoe was finished, its owners would load their belongings into it, shove off into the current with their paddles, and leave the others to follow when they were ready. In this way the company thinned rapidly. Harry Handcock and Jocelyn started down-stream on the 17th. Some had already preceded them; others went the next day. Alexander and his messmates hoped to take their departure on the 19th, but Joe's two assistants went on strike and refused to work that day, and this unexpected disturbance of the labour market caused a delay.

While waiting for their canoes the travellers were not idle. There were oxen to be killed and cut up and made into jerked beef. From the Indians they obtained a quantity of dried sifflem (ground-hog) and some mutton (mountain-sheep), together with dried berries and fresh salmon, obtaining these provisions in trade. And they lived well during those days of rest, with an abundance of salmon, beef steak, and berries to feed upon.

The canoes were made wherever suitable timber could be found, and frequently this was at a considerable distance from the water, but it was easier to take out the finished canoe than to move the tree-trunk to the river. They were "dug-outs," cottonwood or cedar logs being used. Joe's al-fresco canoe-building establishment was about a mile from the river. Two canoes—one of them Alexander's—were completed on the night of the 19th and they were hauled out immediately. On the 20th Alexander records: "Hauled out our other canoe and also a fourth and I hope the last I may ever have to drag that distance, as it

is killing work. We spent some time in getting our canoes lashed together and our things on board but at last got off about 3 p.m. and camped at dark some 20 miles down the Fraser, glad to be done with packing animals and half-breeds. Our canoes are as steady as a house but are very heavily laden, as we have a good deal of dried meat, and we shipped a little water, ran aground one and had to get out, but nothing to speak of. We expect to be five days at this before we reach Fort Alexander."

The two canoes lashed together were safe, "steady as a house," but the impatient voyagers found progress slow, and so, on the 23rd, they separated them, Tom Jones and Alexander taking the smaller one, and Alf Handcock, Carpenter, and Fletcher in the other. Jones and Alexander touched a sand-bar and their craft upset, but fortunately they recovered the cargo and escaped with a thorough wetting. At noon they returned to the original plan, lashing the canoes together again. But that incident, slight as it was, proved to be but the forerunner of other, and more serious, difficulties.

For the next several days it rained steadily. Everything in the canoes, men included, and everything ashore, dripped with the wet. It was uncomfortable in camp and equally uncomfortable to travel, but there was no choice and as best they could they went forward with the daily routine. They came to some rapids and Alexander jumped out with a line to snub the canoes before being carried too far into the rough water, but he was dragged down, the canoes lodged broadside on a rock and filled, a number of articles being washed out and lost, including Fletcher's coat. They camped and had great trouble starting a fire with damp matches. They unloaded the canoes, Alexander and Carpenter ran the large one down empty, and Carpenter took the small one down alone. On Sunday, 28th, they rested and dried their things, but next day it rained again, so heavily in the afternoon that they could scarcely see ahead. That noon they separated the canoes again as they "wished to make quicker travelling."

On Tuesday, September 30th, a day that none of those who emerged from it ever forgot, they came to the Grand Rapids, the great canyon of the Upper Fraser, after running about 15 miles after breakfast. Alexander gives a graphic description of the place. "It is a dreadful place," he wrote, "the rocks coming down to the river's edge and the whole being a roaring rapid. There was a bend half way down the canon where there was smooth water, and after getting the canoe down as far as that, we put out baggage in a paddled it across so as to save having to carry it round. We let the canoes down the first part with a long line, Carpenter and Jones paddled the first canoe across the bend,



while I walked round to help to get it down the rest of the cañon which was very bad, the rocks being nearly perpendicular." How much more fearsome would that canyon have appeared to them had they known that only three weeks before Robertson, a member of the McMicking brigade, had perished at that spot, and that, still more recently, Philip Leader, from the County of Huron, who had been their constant companion from Fort Garry to the Cache, had also lost his life there in the same way, by the capsizing of a canoe. These misfortunes they learned later at Fort George. Beyond the bald fact that Leader was drowned in the manner stated there is no statement detailing the accident.

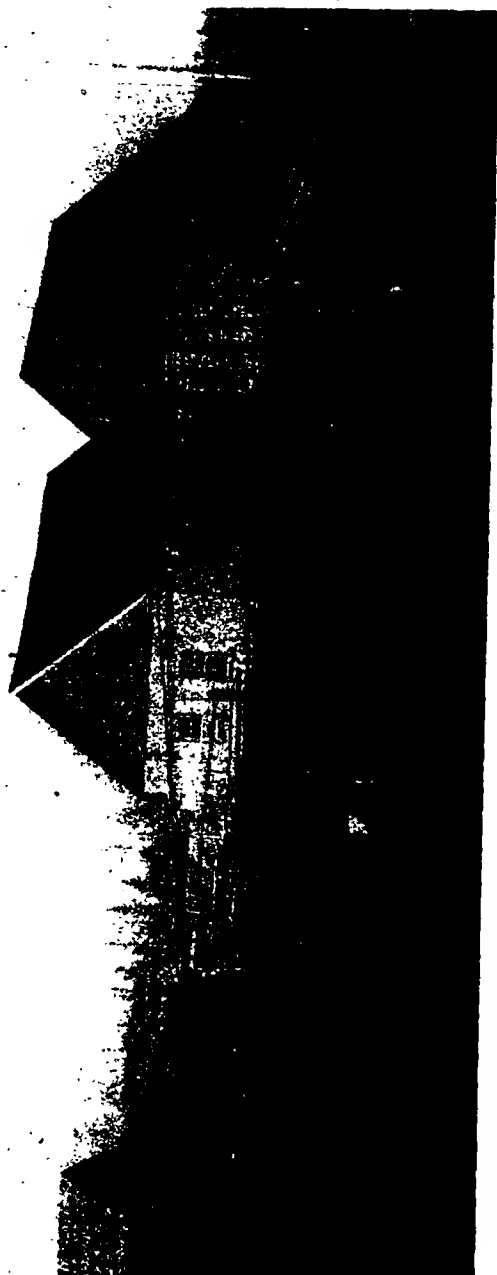
Carpenter and Jones scrambled along the cliffs as best they could to examine what lay before them, and when they returned with their report, Carpenter, who had been managing the canoes ever since leaving the Cache, said it was impossible to get along the cliffs to let the canoes down with the line and that they would be obliged to run them down. He and Alexander were to undertake the hazardous task. Alexander's narrative tells what followed: "As we thought it rather dangerous, I took off my boots and buckskin shirt before we started. We went at a tremendous rate for a short while, when we got among some big waves, and the canoe filled over the stern and went down. When it came to the surface again, Carpenter was holding to the stern and I to the bow, the canoe then turned broadside to the current and rolled over and over. I then let go and swam for it. Carpenter I never saw again, nor yet the canoe. I was carried a long way under water by the under-current, but I kept thinking it was not all up yet and resolutely kept my mouth shut till I could come to the surface and get another gulp of air, and down I would go again. Sometimes I would be so long under water that I could scarcely hold my breath. At last I got down out of the boiling surf, and the water, though rapid, was smooth. I then began to keep myself better afloat, and began to swim for shore. At first I was under water so much that all my exertions had been to keep my head above water. I was so exhausted that I had to swim on my back and lay gasping for breath, but I was quite cool all the time (the water was remarkably cold) and managed to pull my shirt up out of my pants so as to let the water out. I had on heavy Canadian cloth pants. At last, after swimming a distance of about three quarters of a mile I touched the shore but was so benumbed with the cold I could not hold on to it but drifted off again. Soon, however, I made the shore again and dug my hands among the pebbles and pulled myself out of the water and lay there."

One can almost visualize the heroic struggles of the half-drowned young man, sucked down by undercurrents, fighting for breath amid the

smother of white-water, conscious of the death of his companion, but never for a moment losing his head, brain and muscle working in unison, and, in the end, succeeding in dragging himself clear of the river that might have been, and nearly was, his winding-sheet. The danger was not yet past, however. The narrative continues: "There was an island just below the canyon and the current had carried me down between it and the right shore (all the others were on the left). After I recovered a little I made my way over the rocks, and this with bare feet was pretty hard work, up to where the others on the opposite side were portaging the baggage, and I asked them if they could get me across, but they said they dared not cross at the eddy in case of being carried down into the lower cañon where we had filled, and where the line, the only remaining hope to get the canoe down that part, was lost with our canoe; so down I had to go to the foot of the cañon again and after running about to try and warm myself a little, I jumped into the water again and swam across. Before swimming the second time I stripped off the remainder of my clothes and left them there. I was so cold that I could not close my fingers and had to swim with my hand open. Oh, I never knew what it was to be thankful to God before as when I tottered up that bank, and ever since in all our troubles and dangers I have been able to place more dependence on Him and leave all to his good pleasure. I forgot to tell you that Carpenter wrote something in his diary just before starting, which on examination proved to be the following, as near as I can recollect, 'Arrived this day at the cañon at 10 a.m., and drowned running the canoe down; God keep my poor wife!' Was it not strange? He was not much of a swimmer and clung to the canoe which I think was sucked down and held under the rocks, at least we never saw it again. The other canoe they set adrift to give it a chance of coming down itself, but they could not get it out of the eddy. Well, here we were without a canoe and at least 200 miles from Fort George, with very little provisions, only eight ground-hog between us; flour we had run out of before we reached the river. We went at once upon rations, the allowance being one ground-hog a day, each man getting a piece about the size of your hand. We calculated this would last us eight days in which time we expected to reach Fort George."

And they had anticipated making the journey from the Cache to Fort Alexandria, approximately 130 miles below Fort George, in five days!

Their situation was an unenviable one. There were now four of them only, and as they were the last to leave the Cache they could not hope for any assistance from any of their fellow-travellers, all of whom were by that time either at, or in close proximity to, Fort George.



FORT GEORGE.



They faced the situation squarely, abandoned everything they could possibly do without, and with the remainder on their backs struck off down the valley. It was hard work. Trail there was none. In places the cliffs came down like a wall to the water, forcing the travellers to go inland to find a place over which they could climb past, and in most places the brush was so thick they could scarcely force a way through it. Towards evening of that first day of travel on foot, which was also the first day of October, they saw on the opposite side of the river their small canoe. It had worked out of the eddy and floated through the rapids in safety. They camped with the craft in view, and Alexander wrote that day in his diary: "If I feel well enough I am to try to swim over for it in the morning, which, God grant, I may be able to do. If I fail and am lost, I wish this book to be forwarded to my father in Scotland. The address is on the fly leaf."

Next morning, however, they made a raft of two logs lashed together and Tom Jones and Alexander paddled across the river on it and secured the canoe. In it they placed their baggage and, as it would only hold two passengers in addition, they took turns in travelling in it. Progress even then was slow. They only made about 7 miles that day and in two days had only reached a point some 12 or 13 miles below the fatal canyon. But they had not yet exhausted their resourcefulness; on the 3rd, the same diary records: "The canoe is a great help, thank God, but we found it was so bad walking that we halted, felled a tree and lashed a log on either side of the canoe, which by this means we hope to make camp."

On the 4th, Alexander shot a brace of duck and a couple of squirrels, a welcome addition to their slender store. On Sunday, October 5th, a heavy snow-storm did not tend to their comfort, but to their joy, shortly after starting, they heard a child's voice, then saw two canoes and found some Indians camped on the river-bank. They landed and traded some of their remaining stock of clothing for dried beaver-meat, a shirt for one beaver, and succeeded in obtaining sufficient provisions to last them for ten or twelve days. The Indians told them they were going down to Fort George the following day. With renewed hope in their hearts the travellers continued their way and camped at dark.

Next morning broke wild and stormy, a heavy sea on the river, and they found great difficulty in making headway with their rather clumsy craft and they decided to camp again until the storm abated somewhat. While they were waiting the Indians they had seen the previous day came along, and after a good deal of bargaining they agreed to take Alfred Handcock and Andrew Fletcher in with them, Alexander and

Tom Jones sticking to their "little tub." On Tuesday, 7th, they came to some dangerous rapids and they bargained with one of the Indians to take the "tub" down for them in return for some tobacco. The rascal ran the canoe down a short distance and then refused to go farther unless they gave him more, the outcome being that Jones gave him a shirt to take it down the whole way and another similar garment to the Indian's father to take him down in his canoe while Alexander went with the son in their own "tub." After passing the rapids Jones returned to their own canoe. At 10 o'clock on the 8th they reached Fort George, where Hancock and Fletcher had arrived the evening before.

They bought a fine canoe from one of the Indians they had come down the river with, for a small revolver of Carpenter's and \$5, and from Mr. Charles\* Alf Hancock purchased for his gun, two bushels of potatoes, a beaver, and six salmon. The potatoes were 12 cents a pound. Alexander says in his diary: "I forgot to mention that Mr. Charles, the Factor, studied under my old master, Trotter, when he had a boarding school at Musselburgh. Charles has a brother† in charge of Fort Hope, further down the river."

Leaving Fort George on October 9th, they made a very short run because of a very heavy wind and sea, and for the same reason did not continue the voyage next day until the late afternoon, going into camp at the head of the rapids (Fort George Canyon). Saturday, 11th, saw them "past the rapids, thank God, in safety. . . . The river is very dangerous, abounds in rocks and rapids and double channels." Next day being Sunday, they did not start again until after they had read the morning service, camping early in the afternoon "so as to have supper and the evening service by daylight. It has been a lovely day. We cannot be far from the second rapids, which, if it pleases God that we pass, I hope that tomorrow or Tuesday will see us at the Forks."

On the 13th, Monday, they started early and had only gone about 4 miles when they came to the Cottonwood Canyon. They found it much worse than the first rapids, but got through safely and arrived at Quesnel "just about dark. Found Caydon and Wessels and McRonock here, who told us we were given up for lost. Jocelyn is also staying here with Ellis, who is laid up with a burnt leg. Had a supper from the fellows and turned in." They found Harry Hancock had left a note for them, telling them to go down the road at once.

\* Thomas Charles.

† William Charles.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

EXPERIENCES OF THE OVERLANDERS—FLYING VISIT TO CARIBOO—EN ROUTE TO THE COAST—WORKING ON THE CARIBOO ROAD—LILLOOET TO PORT DOUGLAS—NEW WESTMINSTER—HOMEWARD-BOUND.

Writing in his diary under date of Friday, September 12th, John Hunniford says: "Heard more discouraging accounts from the mines, had Breakfast in the morning at Tavern for \$1.50, eat a very hearty Breakfast, had some boiled rice with some salt for dinner, had no supper, felt vexed at having come to the country." And on Saturday, 13th: "Left Mouth of Quesnelle river after having breakfast at Tavern for \$1.50. Left on the raft for Mud Lake in company of 7 California miners and 16 of our own company. Ran four hours then ran the raft against a snag and stuck fast, had to give an Indian most my clothes to take me off. Camped in the bush with wet clothes, had no Dinner nor supper.

"Sunday 14th. The Ottawa raft came down and took us all on Board to Alexandria, there had dinner, had nothing more to eat today. Travelled 16 miles to Mud Lake and carried my clothes, very tiresome work, slept on the Bar room floor all night in company with Packers and Miners."

On Monday they walked from Mud Lake "to Williams Lake 20 miles, Day hot. Williams Lake valley appears to be an amphitheatre in the hills. There are a good few houses and farms and plenty of cattle, had no supper here."

"Tuesday 16th Left Williams Lake at 6 a.m. . . . travelled 18 miles, passed two houses, stopped at a creek for the night, Justin Ensighton and I. Some Indians round annoyed us wanting presents.

"Wednesday 17, left camp at creek at 6 a.m. Travelled 11 miles to Blue Tent Tavern,\* had dinner \$1.50 as usual, travelled 10 miles in the afternoon, camped with Justin Ensighton at a small creek beside a Frenchman's house, rained a little, very tired."

From there, the upper end of Lac la Hache, he and his companion "travelled 17 miles, took breakfast at a Canadian Scotchman's \$1.50, splendid breakfast . . . stopped at Bridge Lake, all slept out." And on the 19th: "Left Bridge creek at 8 a.m. Travelled 25 miles, my feet were sore. Bought provisions from a Chinese packer, cost only 50 c per meal for Bacon Beans, Bread, Tea and sugar. . . .

\* So named because the proprietor and his family were housed in a Blue Tent during the building of the house. The place was kept by Henry Felker, an American, who crossed the plains from St. Louis, Mo., in 1853, coming to British Columbia in 1861.

"20th, left Green Lake house at 8 a.m. Travelled 9 miles to the Government road, engaged to work for the season for 40\$ and board. Had dinner and supper with them, did not go to work to Monday, tented with 4 of our company, my feet sore." And on the Monday he and a number of his Queenston associates began work for G. B. Wright & Co., who had the contract for building the wagon-road from Clinton to Soda Creek, and he continued in that employment until the first of November, by which date the road was completed to Bridge Creek. Hunniford's diary reads much the same from day to day during that period of nearly six weeks. Occasionally there is a variation from the stereotyped entry, "worked all day on the roads." One item states "Justin Ensight Discharged"; another records that "the company treated all hands to Whiskey, some got drunk"; still another tells that he was "heartily tired of the work since coming to the country, thinks often of home"; then "snowed heavy last night, washed my clothes today"; and again, "the men threatened to strike today until we could get sugar for our tea." Upon the closing-down of the road-work, Hunniford and some companions walked to Lillooet and from there proceeded to New Westminster, via Port Douglas, and then on to Victoria.

It is remarkable that so few of the entire company of Overlanders went to the mines when within so, comparatively, short a distance of them, after the long, weary, arduous trek of more than 3,000 miles. The hardships they had undergone in making that journey doubtless predisposed them to accept at their face value the discouraging reports of the unsuccessful miners they met in such large numbers at Quesnel, and many of them never went to Cariboo at any time. Some thought it wisest, in view of the late date and the near approach of winter, to defer visiting Cariboo until the following spring. Some others made all possible haste to Victoria and left the country without delay. While the greater number of the Queenston group, in common with most of the others, left Quesnel with their rafts and floated down to Fort Alexandria, where they disposed of their surplus baggage, a small party decided to make further investigation for themselves, and what they did is recorded by R. B. McMicking, from whose diary the following quotations are taken:—

"Saturday Sept 13. All of our party (with the exception of three of us) concluded to go down to Victoria & Westminster & California & other ports below, while we three purposed trying the mines while it would last. The other boys started by the raft at 7.30 this morning. We will start sometime today as soon as possible. We started at 10 a.m. . . . and travelled on till 5.30 P.M. when we reached





CATHERINE SCHUBERT.



Cameron's ranch, twelve miles from Cottonwood, where we stayed over night. They were very clever & kind Canadians & we enjoyed the night well.

"Sunday Sept 14th We left Cameron's ranch at 8.30 a.m. & travelled as though it was Saturday until about 12.30 noon we came to a camp longside of the road & of course stopped to chat awhile, as with all the rest, & to get dinner, when upon enquiring we found him to be a Mr. Raymond, a near connection of some very intimate friends at home. . . . He had been mining all season & had prospered nothing & also gave us very discouraging accounts of the mines & after a long talk we concluded to go to Cottonwood & see for ourselves, which is on Lightning Creek. We got there about 4 P.M., found there 3 or 4 houses and some tent stands. We stayed over night & saw lots of persons just coming from the mines making their way as fast as possible down to the Ocean, most of them about strapped, work in the mines so dull that old miners couldn't get work to do, after mining for themselves all season & spending what little they had, are trying to get a few day's work to help them down to the Ocean for the winter, but without avail.

"Monday, September 15th. After hearing & seeing what we could here we concluded that nothing could be done in the mines this season and proposed going back to Quesnel & from there down the River, while two others who were with us proposed going somewhat further into the mines to see & be seen."

The following day the McMicking party of three were again at Quesnel, and on the 17th they started down the Fraser in a canoe, passing on the way a steamboat in course of construction, and arriving at Fort Alexandria that same afternoon. "The Fort is on the right & 5 or 6 other Houses; 4 or 5 Houses on the left where we stopped all night, provisions about the same as at Quesnelle, meals \$1.50." Resuming their journey on foot on the 18th. they fell in with a pack-train returning light from the mines, "& we packed our Baggage on them for the rest of the road. Got to the next house at 5.40 P.M. where we met with one of our party employed as cook at 40 dollars per month & Board. Stopped all night, fine good House, the best log House I have ever seen, good garden and splendid water (Mud Lake)."

Continuing, they reached Bridge Creek, and a few miles beyond it they met the roadmen "coming up to work at Bridge Creek, two of our men with them who had hired below & we turned & came back with them with the intention of hiring." Which they did the next day at "40 dollars per month & board, or 57 dollars & work on Sundays."

"Friday, 26th Sept. I commenced cooking for the company at \$50 per month.

"28th. My comrades left this afternoon for the lower regions.

"Monday Oct 6th Threw up my situation as cook this morning & went to work again on the road.

"Wednesday Oct 8. Saw three prisoners go down to the chain-gang, one for 14 years for murder at William's Lake & the others for smaller crimes.

"Sunday Nov 2nd. I and the others at the Bridge yet. I have been cooking for the rest. Word came up today to quit work immediately."

At the time the order came to stop work R. B. McMicking and his companions were at the 117-Mile House, and on November 3rd they began the walk to Lillooet, arriving there on the 10th, thus covering the 117 miles in leisurely fashion. He describes that place as "(to my surprise) quite a nice neat little Town beautifully situated on the west bank of the Fraser, surrounded by the Cascade Mountains with their caps of snow." From Lillooet they walked to Seton Lake, 3 miles, crossed that 18-mile sheet of water in a small steamer, made a 1-mile portage to Anderson Lake, which is 16 miles long and which was crossed in "the side wheel steamer, 'Lady of the Lake.' Had then a portage of 28 miles. We went to the half-way House & stayed over night." Next day they reached Lillooet Lake, crossed it in the steamer "Mazella," made another portage of 11 miles, rowed 6 miles over another lake, and after another walk of 29 miles reached Port Douglas on Saturday, November 15th. There they made connection with the steamer "Henrietta" and arrived at New Westminster on the afternoon of the 16th, "where I fell in with a lot of my old acquaintances."

In or about New Westminster R. B. McMicking remained for some months at least, the last entry in his diary being on April 29th, while still there. An entry on New Year's Day, 1863, states that "a young man named 'Tomilson,' of Canada West, was killed this morning in the woods by a large tree falling on the cabin." On January 5th, 1863, is this: "A young man in the Government employ by the name of Morrison died very suddenly caused by intoxication. . . . An Indian was hanged this morning at 7 o'clock for the murder of a white man along the coast towards the Stickeen river last season and attempting to kill another; also a young man from Canada was accidentally killed while putting on some belts at Homer's sawmill about a mile down the river from this town, New Westminster." On the 9th of the same month two Overlanders left British Columbia, one for his home in Ontario, and the other for California: "J. W. G. Nellas left this morning for Canada and J. J. Leet for Frisco at 8 a.m. by steamer

Enterprise." By the former Robert McMicking sent a letter to his sister at Stamford.

Sellar, the diarist, was one of the easily discouraged ones. He, together with his companions, reached Quesnel on September 11th, as already stated, and in his journal under that date he writes: "We arrived at Quesnell Forks\* where we realized all that we had anticipated from what we had heard on our way down the Fraser.† . . . While the miners were just beginning to leave the mines on account of snow, & many, in fact most, for want of means to get provisions to exist upon while prospecting their clames. An odd one now & then had done well, but not one out of every 500 who had gone there this Season, As most of us were pretty well played out of money we concluded to sell our animals, Picks & shovells, & what clothing we did not wish to pack on our backs & raise enough to take us to some other country where we could afford to live as no person at Carriboo could pretend to live, they nearly stayed & starved. We spent the Greater part of 3 days in getting sold out. We sold our Oxen for \$70 to \$80 each & our small traps & all the clothing we could spare to very good advantage . . . & on the 14th, 11<sup>45</sup> got on board the raft together with some Packers & amongst them was James Anderson from Huntingdon & steered our course down stream for some country where we could make something to live upon if nothing more."

At 9 o'clock the following morning, after tying up for the night, they arrived at Fort Alexandria, where they sold the raft for \$25 to "a miner who wanted timber to build a house," and the tent for \$10, and at 11 o'clock, with all their belongings in packs on their backs, set out on foot for Williams Lake and Lillooet. On the morning of the 17th John Sellar and William Gage left their companions and pushed ahead; they "thought the remainder of the company was not traveling as fast as they might & not half as fast as that which our circumstances demanded, as it was costing us \$4<sup>50</sup> a day to live. . . . We bid adieu to the boys & left them in good spirits & the best of health & saw no more of them." Declining to engage in the road-work, they reached Lillooet on the 23rd and took a contract to cut forty cords of firewood for \$100. "Such was our first job & commencement in the far famed Colloney of British Columbia."

It took them eight days to complete the Lillooet contract. From there they went to Pemberton Portage, where they took another contract that lasted four weeks, "when the snow came & drove us out as we could not work at our job. We then continued on down to Port

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\* Quesnelle mouth is meant. Quesnelle Forks is another place altogether and not on the Fraser.  
† About price of provisions.

Douglass & could find nothing there to do so we together with 10 others took passage to New Westminster, which stands on the North Bank of the Fraser on a complete sand bed & is surrounded on three sides With heavy fir\* timber most of which grows 200 feet high & is 8 to 10 feet thick at the stump such is the fine rolling Prairie Lands that our friend Parson Whyte wrote his long letters on & published through the Christian Guardian. We spent two days in Westminster & as we could get nothing to do took passage on board the Columbia for Victoria where we landed on the 9 of Novr at 9 P.M. We spent 10 days there, as we could get nothing to do & no boats in port so that we could leave, We started & traveled out into the country, there are a number of good ranches around Victoria but out in the interior the country is nothing but a bed of Rock covered with small fir timber. We left Victoria on the Steamer Siera Nevada on the 18 & landed in San Francisco on the 22 at 11 P.M. The town covers a great peice of ground but has no appearance as it is all built of Brick & Baloon frames most of which are two stories high & on Montgomery Street a few Brick buildings are 4 & 5 stories high. But there is a great deal of Buisness of all kinds done through the Town. & Every class of Laboring men have a society to which they belong & they will not work less than \$5<sup>00</sup> pr day & will not work with a man who does not belong to the Society."

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\* The famed Douglas fir, so named after David Douglas, the botanist.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.

VISIT TO WILLIAMS CREEK—"CARIBOO" CAMERON—REV. JOHN SHEEPSHANKS—A NEW ROUTE—THE BARRON TRAIL—IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MACKENZIE—VALE, FAITHFUL OX—AN HONEST MAN—BELLA COOLA—HOSPITALITY OF INDIANS—NARROW ESCAPE FROM A WHALE—FORT RUPERT—VICTORIA, VANCOUVER ISLAND—TABLES OF EXPENSES AND DISTANCES.

It has been recorded in the foregoing pages that A. L. Fortune sold flour to some of his companions, who had run short of that commodity on the trail, at the rate of 20 lb. for \$20. "I told them," he states in his narrative, "that if flour was less at the Mouth of Quesnelle I would return them the difference. We found the flour only worth fifty dollars per 100 lbs at Mouth Quesnelle. The first time I met one of these men I returned him ten dollars." An act quite in keeping with the man, one of the most scrupulous integrity.

Unlike the majority of his fellow-travellers, Fortune was determined to go to the mines. "Very few of our overland party felt like going into Cariboo, even after getting so near it. We were all tired of travelling, not many had money sufficient to go there and provide themselves for the trip to Victoria and then lay in a stock of food for the coming winter. The great bulk of our party started down on foot over the travelled trail by the Fraser valley and a number joined the road building." He and James Wattie "took the ox that I had bought from a Mr. Gunn on Red River into Cariboo to pack our outfit. We left William Wattie at Quesnelle Mouth.\* Mr. Wattie and I thought we might profit by a personal knowledge of the mining country. We felt it would be a disappointment not to see for ourselves when within sixty miles of William's Creek. So we got all things ready after saying good bye to those going down country and struck out for Cottonwood way-house. We had our ox leading after us like a pet, and well satisfied to be near us. We met some pack trains returning, and travellers returning badly disappointed, but the greatest bug-a-boo was a train of camels, the sight of which struck terror into our ox. We had to retreat and hide from sight until they got past."

The trail had been much travelled—there was no wagon-road at that time—and in places very miry, and they only made about 15 miles a day. On the way they encountered two men in charge of a band of cattle feeding on the range and with them they left the ox and, taking

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\* William had secured work—building a log house.

their packs on their backs, continued their way to Williams Creek. It is unfortunate that at this stage of the Fortune narrative several pages of the manuscript are missing, but from what remain it is evident that they made good use of their time and thoroughly informed themselves of the extent and value of the mining operations being carried on. During their sojourn at Williams Creek, Mrs. Cameron, the wife of a well-known miner, "Cariboo" Cameron, was very ill, dying a short time afterwards. After remaining at the mines for eight days, during which period they satisfied themselves that the country was fully as rich as the most sanguine reports had stated, they decided to winter at the coast on account of the shortage of supplies in Cariboo. Leaving Williams Creek in a snow-storm on September 27th, they picked up their ox en route, and returned to Quesnel, where they found William Wattie patiently awaiting them. There, too, narrates A. L. Fortune, "we met some of the Toronto party who arrived later down the river. Mr. Joslyn reminded us of his corpulency at Fort Garry. 'But look at me now?' He was now decently slim."

"It was reported," states William Wattie,\* "that the government of British Columbia was going to open a trail from this point to Bentinck arm, about 325 miles in a westerly direction. This would bring us to the Pacific Ocean on Queen Charlotte Sound, near the north end of Vancouver Island, but there was no means of getting there nor any very correct information, and the country we would have to pass over was a vast wilderness. . . . We would have to pass three or four tribes of Indians that were hostile to the white man. . . . We decided for this point at all hazards. We were now the only three of the overland party left in the upper country."

A. L. Fortune† states that at Quesnel "There was a Mr. Barron selling provisions, who came through from Bentinck Arm with a pack train of some thirty head of horses and mules with pack saddles and loads of stuff on their backs. These animals had made two trips already and were out for a third load. Mr. Barron was the agent of some San Francisco firm who shipped provisions and liquors to Victoria, and thence by Hudson's Bay Company steamer 'Labouchere' to Bentinck Arm,‡ They canoed their cargo up river thirty miles by Indians and made a trail from there to Fort Alexandria for packing over."

\* William Wattie's narrative.

† A. L. Fortune's MSS.

‡ The Bella Coola River, down which Alexander Mackenzie made his way to the Pacific Ocean at Bentinck Arm, July, 1783. Had Mackenzie cut across country from his turning-back place instead of retracing his steps to the vicinity of the Blackwater, what a saving of time, labour, and anxiety he would have made! The Barron trail is also known as the Palmer trail, it having been surveyed by Lieutenant Palmer, of the Royal Engineers.





JUNCTION OF QUESNEL AND FRASER RIVERS AT QUESNEL.



It was by the Barron trail from Alexandria that Fortune and his two companions decided to proceed to the coast, thereby adding to their difficulties an extra 200 miles of actual travel, and unforeseen delay in arriving at their ultimate destination, Victoria. Their first care was to construct a small raft, "a very crude affair being made of dry cedar logs pened together," says William Wattie. "When it was finished we put all our effects with the ox on board," and with several passengers, whom they charged \$10 a head fare, they floated down the Fraser to Fort Alexandria on October 11th, leaving Quesnel at 10 in the forenoon, and reaching the fort at 4 p.m. There they sold the raft for \$30. Next day being Sunday, they attended church service held in the fort by Rev. John Sheepshanks, Anglican clergyman, who had come to British Columbia from England in 1859. He afterwards became Bishop of Norwich.

Up to this point, all the Overlanders who had descended the Fraser had come in common and followed the route of the Cariboo Road, then in the making, to gain the coast towns. Some, as we have seen, went down the road to Lillooet; others took the newer road to Yale, making the deviation at Clinton, which, because the Yale and Lillooet Roads joined there, was frequently called "The Junction." It remained for this trio to make a new departure by taking the Barron trail to Bella Coola. Leaving the Fraser Valley, the trail took them across an elevated plateau, and, after crossing Chilcotin River, "shallow, wide, and swift," they reached Puntzi Lake. They found trout in the streams and occasionally they shot a duck, which helped out their scanty food-supply.

Before reaching the lake they encountered some Chilcotin Indians, who had been described to them "as a bad and dangerous tribe." "We had hoped," remarks William Wattie in his narrative, "to miss them and get past without their notice as we were afraid of them. . . . But with all our care, one evening about 7 o'clock, when we thought we were past their main camp, we found ourselves in the midst of their camp before we knew it. . . . They treated us very well, the chief giving us part of his house for the night. They got us something more to eat when we went to their camp, and as a mark of honor cooked a piece of wolf meat which they thought was a great delicacy. We had to eat some, but I can assure you the taste went with us for a long time, and often when I see a dog it brings to my mind our supper among the Chillicutney Indians."

After leaving Puntzi Lake they traversed an undulating wooded plateau. Their provisions were rapidly dwindling and they accordingly

put themselves on short rations. Despite their economy they came to the last morsel of flour. Their only firearm was a revolver, for which but one cartridge remained. With that weapon and last ammunition, James Wattie succeeded in bringing down a duck, upon which they feasted. Still starvation threatened, but when the last hope seemed gone they met Barron's pack-train on its way from Boat Encampment, on Bella Coola River, to Quesnel. They camped with the packers overnight and purchased from them as much bacon, beans, flour, tea, and sugar as they thought would take them to the storehouse at Boat Encampment.

The two men in charge of the pack-train were good-hearted fellows who gave them useful information about the trail still before them. Two days later the packers were attacked and killed by the band of Indians with whom Fortune and the Watties had passed the night a few days before.\*

While camping with the packers on the trail, three other men joined them, an engineer and two assistants. Their names are not given, but Fortune relates how the engineer had the ill manners to treat the packers so disdainfully that James Wattie could not refrain from going to the assistance of his hosts, and administered such a verbal castigation to the offender that, the chronicler states, "we feared a challenge with pistols for a time. His manner was so much out of place that he was cut out of our conversation after that." Fancy sending a man to Coventry on the trail; still more, fancy a man so forgetting himself as to merit it!

About 30 miles west of Puntzi Lake they encountered a gang of men cutting hay on a large swamp or beaver meadow for the Barron pack-train, which was to be wintered there. The name of the man in charge of operations was Linn, a native of Ontario. Knowing that no feed for the ox would be procurable at the coast, Fortune arranged with Linn to leave the ox there for the winter, but the haymaker would not guarantee the animal would survive the winter. Little did Fortune, or Linn either, know that those words augured ill. A short time after Fortune and his friends left the meadow, probably ten days or two weeks, a party of men returning from the Cariboo mines arrived at the hay-camp in a destitute and starving condition and, finding the ox, promptly killed it notwithstanding the protests of Linn, the miners persisting in carrying out their project with the excuse that the owners would willingly make the sacrifice to save human lives. They left \$85 with Linn to give to Fortune in payment for his beloved ox. Twenty

\* William Wattie's MS.

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months later the money was paid over to him by the honest fellow who had been entrusted with it.

Meanwhile Fortune and his comrades, continuing their journey to the coast, were annoyed by some Indians, who, however, did not seriously molest them, and after some arduous travel arrived at Barron's store, 30 miles from the mouth of the Bella Coola. The man in charge was ill with smallpox and was being cared for by a passing traveller\* who engaged to do so and to look after the store. Indians camped about the place had been visited by the same plague and numbers of them succumbed to it. Fortune says: "We hurried away from the stricken spot and fortunately found two canoes ready to run the 30 miles to salt water," and William Wattie adds: "We made a bargain with the Indians to take us in canoes for \$15.00, \$5 each, and at 2 p.m. we started with four Indians and a huge dug out canoe. . . . It would have been impossible for any but Indians to run down as the river was full of snags and drift wood and large trees fallen . . . across the river with the strong current running under, if the canoe was not handled right you were quite liable to go under, and about getting thru, it would depend how long you could hold your breath."

Fortune relates how they picked up three Indians struggling among "flood-wood," the survivors of eight who had set out in the other canoe a short time ahead of them. Some of them were drunk and caused the canoe to upset and five of them were drowned.

The voyage down the river was accomplished in safety and the travellers doubtless experienced almost as much joy at the sight of Bentinck Arm as had Mackenzie and his men seventy years earlier. Landing near the house of a Mr. Taylor, who traded with the Indians, in proximity to the Indian village of Bella Coola, they encamped and waited there for twenty-one days for the Hudson's Bay steamer "Labouchere" to call on its way from the north to Victoria. William Wattie refers to their arrival and sojourn in these terms: "We arrived at the main camp of the Bellacoola Indians about 6 p.m. . . . This had been a very large camp at one time but small pox had reduced them about one half that season and that summer 400 died with the disease. The coast Indians never move about as the plain Indians do, as their living is fish, and they remain at the same place for generations. We found there three men trading among the Indians. Their principle merchandize was poor whiskey. One of these men invited us to stay with him in his shack, which we gladly did. He gave us plenty of food,

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\* James Wattie gives his name as "Alex. McDonald." (MSS. narrative.)

such as he had, which consisted of fresh and dry salmon, without salt, and coffee."

Smallpox was rife among the Bella Coolas. William Wattie says the stricken Indians sought to get near a white man's house, "and as a result there was a great many dead Indians in the bush around our camp. The large gray wolves . . . would come down from the mountains. . . . Their mission was to feed on them . . . so that any who died in the day would all be gone the next morning except some bones." He relates that he and a companion visited one of the Indian houses one morning, a large building of 150 by 75 feet, the floor raised 5 feet above the ground. "All the filth of the camp was thrown down there. . . . Hearing a child crying and moaning piteously we hunted around in the bush until we found it. There was a little baby about 6 months old in a little booth made of brush. It was dreadfully broken out with small pox and had been put out of the camp without food or anyone to care for it, and the wild beasts would carry it away in the night. I never hear a child cry now but my mind goes back to that poor little Indian baby, dying alone in a little brush booth made by its mother."

Fortune and the Watties had hoped to find work at Bella Coola. They had been told that the Government intended building a road from there to Cariboo; "but," says William Wattie, "there was no work, nor had there been any thought of by the government." Weary of waiting there, they determined to try to reach Fort Rupert, a Hudson's Bay post on the north-east coast of Vancouver Island. Accordingly, they engaged some Indians to take them to Bella Bella. The same chronicler tells the story of that journey: "In the morning we got on board a large Chinook canoe, with five Indians and four white men. We called on a camp 4 miles distant where lived a white man. We found him lying sick with smallpox. We sent word back to the camp we had just left that John McLane was very sick. We bade him good bye, wishing him a speedy recovery. We learned afterwards that he died two days after we had left him. He was buried by the white men and Indians in a lonely grave. His friends at home never knew what became of him for forty years. They a few years ago advertised in a Nova Scotia paper about him: It fell into my brother's hands. he wrote them telling when, where, and with what disease he died. . . .

"After leaving the beautiful bay at the head of Bentinck Arm we came thru the narrow straits into Burk Channel. The next day we paddled with a will and made about fifty miles. At noon we landed on a rocky point, cooked our dinner and rested for an hour, then set sail again. The Indians began to get lazy. We paddled out into a large



GRAND RAPIDS, FRASER RIVER.





sheet of water lying between Kings Island and the mainland about 10 miles wide. We were about half way across we were attacked by thousands of porpoises. We were much frightened as we were in danger of their breaking our canoe. The Indians were not very white nor very clean but the white shone thru at that time. One of the party, the old chief, whose name was Calicees, took his musket which was loaded with shot, stood up in the bow and fired amongst them. This was the last we heard of them. We put our paddles deep in the water and got away from that place as fast as possible."

They were kindly treated by the natives at Bella Bella and four of them undertook to convey them in a canoe to Fort Rupert. In making that voyage in the open sea they had a fresh alarm, a whale rising to the surface close behind them. At Fort Rupert, still a long way from Victoria, they waited eighteen days before the longed-for steamboat picked them up and carried them to their destination. With their arrival at Victoria the account of the overland journey of the McMicking brigade is completed. Of the activities of some of those who remained in the country something will be said in another chapter. Before dismissing this part of the story, however, it may be pointed out that the *per capita* cost of the expedition is given by Thomas McMicking as \$97.65, which he tabulates as follows:—

Fare from Queenston to St. Paul by R.R. and steamboats .....	\$16.65
Fare St. Paul to Fort Garry by stage and steam- boat .....	25.00
Outfit, including—	
Share of tent .....	\$2.00
Share of dishes, etc. ....	2.00
Share of mining tools .....	2.00
Share of ox, cart, harness, and pack- saddle .....	25.00
	31.00
Provisions, including—	
168 lbs. flour .....	\$6.00
50 lbs. pemmican .....	3.00
Bacon .....	1.50
Beans, codfish, and dried apples .....	1.50
	12.00
Groceries, consisting of tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, mustard, baking-soda, vinegar, and matches .....	5.00

## Incidental expenses, comprising—

Share of payment of four guides .....	\$2.00
Board at St. Paul, Georgetown, and Fort Garry .....	5.00
Charges for use of H.B. boats .....	1.00
	<hr/> \$8.00

Total expenses .....	<hr/> \$97.65
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A remark, made in all sincerity and earnestness, referring to one part of their equipment, is amusing because of its naivete. The same writer says: "Our mining tools were the only articles in the above list that we found to be unnecessary."

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CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE.

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EXPERIENCES BY THE WAYSIDE—OLD-TIME HOSPITALITY—WILLIAMS LAKE—MEETING OLD COMRADES—PAVILION MOUNTAIN—LILLOOET—BY LAKE AND PORTAGE—WORKING A PASSAGE—AT NEW WESTMINSTER—JOHN ROBSON—SAWING WOOD—END OF THE GREAT TREK.

The brief record of the Symington party ends with their arrival at Quesnel. What became of its members is unknown, but in all probability they followed the paths taken by those who preceded and the others who came after them, some remaining in the country, others returning whence they came.

Of Alexander and his associates there is, fortunately, a very satisfactory account given by the former in his admirable diary. They reached Quesnel in small parties on various dates between the 4th and 13th of October, Alexander and his three companions being the last to arrive, having been twenty-four days on the way instead of the anticipated five days to Fort Alexandria, some distance farther down the river. They had been given up as lost and the report to that effect not only spread all over the country, but was published in the Coast newspapers. Their appearance in the flesh, with but the loss of one of their mess, occasioned much surprise and more delight among their comrades.

Harry Handcock's letter, left at Quesnel for them in the event of their turning up, counselled them to proceed at once to Fort Alexandria and from there down to the Coast, and they acted upon that advice, staying over at Quesnel only one day, October 14th. They sold the canoe to a company of seven miners who were going down to Victoria, for \$35, the purchasers undertaking to convey some of their baggage as far as Alexandria and to give Fletcher a free passage, his feet being very sore. As, however, it was found the canoe would only carry seven persons, Fletcher was obliged to accompany his companions on foot.

At 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning, 15th, they took the trail for Fort Alexandria, "a hard march up and down hill, and awfully muddy," accomplishing 18 miles that day. The wagon-road was not yet made and the trails were of the roughest description. They camped for the night with some packers who were taking a train into Quesnel, and supped with them. Next morning, very stiff and with sore feet, they resumed the trail, soon reaching a house kept by one McKenzie,

who, as soon as he learned that they were the supposedly lost men, insisted upon providing them with a substantial breakfast.

Another day's tramp of about the same length as the first day took them to where the steamboat that was to ply between Soda Creek and Quesnel was being constructed. Men asked questions about each other when they met in this fashion, and when it transpired who the four travellers were, those in charge of the ship-building treated their guests with great kindness, gave them flour, bacon, tea, and sugar, and told them to help themselves to whatever they desired. Alexander says: "The people are very kind. You just tell you are broke and hungry and of course you get a meal." Such was the spirit of the times, and especially all along the Cariboo Road and the trails that preceded it. The traveller paid if he could, but none ever went away hungry from house or camp.

On the 17th they passed Alexandria, found their baggage there, but could not sell any of it and had to carry it along on their backs. They learned there that Harry Handcock was at Williams Lake. That night they stopped near a ranch 17 miles below Alexandria and found John Fallon, Beatty, and John Macrae working there. The next day they had dinner at Deep Creek House and about 5 in the afternoon arrived at Williams Lake, and found Harry Handcock, who was overjoyed to see them, employed as a waiter at Woodward and Manafee's Hotel, for \$30 a month and board. "Met a young fellow called Charley Seymour from Toronto, who knew me at once, whose face I remember but don't remember having known him. . . . Was introduced to Capt Torrance and Judge Elwyn."\*

Sunday, 19th, saw the quartette broken up, Fletcher and Tom Jones going on, and Alexander and Alfred Handcock remaining with Harry for the day, and the diarist observes: "Did nothing but lie around all day. Here there is no difference between Sunday and Saturday. There is an awful amount of gambling goes on here. We must toddle on tomorrow. Slept under a roof for the first time for nearly six months." And the entry for the following day is: "Stayed here till about noon and then commenced our tramp again. Felt rather bad at leaving Harry just after rejoining him for God only knows how long it may be in this country before we meet again, but it can't be helped."

On Wednesday morning they reached the Blue Tent, where they "got a little meat and bread to serve for breakfast and dinner." Tom Jones came in while they were there; he had parted from Fletcher and intended to hunt up a cousin who was in the country somewhere. That night they stayed at Lac la Hache House, kept by one Anderson who

\* Thomas Elwyn, Stipendiary Magistrate of Lillooet.

formerly lived at Sutton, Lake Simcoe, and on the 23rd they camped with "Thomson, a Canadian Overlander, who is working on the roads. There are a lot of them at Bridge Creek, some of them having taken a subcontract." Next morning they came to the "shanty where the Canadians are camped. Got rid of some of the letters I had. . . . Found Schuyler here and his cousin, also Sellers and a lot of others; Redgrave is here also. Wallace had told them all that we were drowned. . . . Had dinner at one of their camps and then started on, but had not gone far when we met Tunstall and a lot more of them. . . . Camped at the same camp as Tunstall. . . . We find that Big Smith of Toronto made a canoe at the Cache and started just before us; as nothing has been heard of them, I am afraid that they have all gone under."

On Sunday, 26th, they came to a house, a wayside stopping-place, and found Tom Jones there with his cousin, who had a share in the business. Alexander was very ill and quite unable to go on and so rested there until Tuesday, when they went on to Clinton. Next day they came to a farm, 4 miles out, kept by one Walker, who formerly farmed "near Handereko at Queenston." That night it snowed. On Thursday they crossed over Pavilion Mountain and Alexander was much impressed with the road built over it, which he declares "is a feat in engineering. It is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from bottom to top. The road runs zigzag up the face of the mountain. From the low end of one stretch to the high of the next will not be much over a hundred feet.

There is a house on top kept by McLean, brother of owner of Ploughboy." Alexander stopped to dine at Captain Martley's.\* "His clerk is a young fellow Scot, comes from Hope House." Alfred Hancock kept right on. No reason is given for the separation; probably the slow progress made by Alexander, whose feet were giving him a great deal of trouble, rendered Hancock impatient. Alexander reached Lillooet on the evening of the last day of October and found Alfred Hancock already there at the Stage Hotel, "and also Johnnie Brown, as clerk and barkeeper. Had supper and stayed the night there. Lillooet is quite a small town. There is one street in it and a church. The Stage Hotel is a first rate house."

Herkimer, the proprietor of the hotel, offered the two companions a job of cutting wood for the house at \$2.50 a cord, and they accepted it with alacrity, but found it "tough work, Yellow Pine and very knotty, and the grain runs every way." While at Lillooet they met "Judge Elwyn, and also Dr. Tomkins, whom we saw at William's Lake."

\* Captain Martley, retired Imperial Army officer, who settled at Pavilion on a Military Land Warrant.

They soon found that they could not "make their salt" at the wood-cutting and gave it up. "When we came to settle up with Herkimer he treated us very well, giving us \$5.00 more than we earned by a good way."

On Tuesday, November 4th, they left Lillooet before daybreak, crossed Seton Lake and Anderson Lake on the steamers plying thereon, tramped the long portage to Lillooet Lake, again took the steamer, crossed Little Lake in a sailboat, and while having dinner at the 16-Mile House, saw a copy of the *British Columbian*, a newspaper published at New Westminster, in which they read that they were all thought to have perished in the Upper Fraser Canyon. They spent their last dollar for breakfast on Friday, but managed to dine, sup, and breakfast again without money. At 4-Mile House—4 miles from Douglas, the head of navigation of the New Westminster-Douglas-Lillooet route—they found it was kept by a Mrs. Handcock, "whom Mrs. Dallas mentioned to us and whom we have heard of since, Alf being asked if he was any relation. Well, she did turn out to be some sort of one, at least her husband was one of the same family." Walking into Douglas they met Andrew Fletcher, who restored them to a state of affluence by giving them a dollar, "and we bought a loaf of bread; this was our supper."

Working their passage down Harrison River to the Fraser, they had to wait until a steamboat of the same line came along to take them to New Westminster. Five others, also working their passage, were detained at the same time. Together they went to a house at the mouth of Harrison River, and the owner, "without us asking for it, ordered supper for the whole of us. Alf knew the waiter in Niagara and it is his brother owns the house, so he said we two were to stay till the next steamer and he would see we went down."

It is a pity the name of that hospitable man is not recorded, and he fully deserved the praise Alexander bestows upon him: "He is a capital chap, the owner." The five others who had supped there with Handcock and Alexander had some money and hired an Indian to take them to New Westminster in a canoe, but they were not allowed to depart hungry, all hands being given a hearty breakfast before leaving. Later in the forenoon Fletcher, George C. Tunstall, and Dr. Tompkins came along in a canoe, and later, when the steamer "Henrietta" picked them up, they all went down to the Royal City, Alexander and Handcock sawing wood—literally—all the way down. As soon as they landed they went to a hotel and Alexander bluntly told the landlord that he was without funds, but wanted some meals, and offered to leave his watch as security for payment, which was agreed to. The date of

their arrival at New Westminster was Thursday, November 13th. Fletcher and Tunstall went on to Victoria.

The following morning Alexander and Handcock "went out to have a look round town. It is not much of a place," remarks Alexander, critically, adding, as if to take some of the sting out of his words, "but still decidedly good for four years growth. Alf met John Powell here. He is in the Treasury Office. Called at a Jewellers, who said that owing to my watch having got rusty it is worth only the weight of the silver in the case, some \$3.00. A bad lookout. Called on the Editor of 'British Columbian';<sup>(61)</sup> he is to contradict the report of our being drowned. . . . When he heard how we were situated he lent me \$5.00 and told us to come and stay with him for a few days till we saw about us and he would give us something to do for our board." They accepted the kind offer and a few days later John Powell, Alf's acquaintance in the Treasurer's Office, found them employment, to cut wood for a Mr. Cooper of the same office for \$1.50 a cord. Accordingly they built a shanty and went to work.

Under date November 22nd, Alexander notes in his diary: "I have met the Meaford fellows. They are making shingles just opposite our shanty. Purdy, Tife, Hind and Coffering, Wright and Collins, are down at Frisco." Among the men making shingles were the two McMicking brothers. On December 2nd another entry says: "Today Judge Begbie<sup>(62)</sup> put the Editor in Gaol for contempt of court, as he called it, for writing an article against his land jobbing. There was a meeting about it and great feeling showed about it."<sup>(63)</sup>

Another entry is: "Attended service at Trinity Church<sup>(64)</sup> and heard the Bishop of Columbia.<sup>(65)</sup> Went down in evening and had a talk with the Meaford boys."

And then comes the last entry—December 9th: "Worked at the wood at intervals, as it rained today. Saw the Editor. I could go and cook there and help at the press . . . but I don't think I could manage with the debts we have contracted."

Of the Overlanders who had remained at Edmonton to mine for gold east of the mountains, there is little known. The venture itself did not prove a success. Some of them made their way into British Columbia in the spring and summer of '63; others straggled back to Fort Garry, or drifted south into the United States.

The Overland Trek of '62 was done.

Having arrived at their destination, what became of those who completed the journey? The majority have been lost sight of; they have vanished as though they had never been. Of the few who have been traced, a few notes are given in the succeeding pages.

## APPENDIX.

### BIOGRAPHICAL AND OTHER NOTES.

(1) RICHARD H. ALEXANDER. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, 26th March, 1844. Came to Toronto, Canada, with his parents in 1855. Educated Edinburgh Academy and Upper Canada College. Was 18 years of age when he joined the Overlanders. After wintering at New Westminster, mined in Cariboo, served with a pack-train, and worked as longshoreman in Victoria for the H.B. Co. Accountant to Hasting Sawmill Company in 1870, rising to manager in 1882. Was member Vancouver incorporation committee, served on board of health, school board, president board of trade, alderman city council, chairman of pilotage board, Peruvian consul, and Lloyd's agent, etc. Died 29th January, 1915. He married Miss Emma Rammadge, of Victoria (native of London), in 1867. They had four children, three sons and one daughter. The latter married J. L. C. Abbott, of Vancouver. Richard H. H., the late secretary of the B.C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers, Ltd., with headquarters at Vancouver, died July 12th, 1928. Frederick W. is also in lumber industry and Harry O. is Stipendiary Magistrate, Vancouver.


(2) STEPHEN REDGRAVE. Born in England in 1831. Educated at Rugby. Married in 1849 Martha Susan Lincoln, eldest daughter of Benjamin Lincoln, member firm of Lincoln & Bennett, London, and niece of A. C. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury. Emigrated with his family to Australia in 1852. Mined at Ballarat. Warder at the penal settlement. Inspector, Colonial Mounted Police, and was several times wounded in brushes with bushrangers. Took family to South Africa in 1859; thence to England and in same year to Canada. Joined Toronto Police and promoted to rank of sergeant in 1860. Resigned, April 23rd, 1862, to organize party for Cariboo. Worked on Cariboo Road construction, and later mined in Cariboo in association with A. W. Vowell (afterwards Superintendent of Indian Affairs in B.C.). Returned East in 1869 and bought the Redgrave Farm near Alexandria, Virginia. Returned to B.C. with family in 1873. Appointed Mining Recorder and Provincial Constable, Cassiar, in 1876. His former associate in Cariboo, A. W. Vowell, was Gold Commissioner for Cassiar at same time. Joined commissary department, Onderdonk contract, C.P.R. construction, 1880. Appointed Sheriff of Kootenay and Assessor and Collector, Stipendiary Magistrate, etc., at Golden, 1884. Died at Golden, 1903. Of three sons and three daughters, only the



eldest daughter survives. His youngest son, Stroud Lincoln Redgrave, was Inspector of Police, Victoria, and died in May, 1916, leaving a widow and two daughters, who, with the widow of his eldest brother, reside in the Province.

(3) JOHN M. SELLAR or SELLERS, and his brother WILLIAM, were born at Huntingdon, sons of Joseph Sellar, an Englishman, and his wife, Letitia, an Irishwoman. They did not remain long in B.C., but drifted into the U.S. and returned to Huntingdon in 1870. John, the younger, being left some means by an uncle, went into business in Toronto as boot and shoe dealer. Later he sold the business and went to Dakota, where he took up farming and married. Then moved to Minneapolis with his family, where he and his wife died. Two children survive them, one residing in Yukon and the other in California. William married and had one son, but beyond the fact that William and his wife are dead there is nothing known of them. A younger brother, who signs himself Fred Sellers, resides at Burke, N.Y., had only a hazy recollection of his brothers' return from B.C. and had no subsequent communication with them.

(4) THOMAS and ROBERT BURNS McMICKING, sons of William McMicking and his wife (née Mary McClellan), were born at the family homestead, Stamford Township, Welland County, Ont.—Thomas on 16th, April, 1829, and Robert Burns on 7th July, 1843. Thomas was educated at the local public school and at Knox College, Toronto. Taught school at Stamford and Queenston. Married Laura Chubbock, of Queenston, 12th July, 1853. Upon arriving in B.C., settled in New Westminster, where he was appointed Sheriff and City Clerk. His wife and family joined him there in 1864. Was drowned in Fraser River 25th August, 1866, while trying to save his little son Frank, who had fallen in and who was also drowned. The widow returned to Ontario with her remaining family. She died in March, 1923, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Carl Fisher, St. Catharines. A son, Robert Lincoln, resides at Detroit, Mich. The eldest son, Thomas, returned to B.C., and died in Victoria in 1879. Robert Burns McMicking, with his brother, worked on Cariboo Road construction and made shingle-bolts at New Westminster. Entered service of Collins Overland Telegraph Company, engaged in building a telegraph-line from the U.S. through B.C. and Alaska to Asia and Europe. Operator at Deep Creek, Quesnel, and Yale. In charge of Victoria office of Western Telegraph Union in 1871. Appointed Superintendent of Government Telegraph-lines with headquarters at Yale in 1871 and later at Victoria. Built first telephone-line in Victoria, 1878. One of the organizers of Victoria and Esquimalt Tele-



phone Company, 1880. Installed first electric fire-alarm system in B.C. in Victoria, 1881. Lighted Victoria with arc lights, 1883. Organized company in 1887 to supply domestic electric-light service. Appointed General Manager, B.C. Telephone Company, 1904. Died 27th November, 1915. Married Margaret Leighton, who, with several children, survive him.

(5) JOHN HUNNIFORD. Native of Portadown, Armagh, Ireland. Emigrated to Canada in 1857 and settled at St. Catherines. Married Letitia Hardy, also of Portadown. Three children were born, two sons and a daughter (Mrs. William Bond, of Buffalo, N.Y.). Joined Queenston party and soon regretted taking the venture. Wrote in his diary September 7th, en route: "Ran on a rock in strong rapids in the Fraser river. Thought of my quiet home that I left. Regretted leaving my wife and children. Was standing on a broken raft on a rock, with Deep Water on each side. Would have given all the money I possessed in the World had I been on shore with the clothes on my back." Crossed from New Westminster to Victoria in the steamer "Caledonia" 14th November, 1862, and put up at Island Hotel. Economized by having two meals a day. On 25th, "Found 50.00 United States Treasury note." On 27th, "Went to work on Craighflower Road." In October, 1863, left San Francisco for home via Panama, first making two voyages to Honolulu in lumber-vessel and then working in redwood lumber camps. Returning to St. Catherines, became one of its leading merchants.

(6) A. L. FORTUNE. Born at Huntingdon, Que., 20th January, 1830. Early in 1862 married Miss Bathia Ross, of Lancaster, Ont., and resided at St. Anicet, Que., where he engaged in business as merchant. Joining the Huntingdon group of Overlanders, he reached Victoria, as related in his account of the journey, by the Barron or Palmer Trail to Bella Coola. In Victoria worked on roads near Mount Tolmie under Foreman George Dean for a dollar a day without board. Later, in association with W. W. Morrow, a fellow-Overlander, purchased and conducted the Overland Restaurant, Broad Street, Victoria. In 1864 the partners left Victoria, Morrow for Wild Horse Creek, East Kootenay, and Fortune to Yale, whence he tramped to Barkerville, carrying a pack of 50 lb. His capital amounted to \$600. This he spent in prospecting and an equal sum borrowed to carry on his work. Worked for wages until he repaid the loan; then borrowed \$35 from one James Dingwall and walked to Quesnel, "with no gold and much experience," at the end of October, 1865. Joined party of men and descended Fraser in boat to Lillooet, where he met Mrs. Schubert and children, and John Dun, John B. Burns, and John Malcolm, of Acton.

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Worked at Chadwick's farm building log barn and whip-sawed lumber for sheeting and threshing-floor. With the proceeds of their work he and Malcolm purchased pack-horses and tools and went to the Big Bend mines, Columbia River. Returning in spring of 1866 to Seymour, a mushroom town on Shuswap Lake, they canoed to Sicamous and ascended Spallumcheen River, camping near site of present town of Enderby and "staked four land claims for Fortune, Malcolm, Burns, and Dun." Malcolm dropped out and Mark Wallis, of St. Thomas, took his place, but soon returned to Ontario. Fortune was joined by his wife in 1874; she was the first white woman to settle in the Spallumcheen district. Mr. Fortune died 5th July, 1915. Mrs. Fortune survives him.

(7) WILLIAM FORTUNE. Native of Yorkshire, Eng. Emigrated to Canada in 1857 and was employed as a tanner at St. Davids, Ont. After arrival in B.C. entered the service of the H.B. Co. at Kamloops and later settled at Tranquille, where in 1868 he erected the first flour-mill in the Interior of B.C. Built steamer "Lady Dufferin" in 1878, operating between Savona and Spallumcheen settlements. Married Jane McWha at Lytton. Sold their Tranquille property to the B.C. Tuberculosis Society as site for the Sanatorium. He died at Kamloops 1st December, 1914.

(8) JAMES and WILLIAM WATTIE, sons of Forbes Wattie and his wife, Jane Middleton, who came to Canada in 1837. James was born at Strathdon, Scotland, December, 1829. William born 8th May, 1842, Elgin first concession, Huntingdon County, Que. In 1852 James went to California, returning home after three years' absence. William apprenticed machinist in Montreal in 1860. The brothers joined the Overlanders, and amassed a competence mining in Cariboo, where they had a claim on Williams Creek, and were also associated with "Cariboo" Cameron. James returned home in 1864, William following a year later. In association with a Mr. Anderson, James operated a woollen-mill at Valleyfield, later disposing of it to the Montreal Cotton Company. James retired from active business in 1890. He died November, 1907, leaving a widow, a daughter (Mrs. Thomas Hood, Valleyfield, Que.), and two sons (J. A. Wattie, Guildford, Eng., and W. G. Wattie, Worcester, Mass.), and two sisters (Mrs. James Stephen, Huntingdon, Que., and Miss Jane Wattie, Worcester, Mass.). His wife was Miss Janet Morrison, whom he married in 1858. She died 21st December, 1923, aged 89. Hon. J. A. Robb married one of their daughters, who predeceased her parents. William Wattie resumed his trade of machinist, working for several firms in various towns in Massachusetts, his last appointment being superintendent of

the amalgamated Knowles Loom Works of Worcester with the Crompton Works. He invented and patented over sixty devices relating to weaving machinery. He travelled in Europe and Palestine and in 1893 paid a short visit to B.C. He died at Worcester, Mass., 24th April, 1918. He was twice married; first in 1870 to Elizabeth Gibson, of Lachute, Que. (died 13th May, 1903), and next to Emma Smith, of St. Mary's, Ont., who is still living.

(9) CHARLES T. COONEY was born at Banagher, King's County, Ireland; 17th March, 1835. Migrated to U.S. in 1853. Resided at Johnstown, N.Y.; then went to Three Rivers, Que.; next to St. Louis, Mo.; and in 1857 to St. Paul, Minn. His trade was that of a leather-dresser. Crossed Canadian plains in 1859. Mined on Fraser River and Boundary Creek, 1860. Went to Cariboo, 1862. Operated pack-train until 1869, when he acquired land at Tranquille adjoining that of William Fortune and turned farmer and stock-raiser. The property is now part of the Sanatorium holdings. He died 13th May, 1917, leaving a widow and four daughters and three sons. Mrs. Cooney still resides at Tranquille. She was Betsy Allard, the daughter of Joseph Allard, a Hudson's Bay employee (no relative of Ovid Allard, of Langley), and was at Fort George when the Overlanders passed there in 1862.

(10) SAMUEL MOORE was born in Montreal, 1835. JOHN was born on the Moore homestead, Grey County, Ont. They both went to the Red River Settlement in 1858 via St. Paul. Worked that winter for one McDermott getting out logs on the Assiniboine. Joined same party as Cooney to cross the plains to B.C. via Vermilion Pass; thence to Colville, where they worked erecting some buildings for U.S. Government. Went to Lillooet via Okanagan and Kamloops and mined there. Thence to Cariboo, and after mining for a time Samuel operated a pack-train between Yale and Barkerville until 1867, when he purchased a band of sheep in Oregon and took them to Cariboo. The brothers engaged in stock-raising in Nicola, B.C., in 1868. Samuel married Mary Ann Whiteford at Allan Park, Grey County, Ont., 10th April, 1873. She died 13th October, 1881. He died 8th November, 1900. He left two sons, John N. and William, and a daughter, May. John Moore married Agnes Whiteford. He died 4th November, 1881.

(11) JOHN JESSOP. Born 29th June, 1829, at Norfolk, Eng.; son of John and Mary Phillips Jessop. He emigrated to Canada in 1846, settling in Ontario County, Ont. In 1853 attended Toronto Normal School, obtaining first-class certificate. Taught school several years, part of time at Fingal, Elgin County, Ont. With Elijah Dunn went to Fort Garry and crossed the plains in 1859. Arrived at Victoria New

Year's Day, 1860, eight months after leaving Toronto. Mined on Harvey and Keithley Creeks, Cariboo. Started *Daily Press* in Victoria in 1861 in partnership with Leonard McClure. Reverted same year to teaching at non-sectarian school until 1864, when free public-school system was introduced on Vancouver Island. Appointed principal Victoria schools and helped frame first Education Act of B.C. Superintendent of Schools for the Province, 1872 to 1878, when he joined *Colonist* staff. Appointed Provincial Immigration Agent, 1883, which post he held until his death, 30th March, 1901. Married, at Victoria, B.C., 31st March, 1868, Margaret Fausett, daughter of William Fausett, M.D., of Dublin, Ireland. She died 1897.

(12). The "International" was not the first steamboat to ply on the Red River of the North. In a paper prepared and read by Captain Fred A. Bill, of St. Paul, Minn., before the Minnesota Historical Society in 1923, a detailed account is given of the navigation of that river from 1858 to 1879. The author states that in 1857, at the instance of Captain Russel Blakely, who, sent by the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce to examine the river, reported that navigation was practicable for several months in the year. The Chamber of Commerce thereupon offered a bonus of \$1,000 to any one who would put a steamboat on the river the following year. Anson Northrup, then operating a small boat, the "North Star," on the Mississippi above the Falls of St. Anthony, offered to put a steamer on the Red River for \$2,000. The offer was accepted. Northrup cut and framed the boat timbers and loaded them and the machinery and cabin of the "North Star" on thirty-four teams, and with sixty men set out in midwinter from south of Crow Wing to La Fayette on the Red River, 3 miles above the mouth of Buffalo River, a distance of 150 miles. In six weeks the vessel was completed and named after the owner, "Anson Northrup." It was taken to Fort Abercrombie, where a cargo was obtained, and on 17th May, 1858, the steamer left for Fort Garry, arriving there June 5th, and continued the voyage to Lake Winnipeg. Returning to Fort Abercrombie, the boat was purchased by J. C. Burbank, of St. Paul, and during the next two years made several trips to Fort Garry. It was rebuilt and renamed the "Pioneer" in 1860; it had four staterooms, each with two berths, with additional curtained-off berths along both sides of the main saloon. Hargrave (The Red River) made the trip from Georgetown to Fort Garry in 1862 and states that the "Pioneer" was too short to properly navigate the tortuous stream, the deficiency in length being remedied by projecting a long sweep from the bow. The hull being built of green pine and hastily put together, and the machinery old, the vessel was a wreck at the end of 1860 and passed

out of existence. J. C. and H. C. Burbank purchased the wreck of the steamer "Freighter," which had run aground, and abandoned, in an attempt to take it up the Minnesota River, through Big Stone Lake, Lake Traverse, and Bois de Sioux River, to the Red River in 1859. The Burbanks took the boiler and engine to Georgetown, set up a saw-mill, and began the construction of the "International" in the winter of 1860-61. Captain Bill gives the dimensions of the hull as: Length, 136 feet; beam, 26 feet; and depth, 4 feet.

(13) HARRY W. and ALFRED ORMSBY HANDCOCK were sons of Henry Matthew and Dorathea (née Parkinson) Handcock, of Ireland. Henry was born in Ireland in 1841. The family moved to France and there Alfred Ormsby was born on 23rd May, 1843. The family next moved to Jersey in 1848 and in 1851 to Canada. The parents returned to Jersey in the early '60's. Harry and Alfred joined the Toronto party. In B.C. Harry worked as waiter at Manifee's Hotel, Williams Lake. Alfred and R. H. Alexander, aged 19 and 18 respectively, cut cordwood at New Westminster in winter of 1862-63. Alfred worked in Cariboo in 1863. In 1864 went to Astoria, Oregon, and then to Idaho and Denver. Bullwhacked freight from Julesberg, Col., to Fort Gasper, Wyo., worked in a sawmill in Nebraska. and on March 29th, 1869, homesteaded near Bloomingdale, South Dakota. On 13th May, 1872, married Sophia Ester, of Indiana. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1922, Alfred then being 79 years of age, 53 of which he had spent in that community. He died 9th January, 1926, aged 82 years 7 months, the last of the Overlanders of 1862. Besides his widow he left several sons and daughters. The brothers, Harry and Alfred, never met again after leaving B.C. Harry went to Mexico, where he married (twice), settled down, and died. The family were descendants of Danish settlers who lived in Lancashire in the 13th century. Later they moved to Ireland and became established there.

(14) JOHN ANDREW MARA. Born in Toronto, Ont. Had store at Seymour, on Shuswap Lake, in 1865. When Big Bend gold excitement subsided he moved to Kamloops. Kept general store; partner of Shuswap Milling Company; steamboat operator; promoter and director of Kootenay Steam Navigation Company. Elected in 1871 member for Kootenay in Provincial Legislature. Elected for Yale in 1875 and 1878. Speaker of House, 1883-86. Elected Dominion Parliament for Yale, 1887; re-elected, 1891. Defeated by H. Bostock, 1896. Retired to Victoria, where he died. Married Alice Barnard, daughter of F. J. Barnard (deceased). Two children, Lytton and Nellie.

(15) EUSTACE PATTISON. Born at Launceston, Cornwall, Eng.; the son of Samuel Rowles Pattison, solicitor practising in London, a keen student of biology. He was 19 years of age when he came to Canada, attracted by the advertisements of the British Columbia Overland Transit Company, under whose scheme he travelled as far as Toronto, where he joined the Overland party. A nephew is the Rev. F. W. Pattison, of East Northfield, Mass.

(16) BROCK McQUEEN settled in the Kamloops district and farmed for a number of years on the west side of the North Thompson River. He married and had several children, one of whom, James McQueen, resides near Kamloops. He died in 1894.

(17) MARK WALLIS, of Wallace, came from Southwold, Ont. Resided with A. L. Fortune, Spallumcheen, B.C., for a few months and then returned to Ontario, where he died, unmarried.

(18) JAMES ROSE, son of George Rose and his wife, Lucy Gording Parnell. Went to California from B.C. with Simeon Cumner. Visited St. Davids in 1873 and married. Returned to California and settled near Emigrants' Gap. Later moved to Berkeley, Cal., where he died. His widow, a son (Burton James Rose), and a daughter (Mrs. Charles Haywood), whose husband was one time Mayor of Berkeley, survive him. A sister (Mrs. G. B. Wilson) resides at Virgil, near Queenston, Ont., and a niece (Mrs. M. E. Doherty) at St. Catharines.

(19) SIMEON E. CUMNER, son of Daniel and Sarah (née Endicott) Cumner, who migrated to Canada from Pennsylvania in 1796. He soon left B.C. for California, where he perished in a snow-storm in the mountains. Unmarried.

(20) LEONARD CRYSLER. Born at Niagara, Ont., 16th November, 1836; son of Ralph Morden Cryslér and his wife, Elsie Gansevoort. Of U.E.L. stock, the family came to Canada from New York in 1779. Cryslér returned to Ontario a few months after reaching B.C. He studied medicine at Buffalo, N.Y., and graduated, but did not practise. Was very fond of horses. Of artistic turn, but never put his sketching talents to account. Married Margery Clement in 1870 and resided at Windham Township, Norfolk County, then at Homer, and in 1874 moved to St. Davids, where he died in 1885. His wife died in 1911. Two children, both in infancy.

(21) ROBERT HARKNESS, son of John Harkness and his wife, Maria Fetterby (of U.E.L. family), of Williamsburg, Ont., was born in 1833 on a farm in Matilda Township, Dundas, Ont. Was a merchant in Iroquois when gold-fever seized him. Tried hand at mining

in B.C., made shakes at New Westminster and followed various odd employments, returning to Ontario in 1865. Taught school for a time, then bought hotel at Inkerman and sold it in 1882. In partnership with eldest son, Robert D., acquired the *Picton Times*, which he conducted till his death in 1884, when son sold out and went to B.C., where he entered into partnership with J. H. Ross (now of Winchester, Ont.) and started the *Daily News*, the first daily newspaper in Vancouver before the C.P.R. extended its line from Port Moody. Losing everything in the Vancouver fire of 1886, Robert D. Harkness returned East, where he died in 1913. (His former partner, Ross, resumed publication of the *Daily News*, which he later sold to Cotton and Gordon.) Robert Harkness married Sabrina Wood, of Dixon's Corners; six children. One daughter (Mrs. Henry Martin) resides at Waddington, N.Y.

(22) JOHN FANNIN. Born in Kemptville, Ont., 27th July, 1837. Was with Queenston Overlanders. Went to Cariboo in 1864 with Archibald Thompson. Later settled down as shoemaker near Black's Hotel at "Roads End," Hastings, with taxidermy and natural-history study as side-lines. Occasionally acted as guide to hunting-parties to Howe Sound and Knight Inlet. Appointed by Provincial Government in 1873 to report on agricultural lands, Lower Fraser Valley. Appointed Curator of Provincial Museum by Premier John Robson, 1886. In earlier days conducted a short-lived humorous journal, *The Comet*. Died at Victoria, B.C., 20th June, 1904. Unmarried.

(23) JOSEPH ROBINSON. Born in Templesourby, Eng., 13th May, 1822. Married Mary Dixon, of Renwick, Cumberland, Eng., 1st January, 1848. Emigrated soon after to Canada and took up farming until joined Overlanders. Returned to Ontario in spring of 1863 with John Boland and William Gilbert and resumed farming. His wife died in 1887; his death took place at Buffalo, N.Y., 1911. Both are buried at St. Davids, near Queenston. Three out of ten children survive. John Boland, in business at Queenston for a period, then moved with family to Denver, Col.

(23A) DOBSON PREST, another Queenston Overlander, connected by marriage with Chubbock and Thomas McMicking, remained in B.C. until December, 1863, working on farm at Cedar Hill, Victoria. Visited his brother-in-law Chubbock at Gold Hill, Nevada, and took up mining and prospecting. Died at Truckee, Cal., in 1885.

(24) SAMUEL CHUBBOCK, brother-in-law of Thomas McMicking, born at Queenston, Ont., 7th December, 1837. Educated at local school and at St. Catherines. Telegraph operator, Toronto and Detroit. Soon left B.C. for California and entered service of Western Union Tele-



graph Company. Was stationed at San Francisco and Sacramento. Went to Gold Hills, Nevada, 1863. as telegraph operator and postmaster and opened book and stationery store. Married Anne E. LeCompte, of Philadelphia, 26th September, 1868; they resided at Gold Hill and Virginia City, Nevada. Appointed agent, Wells-Fargo Express Company, at Oakland, 1889, and after fifteen years' service there held similar post at Los Gatos, Cal. Retired to Oakland in 1919, and died there 8th November, 1921. Widow still resides at Oakland. Chubbock kept a diary of the Overland Journey, but it was lost in fire at Virginia City in 1875.

(25) PETER MARLOW. Born in Pennsylvania, 1830. Came to Canada when a boy, residing with John Brown, farmer, near Queenston until 1858, when he married. Brown set the young people up on a farm. They did well until 1862, when he sold everything to go to Cariboo mines, joining the Queenston party. Mined a little in B.C. and worked at coast sawmill. Returned to Ontario in 1865 and took another farm. He died 28th September, 1912. His wife predeceased him, 1910. Both buried at Grimsby. They had seven children, of whom five survive.

(26) GEORGE REID, blacksmith by trade, was born at New Erin, near Huntingdon. Returned home, drifted away again and lost sight of.

(27) DAVID OLNEY and JOSEPH WHITE, members of Huntingdon group, soon left B.C. and settled in the Western States. Frank White, known as "the major," brother of Joseph White, drove one of the teams conveying the party from Huntingdon to Malone; he is resident at Huntingdon.

(28) ARTHUR and JAMES ANDERSON returned to Huntingdon, where Arthur married Miss McAdam. They moved to Kansas, where he died in 1886, smothered in a well. James died at Huntingdon. 1910.

(29) HUGH and JOHN WATSON returned to Huntingdon at an early date and married. Their descendants have left Huntingdon district.

(30) W. B. CAMERON. Born at Rathen, Scotland, 1840. Came to Canada with his parents when a child. They settled at Dewittville, Que. Served as apprentice to Know, blacksmith, for three years. Worked at his trade in Cariboo and elsewhere in B.C. and amassed a considerable sum of money. Returned to Dewittville and in November, 1879, married Elizabeth Gardiner, by whom had three sons and five daughters. Wife died, 1902. Subsequently took as second wife Agnes Blachford, widow of David Pringle, of Hinchinbrooke. In 1909 moved to Huntingdon, where he died 27th January, 1919. Was member of Godmanchester School Board from 1885 to 1909 and its chairman for fourteen years. The only surviving son at time of his death was Cap-

tain Robert Cameron, V.S., then overseas with C.E.F. Also survived by his widow and four daughters—Mrs. John Searle, Morin Heights, Que.; Mrs. Eddie Seale, Cookshire, Que.; Mrs. Allan Dawson, Huntingdon, Que.; and Miss Myrtle Gertrude Cameron, Montreal.

(31) W. B. SCHUYLER. Native of Huntingdon, a cousin of John Bowron, of the Huntingdon party. Soon returned from B.C. and settled upon his father's farm near Huntingdon. Lure of the West again called him and he went to California. He died there in 1923.

(32) JOHN BOWRON. Born in Huntingdon, Que., 10th March, 1837. Father was native of Yorkshire, Eng., who migrated to Canada when 16, became owner of lumber-mills, and during war of 1812 supplied British troops in Canada with beef. John Bowron was educated at Huntingdon Academy. Studied law with brother-in-law at Cleveland, Ohio. Arriving in B.C., wintered 1862-63 in Victoria. Went to Cariboo, 1863. Appointed Postmaster at Barkerville, 1866; Mining Recorder, 1872; Government Agent, 1875; Gold Commissioner, 1883. Retired, 1906; died, September same year. Twice married; first at Richfield, 16th August, 1869, to Emily Edwards, by whom had two sons, Eddie and William, and two daughters, Alice (deceased) and Lottie. Mrs. Bowron died in 1895. Took (1897) as second wife Elizabeth Watson, daughter of Adam Watson, who emigrated from Scotland to San Francisco in 1850. There is one daughter (Aileen) by this marriage.

(33) JOHN STEVENSON. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, 25th September, 1827. Came with parents to Montreal in 1842. Learned trade of pattern- and cabinet-making. Took up farming in Huntingdon in 1859. Joined Huntingdon party. After three years in B.C. returned to his farm, later residing with his sister, Mrs. Thomas Lanktree, Huntingdon, where he died 15th March, 1915.

(34) PETER McINTYRE. Native of Huntingdon, Que. Joined the Huntingdon party. Mined in Cariboo. In 1865 prospected in MacKenzie River district. Later went to U.S., where became Indian fighter and guard for Pony Express. In early eighties returned to B.C., settling at Vaseaux Lake, Okanagan, his sister, Mrs. McKenzie, keeping house for him. Died Thursday, 12th February, 1925, aged 91 years.

(35) ROBERT A. CUNNINGHAM returned to Huntingdon soon after reaching B.C. Joined Barnum's Circus in New York and became special agent for Barnum. Died in New York about 1915 or 1916.

(36) THOMAS and WILLIAM PHILLIPS were sons of Dr. Phillips, of Ormstown, Chateaugay, Que. Thomas returned East and married Miss Pallester, afterwards moving to Illinois, where he died in 1924. A son resides in Chicago.

(37) JOHN B. BURNS worked as foreman on Chadwick's farm, Lillooet, for some time; then returned to Acton, the only one of his party to do so. Hall was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun east of the Rocky Mountains, where he stayed to join the Love party; the others died in B.C. Burns was killed at a railway crossing at Hamilton.

(38) ARCHIBALD McNAUGHTON. Born in Montreal, 16th March, 1843. Educated at Phillips School and Lower Canada College. Mined in Cariboo several years. Appointed Assessor and Collector, Cariboo, March, 1884. October same year entered H.B. Co.'s service, Quesnel. Appointed Postmaster, Quesnel, 1887. Died 21st June, 1900. Twice married; first wife, his cousin, Elizabeth McGregor, at Montreal (died, 1887). Second wife, Margaret Peebles, of New Westminster, whom he married in September, 1890.

(39) GEORGE CHRISTIE TUNSTALL. Born in Montreal, 5th December, 1836; son of James and Elizabeth Tunstall. His grandfather was Rev. James Tunstall, first rector of Christ's Cathedral, Montreal; his grandmother was daughter of General Christie, commandant of Montreal after cession of Canada in 1763. Educated at Sparkman's Academy, Sorel, Que., and Lower Canada College, Montreal. Mined in Cariboo. Appointments: Government Agent, Kamloops, 1879; Gold Commissioner, Granite Creek, 1885; Gold Commissioner, Revelstoke, 1890; Gold Commissioner and Government Agent, Kamloops, again, where he died 6th January, 1911. Married Annie Morgan, 1865 (died, 1873). Left two sons, George C. of Savona, B.C., and Dr. C. A. ("Gus"), practising in Australia.

(40) ADOLPHUS URLIN. Born in London, Eng., 1816. Married Agnes Elizabeth Kelly, 1839. Migrated to New York. Crossed into Canada in 1840 and bought a farm at Southwold, near Port Stanley, Ont. Was accompanied to B.C. by his son. Returned to Ontario in 1864 and resided in Wallacetown until his death.

ALFRED JOHN URLIN, the son, born in Southwold, 1840. Did not return to Ontario with his father, but settled at Missoula City, Montana, where he married. His widow and two daughters reside at Portland, Oregon.

(41) A. C. ROBERTSON, one of those who were drowned in descending the Fraser, was the son of the keeper of the gaol at Goderich, Ont.

(42) ROBERT WARREN. Born in Kingussie, Scotland, 1832; eldest son of James and Barbara Warren. Came to Canada and farmed near Acton, Ont., till 1862. Mined in Cariboo with success and returned to Acton in 1866. Accidentally killed there 1st November, 1889, crossing railway-track. Unmarried. R. D. Warren, Toronto, is a nephew.

(43) GEORGE BAILLIE, a native of Edinburgh, was 19 when he joined Overlanders. Musical and carried his violin with him. At Camertown, Cariboo, played violin in Alex. Hardie's dance-hall. Later operated saloon and dance-hall at Lillooet. Had ranch on Fraser between Lillooet and Lytton. Took over Lytton Hotel from Robert Sproat, 1872. Died, 1887. Married Minnie, daughter of Pete Toy, discoverer of Toy's Bar, Finlay River. His widow and several children survive.

(44) An account of the Sioux uprising in Minnesota is given in Hargrave's "*Red River*." He states that "It was alleged by the Sioux . . . that they had not for a number of years received the full amount of their annual payments and allowances, that good faith had not been kept with them, and that the agents were dilatory in point of time, detaining them for weeks after the period fixed by Government as that at which they were to be on the spot." A band of Sioux, after waiting nearly six weeks for the arrival of the agent at Fort Ridgeley in a state of starvation, suddenly attacked the fort under leadership of Chief Little Crow and destroyed the town of New Ulm. A general rising followed, resulting "in the massacre of all the white settlers on the Minnesota and Sauk Rivers. The atrocities committed . . . are frightful to contemplate. It is estimated that 1,500 settlers were murdered amid circumstances of appalling barbarity. Men were shot down, women violated and murdered, and children tortured, thrust living into stoves or cut down with tomahawk." Houses were burned and gardens and fields destroyed. One of the stages on the Red River route was attacked and the passengers killed and scalped. Fort Abercrombie was besieged by a large body of Indians, but they failed to capture it. "The good faith kept by the Sioux towards the English had been evinced during the preceding winter (1862-63), over the whole of which the Company's houses and steamboat, though lying perfectly unprotected in the heart of their country at Georgetown, had been respected. Little Crow stated to Governor Dallas this was permitted with the full intention of his people, who had no wish to injure anyone they knew to be English in his person or property."

(45) ALEXANDER GRANT DALLAS, a Scotsman, formerly in business in China, moving to B.C., married the second daughter of (Sir) James Douglas, Governor of the Colony and head of the H.B. Co. on the Pacific Coast. He was a member of the Victoria Board of Management and, upon the retirement of Douglas, became president of the board. Upon the death of Sir George Simpson in September, 1860, Dallas was appointed to succeed him as Governor of Rupert's Land, but did not assume his charge until May, 1862. On 17th May, 1864, he

left Fort Garry, under a salute of twenty-one guns, for England, where he became identified with a scheme that resulted in the reorganization of the Hudson's Bay Company.

(45A) ARCHIBALD THOMPSON, of the "Whirlpool Thompsons," Whirlpool Farm, Niagara River, was born there in 1830. Blacksmith at Stamford, Ont. Married a Miss Brown in 1853, who died leaving one child, Annie (died, 1897). In B.C. worked at his trade of blacksmith in Victoria, 1862-64. Then went to California and thence returned home. Became bridge superintendent on Michigan Central Railway, retiring about twenty years before his death to Stamford with his second wife, Miss Gilchrist, whom he married in 1875. He died in April, 1909. His widow resides at Buffalo, N.Y. His niece, Mrs. Calvin Roberts, of Niagara Falls, Ont., says he was "a fine looking man over six feet without his shoes and well proportioned."

(46) ALEXANDRE ANTONIN TACHE. Born in Riviere du Loup, Que., 1823. Novice of the Oblats, arrived Red River 1845, was ordained by Bishop Provencher of St. Boniface, and received into the O.M.I. Went to Ile a la Crosse in 1846. In 1850 was appointed as coadjutor and successor to Bishop of St. Boniface with title of Bishop of Arath. Went to Europe in 1851 and was consecrated in the cathedral at Viviers by Guibert, Archbishop of Tours, and Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles and founder of the O.M.I. Appointed superior-general in Red River of that order. Returning to Red River and Ile a la Crosse in 1852, succeeding to St. Boniface after the death of Bishop Provencher. Was made Archbishop in 1871. He died in 1894.

(47) JOHN BLACK left England in 1839 under an engagement with the H.B. Co. to serve as clerk in the company's service and to act as clerk of the newly constituted Recorder's Court. Promoted to Chief Trader. Resigned offices of clerk to Court and Council in 1848 and was officer in charge of Red River district. Retired in 1854 and went to Australia, where became Minister of Lands in New South Wales. Returning to England, was appointed Judge of General Quarterly Court at Red River, where he arrived in 1862.

(48) AUGUSTUS SCHUBERT. Born at Dresden, Saxony, 4th March, 1827. Came to New York, 1854. Married Catherine O'Hare (born Rathfriland, County Down, Ireland, 23rd April, 1835) at Springfield, Mass., 1855. Moved to St. Paul, where they conducted a beer-hall and where three children, Augustus, James, and Mary, were born. Family moved to Fort Garry in 1861 and joined Overland party of 1862. Schubert mined in Cariboo eleven years, rejoining his family at Lillooet in 1874. Settled in Spallumcheen. Schubert died 10th July, 1908, and his wife on 18th July, 1918. Four children are still living;

Mrs. Swanson (Rose), born at Kamloops a few hours after the arrival there of her mother in October, 1862; Mrs. H. A. Fraser, born some years later; and two sons, Augustus Schubert, of Armstrong, and James Schubert, of Tulameen.

(49) FATHER LACOMBE, O.M.I., spent the best part of his life in missionary work among the Indians of the North-west. He is referred to in laudatory terms by Milton and Cheadle in the "North West Passage by Land," by Butler in his "Great Lone Land," and by the Earl of Southesk in his "Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains." He spent twenty years in compiling a grammar and dictionary of the Cree language, which he spoke perfectly. He had remarkable influence over the Indians, even the most hostile tribes suspending hostilities whenever he visited them while at war.

(50) MARGUERITE DUFROST was born 15th October, 1701; the daughter of Christophe Dufrost de la Jemmerais, a Breton, and Captain in the Colonial forces, and his wife, Dame Marie-Renee Gauthier de Varennes. When 21 years of age she married Francois Youville, but her married life was not happy, and when her husband died a few years later he left her penniless. In 1738 she made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Louise Thaumur la Source, with whom, in association with Catherine Demers and Catherine Cusson, on the eve of All Saints, she founded a sisterhood devoted to the care of the poor. The public soon gave them the name of Grey Sisters, by which term they were generally described. Madame Youville died 23rd December, 1771.

(51) The Hon. JOHN ROBSON, then, plain John Robson, was born at Perth, Ontario, 14th March, 1824; of Scotch parents who had emigrated to Canada some years earlier. He received his education at Perth. In 1859 he came to British Columbia, attracted by the lure of gold. After trying his hand at mining he settled in New Westminster and early in 1861 established the *British Columbian*, the first newspaper published on the mainland and still in existence. In 1864-65 he sat in the New Westminster Council, and in 1867 was elected to represent that city in the Legislative Assembly. In 1869 he moved to Victoria and became editor of the *Colonist*, which post he held for six years. In 1871 he was elected member of the Legislature for Nanaimo and represented that borough until 1875, when he was appointed paymaster and commissary of the C.P.R. surveys in British Columbia. That office being abolished, he returned to New Westminster and resumed publication of the *Columbian* in 1879. In 1882 he was elected to the Legislature for New Westminster District and was re-elected for the same constituency in the elections of 1886 and 1890. In the last-named year he also ran in Cariboo, and being elected in both places

decided to sit for Cariboo. In 1883 he held the portfolio of Provincial Secretary in the Smithe Government and was for a time Minister of Finance and Agriculture. In 1889 he became Premier. While on an official visit to London he died there in June, 1892. His body was brought back to Victoria for burial. He married Susan, daughter of Captain Longworth. Mr. Robson was a Presbyterian and was for many years president of the Y.M.C.A. in Victoria, making large donations to that institution. It was the writer's good fortune to know him well and to be associated with him in sundry affairs. He gave largely to all public charities and privately gave freely but unobtrusively, so that of him it may be truly said that his one hand did not know what the other gave. That he should give, unsolicited, a helping hand to the impecunious, newly-arrived Overlanders in kind and much-needed cash was characteristic of the man, who was in every sense a chivalrous Christian gentleman.

(52) MATTHEW BAILLIE BEGBIE. Born in Edinburgh, 1819; son of Colonel T. S. Begbie. M.A. Cantab 1844. Called to bar at Lincoln's Inn. Appointed Judge in B.C., 1858. Sworn in at Langley, B.C., 19th November, same year. Appointed Chief Justice, 1869. Died at Victoria, B.C., 11th June, 1894.

(53) In the issue of the *Columbian* (New Westminster) of 22nd November, 1862, was published a letter to the editor and signed "A," the writer being Rev. Arthur Browning, Magistrate and Methodist pastor of Quesnel. The letter suggested that Judge Begbie had received a gift of 20 acres of land at Cottonwood from one Moreland, and later had reversed the Magistrate's order and directed that a certificate of improvements be issued to Moreland for the full quarter-section. At the opening of the Court of Assize at New Westminster, Judge Begbie ordered John Robson, editor of the *Columbian* newspaper, to appear before him and show cause why he should not be committed to gaol for contempt of Court for publishing the letter. Robson said he was not aware of the facts himself and his informant was not then accessible, but if the implied charge were untrue he regretted having published it. Begbie took exception to the "if" as suggestive of doubt. Robson replied that in view of his imperfect knowledge he could only offer a conditional apology, whereupon the Judge committed him to prison. A public meeting was at once held and resolutions passed supporting Robson, condemning Begbie, and calling for an investigation into the land and other speculations of public officials in B.C. At the close of the meeting those who had attended paraded to the gaol and gave cheers for the editor and groans for the Judge. Robson was released after spending five days in prison.

(54) Holy Trinity Church, New Westminster, was consecrated 2nd December, 1860, by Bishop Hills. The first rector was Rev. John Sheepshanks, afterwards Bishop of Norwich. Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented a chime of eight bells, the first in B.C., to the church in 1861. Church destroyed by fire in 1865. Rebuilt and on December 18th, 1867, reconsecrated. Was again destroyed by fire 10th September, 1898, together with the chimes of bells, and again rebuilt.

(55) RIGHT REV. GEORGE HILLS. Consecrated Bishop of Columbia in Westminster Abbey 24th February, 1859. Arrived Victoria, B.C., January, 1860. Resigned in 1892 and returned to England, where he died.



## ARCHIVES MEMOIRS.

- I. The First Circumnavigation of Vancouver Island. By C. F. Newcombe, M.D. 69 pp., 8 pl., bibl. King's Printer, Victoria, B.C. 1914. Printed on Alexandra Book Antique paper .....*Out of print.*
  
- II. Minutes of the Council of Vancouver Island. Commencing August 30th, 1851, and terminating with the prorogation of the House of Assembly, February 6th, 1861. Edited by E. O. S. Scholefield. 93 pp. King's Printer, Victoria, B.C. 1918. Buckram-bound, printed on Alexandra Book Antique paper ..... \$2.00<sup>n</sup>  
 Ordinary book-paper with paper covers ..... 1.00
  
- III. Minutes of the House of Assembly of Vancouver Island; August 12th, 1858, to September 25th, 1858. Edited by E. O. S. Scholefield. 78 pp. King's Printer, Victoria, B.C. 1918. Buckram-bound, printed on Alexandra Book Antique paper ..... 2.00  
 Ordinary book-paper with paper covers ..... 1.00
  
- IV. House of Assembly Correspondence Book. August 12th, 1856, to July 6th, 1859. Edited by E. O. S. Scholefield. 62 pp. King's Printer, Victoria, B.C. 1918. Buckram-bound, printed on Alexandra Book Antique paper ..... 2.00  
 Ordinary book-paper with paper covers ..... 1.00
  
- V. Archibald Menzies' Journal of Vancouver's Voyage. April 18th to October 13th, 1792. Edited, with botanical and ethnological notes, by C. F. Newcombe, M.D., and biographical note by J. Forsyth. 171 pp., 17 pl. King's Printer, Victoria, B.C. 1923. Buckram-bound, printed on Alexandra Book Antique paper .....*Out of print.*  
 Ordinary book-paper with paper covers ..... 3.00
  
- VI. The Early History of the Fraser River Mines. By F. W. Howay, Judge of the County Court of New Westminster. 126 pp., 10 pl. King's Printer, Victoria, B.C. 1926. Printed on Alexandra Book Antique paper. Buckram-bound ..... 4.00  
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- VII. The Assay Office and the Proposed Mint at New Westminster—a chapter in the history of the Fraser River Mines. By R. L. Reid, K.C. 101 pp., 13 pl. King's Printer, Victoria, B.C. 1926. Printed on Alexandra Book Antique paper. Buckram-bound ..... 4.00  
 Paper covers ..... 3.00
  
- VIII. The Colonial Postal Systems and Postage Stamps of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, 1849-1871. By A. S. Deaville. 210 pp. King's Printer, Victoria, B.C. 1928. Buckram-bound, Printed on Alexandra Book Antique paper ..... 4.00

IX. The Overlanders of '62. By Dr. M. S. Wade. Edited by John Hosie. 174 pp. King's Printer, Victoria, B.C. 1931. Buckram-bound, printed on Alexandra Book Antique paper. Illustrated.... \$4.00

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VICTORIA, B.C.:

Printed by CHARLES F. BANFIELD, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty.  
1931.

500-731-3307

